Whispers from War

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Whispers from War

by Baldkugo

Summary

In a city ruled by shadows and power plays, Satoru Gojo and Suguru Geto—once inseparable allies and now bitter rivals— harbor a secret that could upend both of their worlds: they're married.
In public, they were enemies. In private, they were husbands, bound not just by their shared past, but by a deep, unbreakable connection that neither the Mafia nor the world could ever fully understand.
Secrets are a weapon and vulnerability is their ultimate risk.

TLDR: Gego mafia au friends to enemies to lovers and they're secretly married!

Notes

Alright so it's actually been a year since I wrote this fic and my mom found this account and made me delete my work BUT i'm in college now so WE'RE BACK BABYYYYY.
(#sad bc it was lowkey popular too)
I'm leaving all the og chapter notes an stuff from the saved work so ignore old cringe me

In the Office

Chapter Summary

😭every time I recommend someone my fic I remember the first chapter and die a little...

not rewriting it to make it less cringe bc YOLOOOO

Chapter Notes

Anyways heads up this first chapter was written as a joke before the fic got serious so consider it a crack teaser for what lies ahead :)
HAGS GUYSSS (I swear it gets better)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Suguru Geto, the most respected man of the Shibuya Mafia, stood alone in the long, dimly lit room he called his office. The tall windows stretched across the vast wall, framed by equally massive blackout curtains, allowing only a sliver of golden light to seep through. Comfortable in his own office and not expecting to have any meetings today, he wore a black, form-fitting tank top paired with dress pants, his long black hair loosely tied in a low bun.

He chuckled to himself. *Party on top, huh?*

He stood from his desk and walked towards the window, gazing over the city he owned, when a cold shiver ran down his spine. He whipped around, his senses tuned to detect danger. Behind him, he felt the long, bony fingers of a hand wrap around his neck. Assuming it was his second-in-command sneaking up on him, he asked,

"Sukuna? What are you—"

"Guess again."

A deep, menacing voice growled, licking a path from Geto's exposed collarbone to his ear in one slow movement. Geto's eyes widened as the mysterious figure bit the bottom lobe of his ear. It felt... good... but

No.

He cant just let himself go like this to a stranger he's never seen.

How humiliating.

As Geto turned his head to see who could possibly have such a firm grip on his neck, the figure—a man, assumed by the low, raspy voice—reached with his other hand to cover Geto's eyes.

Shit.

A sense of unease stirred within him. He knows he's strong enough to break free from an attack, but something inside him compels him to stay still.

"Uh-uh," the man said, his tone teasing. "If you can't guess who I am, you don't get to see me either."

With that, the mysterious man pulled Suguru Geto in to something of a backwards hug, his fingers still around his neck, thumb gently pulling down on Suguru's bottom lip. The man moved his other hand to Geto's waist; holding him firmly to his own hips.

"Close your eyes and everything will be fine" the man said, slowly rubbing fingers up Geto's sides, exposing the skin beneath his tanktop.

Geto laid his head back, a smirk growing at his lips, eyes closed, cheek pressed against the mysterious man's, and with hot breath whispered, "fine, I'll play your game," finishing his sentence with a slow kiss on the taller man's lips.

The taller, surprised by the sudden action accepts this kiss, but quickly wants more. He deepens the kiss hungrily, turning Geto around to make it easier to get more.

More. More. More.

Geto laughed, somewhat breaking the kiss. He knows that hunger. He knows that taste of sweetness. As much as he tried to be mysterious and dark, the taste of sugar on the man's lips revealed his true nature, and if his suspicions were right, Geto knew if he kissed him, the man wouldn't be able to hold back.

"How have you been, Satoru?" Geto said, pulling back from his former partner, opening his eyes to look slightly up at the blue eyed, white haired, perfect specimen in front of him.

Gojo whined with a pout.

"Awww please come back, it was just getting fun."

Geto let out a low chuckle and gave Gojo a peck on the lips.

"You know I don't want you showing up at my work like this. It's too dangerous."

He walked back to sit at his desk where Gojo follows and stands in front of him.

"I know." He whines, "But I was getting bored. And I missed you."

~~When the last boss of the Shibuya Mafia was assassinated, it sent shockwaves through the underworld, throwing the organization into chaos. The sudden open space for power sparked a brutal struggle, as rival factions tried to seize control of the criminal empire. Among the contenders were two of the most powerful men in the Mafia: Suguru Geto, a cool-headed man, intelligence and strategy unmatched, able to kill without hesitation, and Satoru Gojo, a force of nature whose strength and charismatic leadership inspired near-unquestioning loyalty. His ability to detect danger was immaculate. Both had extreme natural strength. Some even questioned if they had supernatural abilities.

In the wake of the boss's death, their differences in ideals began to fray the edges of their once-solid company. Geto, pragmatic and focused on maintaining control, saw the only way forward as a consolidation of power was tightening the Mafia's grip on its territory and strengthening its operations. For him, stability was paramount, and he was willing to do whatever it took to secure it, even if it meant using ruthless tactics that bordered on the cold and unfeeling.

Gojo, on the other hand, had a different vision. Idealistic and restless, he believed the Mafia was a dying institution—its power rooted in outdated methods and endless cycles of violence. He saw a chance to build something new, to reshape the underworld into something more dynamic, more unpredictable, and, to him, more free. Gojo wasn't interested in consolidating power for power's sake—he wanted to challenge the old ways, even if it meant burning everything down in the process.

Their differing visions led to a bitter, inevitable split. Gojo took control of his faction, the "Tokyo Rebels," with a firm grip, ruthlessly enforcing his vision of order and loyalty, while Geto broke away with the Shibuya Mafia, his followers setting out to create something that reflected his own idealism. The Mafia was now divided—two factions at war, both led by men who were once united by more than just ambition.

Everyone knew they used to be partners. The duo was overpowered; able to solve any case, get anyone killed. But talking about it was taboo. Tensions were so high because of the almost-war within the organization that no one dared put their names together in a sentence.

While their public personas had always been that of rivals—beneath the surface...~~

"Suguru?"

"What." Geto responded harshly.

"What would you like for dinner, honey?"

He rolled his eyes. "Would you stop calling me that?"

"Well you are my husband after all. ...Oh what?" he teased, "you don't want anyone to overhear how great of a homemaker I am?"

Eugh .

Suguru hated when his partner got in this mood. Acting all sweet and innocent when he *knows* how powerful and relentless he really is.

"Could you stop pretending like you don't have anything to do all day, Satorou? It's not like you don't have your little rebels to talk to."

Gojo flirtatiously walked from the other side of the desk to Geto's swivel chair, draping his arms over the back onto Geto's chest, resting his head on the back.

"Now what fun would that be?"

~~ Despite their teasing, their relationship was one of deep, unspoken understanding. Even with their vastly different approaches to leadership, their bond had always remained a source of quiet strength between them. Geto's calculated, methodical mindset and rough attitude complemented Gojo's raw, chaotic energy, led to their unstoppable partnership—and great sex.

Yet, as their factions moved in opposite directions, the Mafia felt on the brink of a war. So for the fun of it all, to his clan, Gojo roleplayed as a jealous ex, revengeful at the Shibuya Mafia, settling

to be civil just to save the lives of his people, knowing very well he would never really go after Suguru.

So, Geto and Gojo continued their secret relationship—one that, despite being on opposite sides of a war, was still a place of refuge and understanding. In the quiet moments when they were alone, away from the violence and manipulation, they found comfort in each other's presence. But as the civil war between their factions escalated, the stakes grew higher, mafia members felt as there's only room for one boss in the city. And so the danger of their bond being exposed loomed larger with each passing day.

In public, they were enemies. In private, they were husbands, bound not just by their shared past, but by a deep, unbreakable connection that neither the Mafia nor the world could ever fully understand.

Chapter End Notes

That's It! This was just a little one shot for my friends so I didn't spend much time on it.
Maybe I'll add more parts in the future but I doubt it unless it's requested haha
So future author: I gave this plot lol and I'm in love with this fic. I have so many plans with it, so please read on!

Surprise Encounter at the Gala

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!! Thank you so much for reading part 1! It got a lot more attention than I expected haha so I figured I would write a second part since it's a long weekend. Anyways it's 12 am, which is way too late for me and I wrote this in my notes app and I'm not re-reading... soooo ignore spelling or grammatical errors, or if it's boring! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Suguru Geto adjusted the cuffs of his tailored suit as he entered the gala, a glittering display of opulence, every detail designed to dazzle and intimidate.

Crystal chandeliers cast a warm, golden glow over the room, illuminating the polished marble floors and the grand dance floor at the center, where couples moved in practiced elegance. Round tables lined the edges, draped in velvet and set with crystal glassware and towering floral arrangements. Geto's every move exuded power and precision. The Shibuya mafia had ensured that his arrival would be noticed—polished, commanding, and unmistakable.

But it was Satoru Gojo, standing at the bar, who commanded the room. Dressed in a flawless white suit that complimented his striking white hair and piercing blue eyes, he looked as if he belonged here—as if he owned the place, which he practically did. His beauty was undeniable, almost ethereal, and there was a self-assured ease in his posture that made it clear: this was his natural environment.

His gaze moved lazily over the crowd, a faint, amused smile playing on his lips, as if he were waiting for someone to arrive. Geto's fingers tensed, recognizing that look. This was Gojo at his most dangerous, that bored amusement masking his unpredictability. He was here for more than just a party

Neither of them had known the other would be here, yet somehow Gojo turned his head directly towards Geto, as if he had predicted the exact time and location of his entrance. Their eyes met across the room, sending electricity through the space between them.

Gojo strolled over, voice light yet laced with venom.

"Didn't expect to see the great Suguru here. Guess even you know how to clean up… occasionally."

Grabbing a glass of whiskey, Geto raised his glass in a mock toast, the corner of his mouth twitching in a smirk.

“Some of us know how to keep things interesting, Gojo. You wouldn’t know much about that, though, would you?” His tone was smooth, almost playful, but his eyes held a warning, the silent reminder of the thin line they walked tonight.

“Geto-kun, seems like you’re popular,” Gojo sang after a comfortable pause, nodding his head over to the crowd of mingling guests.

Geto noticed a group of young women giggling to themselves as they looked to the two most attractive men in the room talking to each other, all blissfully unaware of the underground dealings happening around them.

Geto rolled his eyes as he noticed Satoru giving them a wink.

“And you,” Geto replied, his voice low, “have never looked better.”

Gojo raised a brow, feigning offense. “Is that mockery, or a compliment?”

Geto shrugged, a sly glint in his eye as he turned to leave, speaking over his shoulder. “Take it as you will... *Satoru*.”

Gojo’s watched him as he walked away, eyes lingering to his back long after he’d disappeared into the crowd. A small huff escaped his lips, and he shook his head with a faint smirk. *What a tease* . He scanned the room, his eyes narrowing as he took in the figures in attendance, noticing the Shibuya Mafia has a lot of undercover members here tonight. *What is he up to?*

Geto was seated at a table, surrounded members of the Shibuya Mafia.

“Fancy seeing you here. Are you following me?”

Geto scoffed, barely sparing him a glance, “Satoru.”

“*Awww* you still remember my name?” Gojo teased, flashing a smile as he casually slid into the seat beside Geto. His striking blue eyes gleamed, casting a quick, knowing glance at the anxious faces surrounding them, choosing to speak as if none of them are there.

“It’s amusing, really—seeing them all get so nervous just because we’re sitting together.” He took a long, deliberate sip of wine, his gaze locked onto Geto’s.

Across the table, one of the other mafia members cleared his throat nervously, darting glances between the two. Geto ignored him, keeping his eyes on Gojo, curious about his reason for sitting with them.

"Ah, Ryomen Sukuna," Gojo said, almost drawing out the name as he leaned back in his chair, a lazy smirk stretching across his face. "Always a pleasure to see you out of the shadows. Though I would have pegged you for a less... sophisticated crowd."

Sukuna raised an eyebrow, unamused, but the rest of the table shifted, exchanging tense glances. Gojo’s provocations were well known, and tonight, he seemed determined to push every limit.

Geto rolled his eyes, now fully aware that Gojo had chosen to sit at this table just to stir up trouble.

“Yes, and apparently, you’re still the same Satoru Gojo,” Geto said dryly, lifting his own glass to his lips with a calm that belied his irritation. His gaze lingered on Gojo, daring him to push further.

Gojo’s grin widened, but his eyes flashed with something colder, sharper—a glint reserved for their rivalry.

“What can I say? Some of us just can’t resist a good show,” he replied, voice dripping with mock courtesy, gesturing a hand out to the unsuspecting guests on the dance floor.

He turned his attention back to Suguru, tone light yet laced with menace. "And here I thought the Shibuya Mafia had a more discerning taste in allies."

“Clearly they aren't our allies. If *only* some of us understood the difference between power and theatrics,” he muttered, just loud enough for Gojo to hear. He set his glass down with a decisive clink, fingers tightening around the stem as he glanced around the table, calculating his next words.

Before he could speak, Gojo leaned in, eyes bright with mischief. “Theatrics, huh? Is that your way of saying you *missed me*, Suguru?” His voice was light, but there was an undercurrent of something else, something dangerous that only Geto would recognize.

The others at the table exchanged awkwardly chuckle at this comment, clearing some of the tension. Gojo slowly moved his eyes to hold Geto's gaze, a faint smirk creeping onto his face, eager to see how Suguru would dismiss his teasing comment. "I *missed* the days when you knew your place," he replied evenly, his voice low and dangerous.

Gojo laughed, a soft, mocking sound that sent a shiver through the others. "Careful, Suguru," he murmured, leaning back in his chair as his gaze traveled over the table. "Your enemy's watching."

Geto glanced out, recognizing a few faces standing at a high top table. Among them were Gojo's men: Yuji Itadori, Megumi Fushiguro, and Toge Inumaki—key players in the rebel's underground, each carrying their own reputation in the world of crime.

Yuji, known for his raw strength and almost reckless loyalty, was a favorite for high-risk jobs, feared for his ability to stay calm under pressure yet unleash terrifying force when needed.

Beside him stood Megumi Fushiguro, his deduction led him to manage situations that called for a sharper mind. His cool, distant expression masked an intense focus, his eyes flickering between Gojo and Geto as if he was lip-reading and dissecting their every word. Megumi's control over his operations was almost surgical, always one step ahead and able to deploy his crew with precision. Though he rarely showed his hand, his presence was a reminder of the silent power that Shibuya's underworld respected—and feared. He had always worked best with Yuuji, their contrasting personalities complimenting each other perfectly.

The two almost reminded him of...

Nevemind.

Then there was Toge Inumaki, he may have been quiet, but he was often the last face his enemies saw. He usually stayed back however, working as a scribe for the rebels, keeping every record organized for easy access. Those who'd worked with him knew he could be manipulative. He had a way of issuing commands through mere gestures or subtle hints, without needing to say much. There were rumors that Toge had such a powerful influence over others that he could sway entire negotiations with just a word or two, leaving rivals powerless to resist.

Geto's gaze lingered on them for a moment. This gathering wasn't just a social affair—it was a silent battleground, each figure in attendance representing the carefully balanced chaos of the city's underground. And with Gojo seated beside him, with that insufferable smirk and piercing gaze, Geto knew they were here for the same thing.

Geto shot Satoru a cold look, glancing with disdain toward Gojo's men.

"I should have known you'd drag along your strays."

Sukuna let out a low chuckle, leaning forward.

“It’s funny,” he said, glancing between the two men, “you two argue like an old married couple.”

Geto shot Gojo a withering look, forcing a tight-lipped smile.

“As if I’d want anything to do with him ,” he spat, his voice dripping with disdain.

Gojo feigned hurt, placing a hand over his heart.

“Oh, Suguru, you wound me,” he drawled, a mocking glint in his eye. “And here I thought we were really building something special.”

Geto leaned forward, his voice dropping to a low, dangerous whisper. “The only thing I want to build is an empire where people like you *leave me alone*.”

Gojo’s playful pout twisted into a grin, the teasing warmth prevalent like a flame between the two. Gojo sighed, “Ah there you go again Geto. Careful with the big talk,” he murmured, his tone deceptively calm. “You wouldn’t want anyone to think you’re overstepping.”

Sukuna’s chuckle deepened, clearly entertained by the exchange. “Well, this is interesting,” he said, swirling his drink. “With the tension between you two, you’d almost think we’d been invited to to the Gala just to watch you two fight.”

Gojo smirked at Sukuna and as if on cue, the host of the gala, Mahito, strode into the center of the room, his arrival both anticipated and unsettling. Dressed in an immaculate suit, his smile held a dark amusement that set everyone on edge.

Known as one of the city’s wealthiest and most ruthless figures, Mahito had a reputation for disposing of his enemies with chilling ease. He had personally invited Geto and Gojo to this gala, making it appear to be a chance for alliances and negotiations—but both men knew better.

Mahito spread his arms wide, announcing to his guests, “Thank you all for coming! But I do advise you to leave now, before it's too late.”

Despite his warning, the guests continued to dance as the music started back.

Gojo and Geto shared a worried glance as Mahito made his way to their table.

“Gentlemen! I’m so glad you accepted my invitation. You two have been such… *obstacles* to my plans,” he drawled, his tone dripping with mock courtesy. “It’s only fitting I arrange a proper farewell.”

He reached into his suit jacket, quickly drawing a gun, waving it lazily through the air between the ex-partners.

Gojo flashed a cocky smile, playing along.

“Mahito, you shouldn’t have. *Really*. All this just to get rid of little old us?” His tone was light, but his gaze was sharp, assessing the room.

Mahito chuckled, snapping his fingers as he backed away from their table. At once, a swarm of his mercenaries stepped forward, emerging from the shadows with weapons drawn. The guests gasped, many backing away, trying to leave the room, only to find it was too late. Guards had secured every exit, leaving Geto and Gojo in the center, surrounded.

Geto let out a low, humorless laugh, adjusting his cuffs. “You really think your hired hands are enough against me?” he taunted, his voice cold. He took a step closer to Gojo, knowing they’d need each other to get out of this.

Mahito’s grin only widened. “Oh, I think they’ll be more than enough. But by all means, entertain me.”

“Looks like it’s you and me, Suguru.” He growled, “try not to slow me down.”

Geto shot him a sidelong glance, smirking. “Just focus on not getting in my way.”

——-

Mahito's men closed in, and with a swift, wordless nod, Geto and Gojo launched into action. They moved with a deadly coordination born from years of rivalry and understanding, covering each other's weaknesses with seamless precision. Geto's attacks were precise and unrelenting, while Gojo moved with fluid, effortless speed, the two of them dismantling Mahito's forces in a brutal, synchronized dance.

The gala had become a battleground, and amid the chaos, Mahito watched from the staircase balcony, standing above with a twisted smile. He had known his men would never be able to touch the two.

Was he just doing this for entertainment?

Fighting back to back, Geto could feel every breath Gojo took, their proximity sending a thrill down his spine.

"When we get home," Geto whispered through panting breaths, "you're cooking dinner."

Gojo chuckled, his voice low but warm. "Only if you do the dishes," he murmured, deflecting a final attacker with effortless grace.

Geto straightened himself, brushing off his suit and casting a wary glance around the room. To his relief, none of the guests seemed to have noticed their brief, synchronized alliance. Most had either fled or were too dazed by the chaos to catch the subtlety of their teamwork. But as he adjusted his lapels, he caught a glint of satisfaction in Mahito's eyes from across the room.

Mahito's lips curved into a knowing smirk, a glint of something malicious flickering there. He leaned back casually, almost as if enjoying a private show. Geto's stomach tightened as he realized the truth: Mahito had seen everything.

"Interesting display," Mahito called out with a sneer, his carrying across the room. "Who would've thought the leaders of the Shibuya mafia and the rebels were so… compatible ? I wonder how your underlings would feel about that."

Geto's jaw clenched, and he felt Gojo go still beside him. They both knew Mahito had found a weapon far more dangerous than his mercenaries. *If anyone knew the rival boss members had a secret relationship, all hell would break loose.*

As Mahito backed toward the ballroom's exit, his smug smile grew wider, his voice a taunting drawl.

"You know, I could keep this little secret to myself… if you're willing to make it worth my while."

Secret ?

Glances were exchanged between members of the rivaling gangs who started picking up on the conversation that was being announced around them.

Mahito's gaze flicked between them, savoring the attention he was now receiving. "Of course, loyalty comes at a price—say, a few million to stay quiet about your little… alliance."

Gojo scoffed, crossing his arms and giving Mahito a mocking grin. "You really think you're in a position to ask for money? *Pathetic*. You must be running low if you're this desperate." He shot Geto a look, then turned back to Mahito with a smirk. "Besides, if you think anyone would believe you, feel free to try."

Mahito's jaw clenched, but he quickly masked his irritation with a laugh. "Oh, trust me. They'd believe me. And if you won't pay, I'll just sell this little nugget to the highest bidder then take over the Shibuya Mafia for myself."

Somehow in the chaos, Mahito had taken a hostage. Agent Nobara Kugasaki from Gojo's clan. Geto took a step forward, forgetting he shouldn't feel protective of Gojo's subordinates, his voice low and lethal.

"Not if I take you out first."

But Mahito was already making his move. With a quick signal, a new wave of his men surged from the edges of the ballroom, all dressed in suits, blocking Geto and Gojo's path. Mahito took advantage of the distraction, slipping past the chaos and edging toward the exit.

"Sukuna!" Geto called sharply, his voice cutting through the noise. The moment the words left his lips, the atmosphere seemed to shift. It wasn't a command—more an unspoken agreement forged from years of knowing what needed to be done. Sukuna, who had been lurking in the back, waiting for orders, didn't need further prompting. A dark presence unfurled, his power rising like a storm cloud.

Mahito's men rushed to defend their boss, but Sukuna's raw strength was like a curse to anyone in his path. With one punch, he sent a guard flying, crumpling under the weight of his sheer power. The remaining mercenaries didn't hesitate, they all rushed towards Sukuna, forgetting about Gojo and Geto.

Without missing a beat, Geto turned, running toward the exit where he saw Gojo already heading for a limousine.

"Satoru!" he yelled, but Gojo was already moving like lightning, every step a perfect extension of his will.

Geto's heart raced as he followed, adrenaline surging. Sukuna's rampage kept Mahito's forces in disarray, but it wouldn't last long. If they didn't move fast, Mahito would escape for good.

As they reached the doors, two bodyguards closed in, and Geto and Gojo sprang into action, taking them down in perfect sync.

They burst out of the ballroom just in time to see Mahito climbing into the sleek black limousine. He leaned out the window, smirking. "Nice try, boys! Better luck next time." The limo sped off, tires screeching as Mahito vanished into the night.

Breathing hard, Geto and Gojo stood side by side in the empty street, the adrenaline of the chase still pulsing between them.

Geto doubled over, hands on his knees, trying to take in any bit of air he could. Satorou on the other hand, put his hands on his hips, looking up towards the sky.

"What's wrong old man? Can't even run outside without getting out of breath?"

Hmph . Geto grumbled. He may have had more muscle, but Satorou could easily run circles around him. His endurance was unmatched, and he knew it too which only made the smirk on his face more infuriating.

The streetlights cast a hazy glow on the rain-soaked streets, their footsteps echoing softly in the quiet as they made their way back. A chill clung to the night air, mingling with the fading adrenaline, but they knew better than to linger. The fewer people who saw them together, the better —especially after their unexpected alliance tonight.

The ballroom was wrecked. Blood stains splattered the once-pristine tablecloths, broken glass, fallen chairs, and Mahito's men lay still on the floor; a grim reminder of the night's brutality. Yet among the wreckage, the rival mafia members tensely stood. Their eyes flickered silently between one another, still and uneasy, as if waiting for any word to fight the other, but worried any sharp breath may start another battle.

Geto surveyed the wreckage, “Sukuna,” he called, his voice cutting through the silence with an edge of command, “clean this mess up.” He looked past the chaos as if the outcome had been inevitable, turning to leave the large dance hall.

Sukuna stepped forward with a dark, eager grin, presence alone making Gojo’s men flinch. Without a word, he moved among them, beginning the ruthless task Geto had assigned.

Gojo leaned back, watching for a moment before turning to his own crew, who had hesitated, watching with wary glances at Geto’s people.

“You heard him,” Gojo said, raising a brow, his tone light but firm. “Help them out. Make sure no one knows we were here.” He followed behind Geto, slipping through the crack of the large, heavy, slowly closing door Geto just left through. His men exchanged reluctant looks but obeyed, annoyed they would have to work alongside Sukuna.

As the door closed behind him, Gojo found Geto leaning against the wall beside the door, just out of sight from the crowd inside. They exchanged a brief look and sighed, Gojo tilting his head, nodding toward the exit.

A few moments later, the valet pulled up with a sleek black car, its engine purring softly in the quiet night.

Geto slipped a bill to the attendant, then slid into the driver’s seat with practiced ease. Without a word, Gojo moved around to the passenger side, settling in beside him.

The city lights blurred past as Geto drove, his grip steady on the wheel, his gaze fixed on the road. They rode in silence for a stretch, the tension from the gala still buzzing between them.

Geto shut the door to the couple's shared apartment, still shaking off the adrenaline.

"You were reckless, *as usual*,” he said, finally breaking the silence, shrugging off his suit jacket and tossing it over a chair.

Gojo smirked, leaning against the door frame with a cocky shrug.

“And you’re welcome, *as usual,*” he shot back, his voice equal parts smug and teasing.

"Pretty sure we would’ve had Mahito if you’d just followed my lead.” Geto scoffed, shooting him a glare.

“I did, and that’s why he’s still out there. You’re impossible, Satoru.”

Gojo only laughed, unfazed. “And yet here we are. Together. Again.” He gave Geto a long look, the smirk fading into something softer, unreadable. "So why don't you try to follow my lead."

Geto sighed, a tired smile tugging at the corner of his lips despite himself. He slowly walked towards Gojo, licking his lips as he looked the taller up and down. He grabs Satorou's hands, delicate and soft. You would never know those hands had been used to strangle, punch, shoot,... *kill*. He brought the pale hand up to his rough lips, placing a gentle kiss on its surface before interlocking their fingers, his own rough to Satoru's gentle.

"You always have to go and ruin everything, don't you Satorou? Tonight, let me ruin you."

“This doesn’t change anything," Satoru said with a smirk, "we still have unfinished business with Mahito.”

“Fine by me,” Geto replied, moving even closer to Satoru's body, raising their locked hands over Gojo's head, against the wall. “But this time, try to keep up.”

Chapter End Notes

GUYSSS HAHAHA THIS IS EDITOR ME FROM A YEAR LATER THIS DIALOGUE IS SO CRINGE LOLL KEEP READING I SWEAR IT GETS BETTER

The Dream Team

Chapter Summary

A/N HERE... WHY DID I KINDA COOK WITH THIS CHAPTER LIKE HOLD ON PAST ME GIVE ME EVERYTHINGGGGG

if you want an actual summary: quest to save the main characters ;p

Chapter Notes

First I would like to say, this chapter title is cringy asf but I had no ideas. Also, sorry this chapter switches POVs so much I just wanted to fit so much in this chapter when I really should've split this up haha. I hope it doesn't give you whiplash . Anyways, maybe you'll like this break from Suguru's nonchalant narrative lol… enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rain was relentless, soaking through Satoru Gojo's clothes as he stood in the middle of the empty street. The world around him was muted—grey skies, dim streetlights flickering weakly against the downpour—but all he could see was Suguru Geto. He stood a few steps ahead, his back turned, his shoulders tense.

"This isn't how it has to be," Gojo called out, his voice cutting through the rain. "We can fix this, Suguru!"

Geto turned slightly, just enough for Gojo to see the storm in his eyes. "Fix it? There's nothing to fix, Satoru. You and I… we're not the same anymore."

His words felt like a punch to the gut, but Gojo pushed forward, the rain splashing around his feet as he moved closer. "When are you going to stop trying to make yourself feel better by spouting all this bullshit," he cried, his voice sharper now, tinged with desperation. "After everything we've been through, you're just going to walk away?" He reached his arm towards Geto, grabbing at air.

Geto slapped his hand away, his expression unreadable. "I'm not walking away. I'm choosing a path. The same way *you* always do—without looking back."

"That's not fair," Gojo snapped, his fists clenching at his sides. "You know why I make the choices I do. It's always for us."

Geto shook his head, water streaming down his face like tears. "No, Satoru. It's always for you. And I'm done being part of it."

Gojo reached out for the last time, his hand trembling as he tried to grab onto Geto's arm. But the moment his fingers brushed against him, Geto pulled away, stepping further into the darkness.

"Suguru, wait!" Gojo shouted, his voice breaking. "You can't just—"

But the distance between them only grew. With each step Geto took, the rain seemed to fall harder, the world growing colder. Gojo tried to follow, his feet slipping on the wet pavement, but no matter how fast he ran, he couldn't reach him.

"Suguru!" he cried, his voice echoing into the void as Geto disappeared entirely, leaving Gojo alone in the pouring rain.

"Suguru! You don't understand, *Suguru* !"

" *Please* !" he shouted, his voice cracking with desperation—a final, raw plea into the darkness. It tore from his throat, rough and broken, as tears streamed down his face, merging with the relentless downpour. His words hung in the air, heavy and unanswered, before the storm swallowed them whole.

And then there was nothing—just the sound of the rain and the weight of the emptiness pressing down on him.

Gojo woke with a gasp, his heart hammering against his ribs as his hand instinctively reached out to the other side of the bed. The dream clung to him like a shroud, every nerve on edge. He stood slowly, running a hand down his face, the faint tremor in his fingers betraying his composure. Barefoot and silent, he padded through the apartment, his sharp eyes sweeping the shadows for any sign of movement.

Then, faintly, the soft clink of a ceramic cup reached his ears. He froze, his heart still racing, but for an entirely different reason now. The tension in his body ebbed slightly as he rounded the corner and saw Suguru Geto seated at the kitchen counter, looking tired, but effortlessly good, a steaming cup of coffee in an " *I <3 My Husband* " mug cradled in his hands.

Suguru looked up, his dark eyes meeting Gojo's, calm and unreadable as always. His hair was loosely tied, half up in a bun to keep his bangs out of the way, dressed in the same black sweatpants and t-shirt he always wore around the apartment. The sight of him—here, unbothered—made the tight coil of fear in Gojo's chest finally loosen.

"Morning," Suguru said, raising his cup slightly in greeting, his voice low and raspy. He studied Gojo with a quiet intensity, his gaze flicking over him as if noticing the tension still radiating off of him.

"You okay? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Gojo let out a quiet breath, leaning against the doorway and crossing his arms as he tried to compose himself.

“A ghost, huh?” he said, his tone light but not quite masking the weight in his voice. “More like a nightmare.”

Suguru arched an eyebrow, taking a slow sip of his coffee. “A bad one?”

Gojo shrugged, forcing a small smirk onto his face. “You weren’t there,” he lied, trying not to relive their past again. His piercing blue eyes softened slightly as they lingered on Suguru. “But I’m glad to see you are now.”

Suguru stood from the stool, placing his mug down on the counter with a clink. He walked over to Satoru, rubbing his hands down the taller's arms before pulling him into a hug.

“You want to talk about it?”

Gojo didn't want to admit it, but he needed this hug after reliving their past as he slept. He needed to be reminded of how gentle their relationship was, despite the teasing and the constant fights between the mafias. He choked back a sob into Geto's chest, almost revealing how he felt.

“Not much to say,” he muttered, looking up into Geto's kind eyes, he looked back down as if ashamed to admit, “Just… felt like I lost you. *Again* .”

Suguru’s expression softened, his hand reaching for Gojo's chin, lifting his head up to lock eyes. “ *I’m here,* Satoru,” he said firmly, his voice a gentle anchor. “Whatever your head conjured up, it’s not real. You’re stuck with me, whether you like it or not.”

Gojo sighed. *But it was real* . Instead, he wanted to assure Geto everything was fine, so he let his usual banter come back.

“I definitely like it,” he said, lips curving into a faint smile. “Not sure if you’re the one who’s stuck, though. Pretty sure I’d hunt you down if you ever left.”

Suguru chuckled, the sound warm and rich. “Good thing I have no plans of going anywhere, then,” he teased, his hand giving a reassuring squeeze. “Now stop looking at me like a kicked puppy. You’re too pretty for that.”

The euphony of his voice, the firm, reassuring touches, and the smell of coffee on his breath made Gojo want to melt.

He rolled his eyes but couldn’t hide the way his smile grew. “Flatterer,” he muttered, leaning forward just enough for their foreheads to touch.

“ *Always* ,” Suguru whispered, the hint of a smile playing on his lips as he stayed there, grounding Gojo with his quiet presence. “You’ve got me, Satoru. You don’t have to worry.”

Gojo closed his eyes, forehead pressed against Suguru's wanting to savor this moment with his partner forever. Geto brought Gojo into a reassuring kiss, cupping his face with both hands, whispering " *i love you* " softly against his lips.

Gojo smiled and let out a deep sigh, his earlier tension melting into something softer but no less heavy.

“You say I don’t have to worry,” he murmured, “but it’s not just the dream, Suguru. It’s everything. Nobara’s still out there, and it feels like we’re running out of time.”

Suguru leaned back slightly, studying Gojo's face with quiet understanding. "We'll get her back," he said firmly, scratching the back of Gojo's hair, his voice and touch carrying that steady conviction Gojo always found grounding. "We just need to focus. What do we know so far?"

Gojo straightened, the spark of determination slowly replacing his earlier unease. "Yuji's been working nonstop trying to track her location, but he's not fit to handle this alone. Sukuna's capable, but let's be real—he's not exactly a team player." Suguru smirked faintly, picking up his coffee again as he leaned against the counter.

"Then we make him one. Whether he likes it or not."

Gojo raised an eyebrow, a playful glint returning to his piercing blue eyes, teasing again as if their touching moment had never happened.

"And how exactly do you plan on convincing Mr. 'I'd Rather Kill You Than Help' to play nice?"

Suguru's smirk widened just a fraction. "Simple. Sukuna wants power, doesn't he? We give him something he can't refuse— a chance to prove he's stronger than anyone in the room."

Gojo chuckled softly, his mind already racing with possibilities. "That's so dirty it just might work," he said, rubbing the back of his neck.

"And Yuji?" Suguru prompted, voice still smooth and low.

Gojo's expression softened slightly, the weight of responsibility settling on his shoulders. "We pair him with Sukuna. Yuji's got heart, and that's exactly what Sukuna lacks. If anyone can ground him, it's that kid."

Suguru nodded, his gaze thoughtful. "Then it's settled. We get them on the same page and get back Nobara before it's too late."

Gojo looked at him, his smile widening into something more genuine. "You make it sound so easy."

Suguru shrugged, a gentle grin tugging at his lips. “That’s because I’ve got you on my side, Satoru. Together, there’s nothing we can’t handle.”

"You're so cheesy."

With that, they moved toward the living room, the remnants of their quiet moment fading as the weight of their mission settled over them, their resolve sharper than ever.

As they moved toward the living room, Gojo trailed just slightly behind, his stride slower than usual. Each step sent a dull ache radiating through his thigh, a souvenir from the night before. He did his best to mask it, keeping his posture casual, but the faintest wince must have slipped past his guard.

Suguru glanced over his shoulder, his eyes immediately catching the telltale limp. A smirk tugged at his lips, and he came to a stop, leaning lazily against the doorframe with his arms crossed.

“You’re limping, Satoru,” he said, voice dripping with mock concern. “Don’t tell me the great Gojo Satoru got his ass handed to him last night.”

"Don't get cocky Suguru, I must've torn something at the Gala."

"Well then maybe it's time for you to retire. *Oh* and a heating pad for those old joints?”

Gojo shot him a mock glare, leaning his head back against the couch with a dramatic groan. “If you weren't so good at everything, Suguru, I’d be kicking you out of here right now.”

"Good luck lifting your leg that high," he retorted.

Geto smiled, voice becoming more serious, "seriously, take it easy Gojo."

Gojo matched his grin, "only if you promise to stop staring at my legs so much."

Suguru scoffed, shaking his head as he grabbed a throw pillow and lightly tossed it at Gojo. “You’re impossible.”

Yuji Itadori sat on his couch, eating frozen waffles from the box, his legs propped up on the coffee table, fuzzy Christmas socks peeking out from under the frayed hem of his sweatpants. His phone buzzed again, louder this time. With an annoyed sigh, he wiped his cold fingers on his shirt and grabbed the phone.

“Hello?” he mumbled through a mouthful of waffle.

“Yuji!” *Gojo’s voice is far too chipper for this early in the day* , “Good morning, sunshine! Hope you’re ready for some excitement.”

Yuji groaned, leaning back into the couch. “Define ‘excitement,’ because I was kind of hoping for a nap after this breakfast of champions.”

“Does ‘rescuing your friend and getting into the middle of some shady underworld drama’ count?” Gojo’s tone is playful, but there’s an undercurrent of seriousness that makes Yuji sit up.

“Wait, what? Nobara?” Yuji’s voice sharpened, the waffle box tumbling to the floor as he scrambled to focus.

“Bingo,” Gojo replies. “We’ve got a lead on where she’s being held, but it’s a two-man job—and I mean *you* and our grumpy friend Sukuna! Think you can handle working with him without setting the place on fire?”

Yuji hesitated, his grip tightening on the phone. “Sukuna? Are you serious?”

“Dead serious,” Gojo says cheerfully. “Don’t worry! He doesn’t bite... probably.”

As if on cue, Sukuna's unmistakable voice cuts through the line, growling in the background. "If you're going to drag me into this, don't make me babysit the idiot. I'm not interested in holding his hand."

"Good thing Yuji doesn't need a babysitter," Gojo counters smoothly, clearly enjoying the banter. "Right, Yuji?"

Yuji sighs, already regretting his inevitable decision. "Fine. I'll do it—for Nobara. But don't blame me if Sukuna ends up with a black eye."

"You wish, brat," Sukuna mutters, his tone laced with disdain.

"Perfect," Gojo says, ignoring the tension entirely. "I'll send the address, you better be there in an hour. And Yuji? Bring waffles for the road! This is going to be a long day."

Before Yuji could ask how his superior knew what he was eating, the line went dead, leaving him staring at his phone in disbelief. He glanced at the crumpled waffle box on the floor, then at the clock on the wall, reading only 7:30 am.

"It's too early for all this," he mutters, running a hand through his messy pink hair.

He shoved the rest of the waffles into his bag, threw on a jacket, and headed for the door, muttering under his breath as he prepared to face whatever chaos awaits him... *and* Sukuna.

The dim room reeked of damp concrete and iron. Chains rattled faintly as Nobara Kugisaki shifted against the cold wall, her wrists bound and raised above her head, nails driven through the back of her hands to the brick holding her in place. Blood trailed sluggishly down her arms, staining the tattered remnants of her once-elegant dress from the Gala. Despite the pain, her sharp brown eyes glared daggers at the figure sitting lazily across from her.

Choso.

He lounged in a rusted metal chair, one boot propped on the table, the other tapping an uneven rhythm on the floor. His shoulder-length hair was slicked back with a touch of deliberate messiness, crafted to appear effortlessly perfect. Though his expression was unreadable, his posture oozed confidence. His skin was plastered in sporadic tattoos, silver piercings lining his right ear, and Nobara's cigarette smoldered between his fingers, the faint plume of smoke curling into the stale air.

“You know,” Choso said, flicking ash onto the ground, “for someone in your position, you’ve got a lot of fight in you. I like that.”

Nobara gritted her teeth, forcing herself not to wince as she shifted her shoulders. “What can I say? I don’t like being manhandled by lackeys.”

Choso’s lips curled into a smirk, he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees as his dark eyes bore into hers. “Tell me, Kugisaki. How long do you think your little friends will take to come after you? Hours? Days?”

Nobara’s jaw clenched, refusing to give him the satisfaction of a response.

“Don’t worry, though,” Choso continued, leaning back again. “I’ve got plenty of patience. And plenty of ways to keep you entertained while we wait.”

He gestured vaguely to the room—bare, except for a few scattered tools on the table. The glint of metal caught Nobara’s eye, but she refused to let her unease show.

“Save your threats,” she spat. “You’re not as scary as you think you are.”

Choso chuckled softly, the sound more unsettling than any yell. “Oh, Kugisaki. I don’t need to be scary. I just need to be smart.”

He stood, and crossed the room with deliberate slowness, thumbing blood off his cheek as he walked then licking it off slowly. Nobara braced herself, expecting him to lash out, but instead, he grabbed the chair and dragged it closer to her. The screech of metal against the floor set her teeth on edge.

“You see,” Choso began, sitting down inches away, “this isn’t just about you. You’re bait. And your friends? They’ll come running right into my hands. Especially that brat Itadori.” His smile widened, revealing sharp, white teeth. “Family’s important to him, after all.”

Nobara’s heart pounded, though she kept her expression neutral. “And what makes you think he’ll walk into your little trap?”

Choso’s gaze darkened, and his voice dropped to a near-whisper. “Because he always does. And this time, he won’t have the strength to walk back out.”

The room fell silent, except for the faint drip of water somewhere in the distance. Nobara’s mind raced, weighing her options. She couldn’t just sit and wait—she needed to be ready when Yuji came, no matter what.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the door creaking open. A henchman peeked in, addressing Choso in a low, nervous voice.

“They’re on their way.”

Choso’s smile widened, and he stood, brushing nonexistent dust off his jacket.

“Right on schedule.”

As he turned to leave, Nobara called after him, her voice dripping with venom.

“You’re underestimating them. They’ll destroy you.”

Choso paused in the doorway, glancing back at her with a chilling grin.

“Let them try.”

The door slammed shut, leaving Nobara alone in the oppressive darkness. Her hands twitched against her restraints, testing the nail holding her down. The pain was sharp, searing, but it fueled her determination.

“Yuji,” she muttered under her breath, a smirk forming despite everything. “You’d better not make me wait too long.”

The warehouse loomed in the distance, its weathered metal walls streaked with rust and shadowed by the faint glow of flickering streetlights. The night air was thick, heavy with the faint scent of rain on the pavement. Sukuna stood with his arms crossed, leaning against a sleek black SUV, his expression one of complete disinterest. Beside him, Yuji adjusted his sleeves nervously, his breath visible in the chill air.

Gojo stood a few feet away, his pristine white button down catching the light as he glanced at his watch. His nonchalant demeanor was betrayed only by the quick flick of his eyes toward the warehouse.

“Well,” he said, his tone light, “this is where I leave you two.”

Yuji froze, turning to Gojo with wide eyes.

“What? You’re not coming?”

“Aw, Yuji,” Gojo teased, resting a hand dramatically over his heart. “Don’t tell me you’re scared to go in without me. I thought you were the brave one.”

Yuji scowled, his nerves momentarily forgotten.

“I’m not scared. It’s just—” He gestured vaguely toward the warehouse. “You’re the strongest. It makes sense for you to—”

“—Sorry, kid, but I’ve got somewhere else to be.” Gojo interrupted with a smirk.

Sukuna let out a low chuckle, pushing off the SUV with lazy grace.

“About time you let the real men handle things, Gojo.” His sharp grin widened as he glanced at Yuji. “Though, I’m not sure this one counts.”

Yuji shot Sukuna a glare.

“I’ll be fine, old man.”

Gojo ignored their bickering, stepping closer to Yuji and resting a hand on his shoulder.

“Listen, Yuji. I wouldn’t leave you if I didn’t think you could handle this. You’ve got Sukuna, and as much as it pains me to admit it…”

He cast a glance toward Sukuna, his smirk widening. “He’s decent backup.”

“Flattering,” Sukuna drawled, inspecting his nails.

“Just stick to the plan,” Gojo continued, his tone softening slightly. “Get in, get Nobara, and get out. No heroics, no unnecessary risks.” His gaze flicked to Sukuna. “That goes for you too, Drama Queen.”

Sukuna’s laugh was sharp, almost amused.

“I’ll be sure to follow all your little rules, Rebel.” He spat out that last word with disdain like it was painful to even get out.

Yuji, still uneasy, nodded. “We’ll get it done. I promise.”

Gojo's smile turned genuine for a moment as he gave Yuji's shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

"I know you will." He straightened, turning on his heel and waving over his shoulder. "Have fun, boys. Try not to blow up the place—or each other."

As Gojo disappeared into the night, Sukuna snorted.

"Looks like babysitting you is officially my problem now."

"Yeah, yeah," Yuji muttered, taking a deep breath as they approached the warehouse. "Let's just get this over with."

Sukuna smirked. "Lead the way, kid."

————-

Gojo strolled casually down the darkened alley, hands stuffed into the pockets of his coat. The faint hum of city noise echoed in the distance, punctuated by the occasional drip of water from the fire escapes above. His pace was unhurried, almost lazy, his sharp blue eyes scanning the shadows as if he were simply out for an evening walk.

He felt them before he saw them. Three presences—clumsy, overeager, and radiating malice—emerging from the far end of the alley. Gojo didn't falter, his lips curling into a faint smirk.

"*Really*?" he muttered under his breath, tilting his head back to glance at the cloudy sky. "Mahito must be scraping the bottom of the barrel."

The first figure stepped into view, a wiry man with a twisted grin, brandishing a lead pipe.

"*Satoru Gojo*," he said, voice laced with a smug triumph. "You made this too easy."

"Oh?" Gojo said, arching a brow.

He didn’t stop walking, even as the other two henchmen appeared, blocking the exit behind him. One cracked their knuckles; the other twirled a knife lazily between her fingers.

“Didn’t your boss tell you?” Gojo said, his tone light and mocking. “I’m not exactly the easiest guy to handle.”

The wiry man’s grin faltered for a split second, but he recovered quickly, gesturing for his comrades to close in.

“Three against one. You can’t be that good.”

Gojo chuckled, the sound low and amused, as he finally stopped, hands still in his pockets.

“Oh, I’m more than that good. But...” He turned his head slightly, his smirk sharpening into something playful. “Let’s make it interesting.”

Before they could react, Gojo closed the remaining distance between them in a single step, his presence overwhelming and immediate. The first man’s bravado melted away as Gojo leaned in close, blue eyes gleaming with an unsettling calm.

“You’ve got five seconds,” Gojo whispered, “...to impress me.”

The man swung the pipe, only to find himself spun around and slammed into the wall before he could blink. Gojo’s movements were deliberate but restrained, the force of his grip enough to make the man cry out.

The other two rushed forward, one aiming for his back and the other lunging from the side. Gojo sighed theatrically as he deflected the knife with a flick of his wrist and sidestepped the punch with fluid ease.

“Really?” he said, catching the knife-wielder’s wrist and twisting until the blade clattered to the ground. “Is this the best you’ve got? I almost feel bad for Mahito.”

But then Gojo hesitated, the barest fraction of a second, as if weighing his next move. His grip loosened, and he allowed the third man's punch to connect—lightly—against his shoulder. The impact barely moved him, but it was enough for them to think they had an opening.

The wiry man, now recovered, barked, "Grab him!"

Gojo didn't resist as the two lackeys seized his arms, wrenching them behind his back. His smirk remained firmly in place, even as they roughly shoved him against the wall and snapped heavy cuffs around his wrists.

"Oh no," he drawled, voice dripping with sarcasm. "You got me."

The knife-wielder, rubbing his wrist and scowling, spat, "You're not so tough now, huh?"

Gojo tilted his head, his smirk widening. "If you say so."

The wiry man stepped closer, clearly trying to regain some authority.

"Mahito's gonna be thrilled when he sees you."

Gojo's eyes sparkled with amusement as they dragged him toward a waiting van at the alley's end.

"Oh, I'm sure he will," he murmured under his breath, a hint of something unreadable in his tone.

As the van doors slammed shut behind him, Gojo leaned back against the cold metal wall, a serene expression on his face.

"Now," he muttered to himself, his smirk turning almost affectionate at the thought of a certain someone, "let's see how long it takes for you to find me... *Suguru*."

_____

Geto sighed, the obnoxious *"You've got a text!"* blaring from his phone—a custom ringtone Gojo had insisted on recording himself. The exaggerated chirp was unmistakably Gojo's voice, and it made Geto's eye twitch every time.

"Idiot," Geto muttered under his breath, setting down his mug.

He crossed the room with deliberate steps, already bracing himself for whatever absurd meme or cryptic nonsense awaited him this time.

Unlocking the phone, his thumb hovered for a moment over the message notification. The preview alone was enough to make him groan. He tapped it open, and his suspicions were immediately confirmed—a selfie of Gojo tied to a chair, his white hair slightly mussed but his grin wide and infuriating.

The caption read:

"Come save me! (^ω^)"

Geto stared at the screen, torn between irritation and exasperated affection.

"Of course," he muttered, running a hand down his face. " *Of course* he'd make a hostage situation into a joke."

But there was something sharp and familiar beneath the surface of the text, a subtle layer only he would catch. It wasn't real fear—not yet—but there was a flicker of something that made Geto's chest tighten.

Geto grabbed his coat, already texting back:

" You're an idiot."

The reply came instantly:

*"Yeah, but I'm *your* idiot. ;)"*

Shaking his head, Geto slid his phone into his pocket.

"This man is going to be the death of me," he muttered, his lips twitching into the faintest of smiles despite himself.

He didn't hesitate. Not for a second.

_____

Gojo sat slumped in the chair, his legs stretched out lazily in front of him. His hands, cuffed tightly behind his back, didn't stop him from exuding a sense of casual dominance, as though he had *chosen* to be here. He tilted his head, scanning the dimly lit room with bored disinterest.

"You know," he mused aloud to no one in particular, "for all this trouble, you could've at least tied me up somewhere with decent lighting. I'm glowing, but even *I* can't work with this."

Jogo stomped into the room, flanked by a handful of Mahito's henchmen. His molten, scarred features twisted in irritation.

"Keep running your mouth, Gojo. Mahito's on his way, and when he gets here, you'll—"

"Be dead? Tortured? Forced to watch a slideshow of your baby pictures?" Gojo interrupted, flashing a smug grin. "You guys need better material. Seriously."

Jogo growled, fists clenching.

“Big talk for someone who’s—”

“Tied up?” Gojo interrupted again, his smirk widening as he adjusted his position, clearly unfazed.

“Honestly, I’m a bit embarrassed for you Jogo. Usually when I’m tied up, it’s a lot more... *comfortable*. And a hell of a lot more fun, too. But hey, you do you.”

He tilted his head, eyes glinting with mischief. “Not that I’m complaining, of course.”

“You’re so annoying, Gojo. Just tell me what you know about the Shibuya Mafia already.”

“So *that’s* what this is all about.”

"Don’t play dumb, you know this isn't just about you. You’re tied to the Shibuya Mafia. And we both know it."

Gojo raised an eyebrow, the ghost of a smile flickering on his lips.

"Shibuya? Funny. What’s that got to do with me?"

One of the goons, a smaller figure with pale skin, stepped forward, the scent of roses filling the hostage’s senses.

"It’s obvious you and Suguru Geto are working together. If it wasn’t true, the mafia would have been in pieces by now. The war would have started. You two control everything, don’t you? So tell us, what’s really going on between you and Geto?"

“Well that’s quite a personal question if you ask me.”

He leaned forward, hands still cuffed behind the chair, then looking past their shoulders, he asked plainly,

“What do you think Suguru?”

The three turned to see none other than Suguru Geto standing in the doorframe, his demeanor effortless.

The room froze.

“What the hell?” one of the goons stammered, spinning around. “We had at least a dozen guards out there!”

“I killed them all,” Geto’s voice responded coolly from the doorway.

He stepped into the room, utterly composed, his dark eyes fixed on Gojo with a mixture of exasperation and something almost like amusement.

All heads turned toward Geto, the stunned silence giving way to brief chaos. It was all Gojo needed.

In a fluid motion, he slipped his hands free from the cuffs—effortlessly, as though the restraints had been an afterthought.

“Took you long enough,” he quipped, and before anyone could react, he launched himself from the chair. His fist connected with Jogo’s face, sending him crashing to the ground.

“What the hell are you doing here Satoru?”

He just shrugged. “Figured you’d come find me eventually,” then without missing a beat he responded, “Besides, the look on your face makes it worth the wait.”

Geto's eyes narrowed, and for a moment, his anger burned visibly. But just as quickly, it softened into reluctant acceptance. He sighed, shaking his head.

"You're insufferable, you know that?"

"Yet here you are," Gojo replied, stepping closer, his voice softening as he met Geto's eyes.

"Well, get over here my knight in shining armor!" He called from across the room, straightening out his back.

Geto's eyes darkened as he crossed the room in a few long strides, the soft thud of his shoes echoing in the otherwise quiet space. His gaze was intense as he examined Gojo, lifting his chin to look into his eyes. He noticed blood dripping from a long cut on his cheek.

"Why the *fuck* would you let them hurt you like this?" he growled possessively, fists clenched at his sides.

Gojo chuckled lightly, despite the exhaustion in his voice.

"Oh, come on! I was just playing my role," he said with a grin that didn't quite reach his eyes. "Can't let them think I'm *too* untouchable, right? Besides, I'm still alive and kicking!"

Geto let out a frustrated sigh, shaking his head. He was angry— *so angry* —but there was something more beneath it. He stepped closer, his gaze intense, his fingers brushing over the cuts on Gojo's face as if to confirm that what he saw was real.

"I told you to be safe," Geto murmured, his voice rough with frustration. "And obviously you could've escaped at any time. Whatever information you were trying to get wasn't worth this."

Gojo blinked up at him, his smirk flickering, then softening.

“You worried about me, Suguru?” he asked, the playfulness in his voice carrying a note of something more vulnerable that only Geto would recognize.

Geto didn’t answer right away. Instead, he undid Gojo’s restraints, his hands moving with practiced efficiency, but the look on his face was one of frustration and relief tangled together. He muttered something under his breath that Gojo didn’t quite catch, but it sounded like a curse.

“ *Idiot.* ” Geto finally spoke, the word laced with affection despite his annoyance. “You make it impossible to stay mad at you.”

Gojo’s grin returned, this time with a bit more genuine warmth.

“Now, what should we do with these three?” He asked, standing over the unconscious bodies, his tone casual but laced with a hint of amusement.

“Throw them in a dumpster, let Mahito deal with them.”

“I like the sound of that,” Gojo responded playfully.

Geto rolled his eyes, “I was joking.”

Gojo smiled, "I wasn't."

Without missing a beat, both men effortlessly tossed the bodies over their shoulders as though they weighed nothing, their movements in sync. As they stepped out the door, Gojo shot Geto a grin, clearly satisfied with their swift work.

“So, you missed me though?” Gojo asked cheekily, raising an eyebrow as they walked down the hallway.

Suguru could only get in an annoyed grunt before Gojo kept talking.

“It’s a good thing you came, Suguru. You know, I was getting kind of bored in there. Thought I might just have to start talking to them for a while.”

The sound of their footsteps echoed down the hall, the soft hum of the building’s lights matching Satoru’s own indistinguishable tune, a playful song he hummed when he was in a good mood, as if the tension of the last few minutes didn’t even matter.

As they walked toward the exit, Geto’s eyes flickered toward the tall brick building across the street. A blinding flash of light illuminated the sky, followed by a violent explosion that sent shards of glass scattering across the street.

“What did you do, Gojo?” Geto asked, his voice drowning with exasperation as he stopped in his tracks.

Feigning ignorance, he threw his hands up in surprise, “Hey! What do I have to do with this?”

Suguru, however, didn’t buy it for a second. With a resigned sigh, he ignored Gojo’s attempt at deflection, his sharp gaze still locked on the building as smoke billowed from the windows. He crossed his arms, the tension in his shoulders evident.

“Should we help?”

Gojo’s smirk never wavered, his steps never faltering as he continued to move toward the exit.

“Nah. Let them handle it for now. They’ve got their hands full,” he said, dismissing the chaos outside with a casual wave of his hand.

“Whatever you say ,” Suguru resigned, a hint of a smile playing at the corners of his lips.

——————-

“Damn it, Sukuna!” Yuji snarled, spinning around just in time to avoid a blade that swiped dangerously close to his face. “ *You’re impossible* !”

From within his own mind, Sukuna’s voice rumbled with amusement. "Are you truly this incompetent, boy?" the elder taunted, his tone dripping with condescension.

Yuji's hand twitched, energy flaring up as he drove his knee into one thug’s stomach, sending him flying. He didn’t have time for Sukuna’s nonsense right now.

"Shut up! You think this is funny?!" he growled, barely registering the wave of men who just entered the warehouse. He was completely outnumbered, and yet Sukuna was acting like he was watching some kind of show.

Yuji gritted his teeth, throwing another punch into a thug’s gut and knocking him unconscious.

“This isn’t a damn game, Sukuna! Come help me, boss’ orders.”

Another gang member lunged at him from the shadows, and Yuji barely managed to dodge, Sukuna finally stepping in, grabbing the enemy’s wrist, and flipping him onto the floor.

They fought side by side, a rhythm that was almost fluid, their movements instinctual as they covered each other's backs. Everything that came at them was met with swift retaliation, the air around them crackling with power. Together, they cut through the enemies until the final body hit the ground with a dull thud, and the warehouse stood still, quiet, except for the sound of their heavy breathing.

Yuji’s eyes narrowed as they approached the final door, the quiet ominous, as if it were waiting for them. Sukuna stepped forward first, his presence dominating the room as he flung the door open with ease.

The sight stopped Yuji in his tracks.

Nobara was nailed to the wall, blood staining her clothes, her face grimaced in pain but still conscious. Sukuna scoffed under his breath, a twisted amusement in his voice.

“That’s ironic.”

“Huh?” Yuji blinked, his heart racing as he rushed toward Nobara, his mind spinning.

Was she okay? Why would they do something like this?

Sukuna just shrugged nonchalantly, as if ignoring his own cryptic comment.

Yuji’s brows furrowed in confusion, his hands shaking slightly as he reached for the nails that held Nobara in place.

“What are you talking about?” he muttered, trying to focus on getting her free.

Sukuna didn’t answer, and Yuji quickly grabbed a hammer that was laying on the floor, his hands trembling slightly as he assessed the situation. Without wasting another second, he carefully pried the first nail from the wall with the back of the hammer. The sound of metal against wood echoed, making him wince.

The nail came free, and Nobara, her face pale but determined, staggered to her feet. She looked at Yuji with a mixture of gratitude and concern.

“I’m fine,” she muttered, brushing off his worried expression as she quickly straightened herself. “But we need to get out of here. Now.”

Her words were sharp, no-nonsense. It was clear that whatever had happened to her in this warehouse had rattled her, but she wasn’t about to let it slow her down.

Before Yuji could ask any questions, she cut him off with a firm glance.

"No time for questions, Yuji. We’re not safe yet."

Yuji nodded, but his mind raced.

What had happened to her? What was going on? Why did Mahito target her?

But as soon as he opened his mouth to ask, the sound of tires screeching outside interrupted them.

Yuji whipped around, instincts kicking in. He could hear the familiar hum of a car's engine, but it wasn't just any car. A black Dodge skidded to a stop right in front of the warehouse, its headlights cutting through the night.

A figure stepped out from the car, and Yuji's stomach dropped.

Choso .

The man, tall and imposing, his eyes hidden behind a cold, unreadable expression, began walking towards them. His aura was heavy with the weight of authority, and Yuji's muscles tensed instinctively, ready for whatever would come next.

Yuji's heart pounded in his chest as he glanced at Nobara, who was already moving quickly, her eyes darting to the shadows, trying to find any way to escape. They had to move, and fast. They didn't have much of a choice. The tension in the air thickened, and Yuji knew that any wrong move could cost them their chance of escaping.

Choso's voice echoed through the empty warehouse, calm and cold as he closed the distance between them. His dark eyes flicked from Yuji to Nobara, narrowing slightly as he took in her battered state.

"You're bleeding, Nobara," he said, his tone flat but somehow carried a singsong tune that only made the situation more unnerving.

Nobara stiffened, her hands clenching to fists as she shot him a glare.

"What's it to you, Choso?" she spat, trying to ignore the pain that was clearly still affecting her. "Not like I'm gonna let you do anything about it."

Yuji stood by her side, but he knew better than to make a move just yet. He had seen Choso in action before—he was no slouch. They were still outnumbered, and with the blood draining from Nobara's wound, they were at a disadvantage.

“You should really get that checked,” Choso continued, his gaze moving to the bloodstained patch on Nobara’s clothes. “Unless you think you can outrun me.”

Nobara didn’t flinch.

“I’ve outrun worse,” she shot back, but Yuji could tell by the way she stood, how her breath was slightly ragged, that she wasn’t entirely confident.

“Cut the act, Choso,” Yuji said, stepping forward, his voice a little sharper than he intended. “We don’t want any trouble, but if you’re gonna get in our way—”

Choso’s lips curled into a faint smile, but his eyes remained dead serious. “I’m not here to cause trouble... *yet*. Just don’t make this harder than it needs to be.”

Before Yuji could respond, Choso’s gaze flicked over his shoulder, clearly assessing the situation. It was clear he wasn’t here for a chat, and Yuji wasn’t stupid enough to think they’d be walking away from this peacefully.

He clinched his fists, ready to fight, and braced himself, ready for whatever was coming next. He knew that if they didn’t make a move soon, they wouldn’t leave this warehouse in one piece.

“Yuji?” Nobara’s voice cut through the haze, her concern laced with urgency.

But Yuji barely heard her, his body drained from the earlier fight, struggling to keep his feet from lashing out under him. He didn’t realize his nose had started bleeding, dripping onto the ground.

Choso’s grin widened, bloodthirsty and cruel as he noticed the blood dripping from Yuji’s nose.

“It seems like your blood is calling for me,” he purred, his eyes gleaming with predatory hunger.

Before Yuji could even respond, Choso moved to jump at him.

But then, a cold voice sliced through the tension.

“*Enough*.”

Choso’s body crumpled to the ground like a rag-doll.

Sukuna's presence was like a wave crashing into the room, overwhelming and suffocating. He appeared behind Choso, his hand raised, with deadly intent. Sukuna had chopped his hand down on Choso's neck with brutal precision, the force of the strike sending the man to the ground.

Yuji blinked, still trying to process what had just happened. One moment, Choso had been a threat, and the next, he was a lifeless heap on the floor. He looked up at Sukuna, who was standing casually, watching his handiwork with a bored expression, as if nothing had happened.

Yuji wiped his nose, the tickle making him notice it had been bleeding. His jaw lay open, staring at the men in front of him. He stuttered as he tried to find words to say.

Sukuna glanced down at him, his smirk lopsided.

“I didn’t do anything for you, brat,” he drawled, flicking his fingers as if dismissing the whole thing. “But you were taking too long, so I took matters into my own hands.”

Nobara let out a breath she didn’t realize she’d been holding, her eyes flicking between Yuji and Sukuna. She didn’t have time to figure out the dynamics between the two of them, or when the mafia and rebel groups started working together—right now, they had bigger things to worry about.

“We need to go,” she said, voice sharp. “Before more of them show up.”

Yuji nodded, still a little dazed from everything that had just happened, but he was glad Sukuna had stepped in. For now, they needed to focus on getting out of there. The last thing they needed was more bloodshed.

"I—" Yuji tried to get the words out, his voice weak. "Thank you. Sukuna."

"Don't mention it, kid." Sukuna paused, his expression flat. "Seriously."

_____-

Back at their apartment, Gojo hummed under his breath as he lay his head on his husband's lap, as though trying to fill the silence with something less heavy, but the weight of the moment hung between them.

Despite any tension earlier, it felt like home, and that made everything ok for Gojo. Geto moved to grab the first aid kit, his movements were quick but precise as he cleaned the cuts on Gojo's face.

Neither spoke, but the silence was not uncomfortable. It was heavy with unspoken words, with everything they didn't want to address.

Geto gently wiped away the blood, his fingers brushing over the cut on Gojo's cheek.

"My *beautiful* face," Geto muttered, his voice soft, almost tender, pressing a gentle kiss to the wound.

Gojo didn't say anything at first, though there was a softness in his expression.

"You really didn't have to," he said quietly, almost too softly for Geto to hear. "… thanks."

Geto said nothing, but his eyes softened, his movements gentler as he tended to the rest of Gojo's injuries. He didn't need to say anything. They both knew the risks they were taking. They both knew how dangerous this was. But in this quiet moment, with Gojo leaning into his touch and the sound of the city distant in the background, the world outside seemed far away.

As Geto finished cleaning Gojo's wounds, the quiet stretched on until Gojo finally broke the silence.

"It's not just Mahito who's onto us," he said, his voice suddenly serious. "We can't keep playing this game forever."

Geto paused, looking at him for a long moment. There was an unreadable expression on his face, but his lips quirked slightly, the faintest hint of a smile. He didn't say anything at first, only standing up and setting the supplies down.

"Then we play until there's no one left to challenge us," he said, his voice low and full of conviction.

Gojo's smile faded into something more intense, something far deeper than either of them were willing to acknowledge in that moment. The weight of the future pressed in on them—no words needed to be said.

Gojo leaned his head into Geto's touch. Appreciating the way his strong hands felt in his hair. He felt so complete just sitting here, unbothered about the world around him. He took one final glance up at Geto, eyes heavy with exhaustion.

" *I love you, Suguru.* "

Chapter End Notes

omg this chapter ended up being WAY longer than I planned….
Hope you enjoyed this it tho!! I had a fun time writing it

The Beginning of Us- Part 1

Chapter Summary

BACKSTORY ARCCCC I LOVE THEMMM I DONT WANT TO SPOIL BUT THIS IS A FLUFFFFF CHAPTERRRRRR (mostly ;p)
ft: angsty teen geto and cruise ship >:)

lowk a good summary:

“If you don’t stop talking, I’ll do this mission alone.”

Gojo grinned.

“You’d miss me.”

Geto hesitated, his voice quieter but no less sharp.

“I don’t even know you.”

“You will"

Chapter Notes

I wrote on my outline that this chapter was just backstory so it will be short, but we have audition results for my school's musical dropping soon so I started stress-writing and I fear it may be the longest chapter so far. I just love these scenes so much and I could've kept going on and on but to spare y'all (and to keep the weekly posting schedule), I chilled out. This is part 1 of 2 for this chapter (separated for organization) so I hope you enjoy!
(sorry this chapter is longer than the entire fic so far)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Shibuya Mafia headquarters hummed with a quiet, controlled chaos as a 16 year old Suguru Geto walked through its sprawling corridors, his steps deliberate and heavy with authority. The walls whispered with the latest dealings, power plays, and rumors of a new recruit: the so-called "prodigy" who had caught the attention of the higher-ups.

Geto scoffed at the chatter.

Another overhyped recruit, no doubt.

As he moved through the familiar halls, the voices around him faded into the background. His mind was focused on carrying the stacks of paper containing the profiles of victims to the door of his boss's office.

There, behind a desk stacked with paperwork, sat Nanami—a man who had long ceased to be just his superior.

Nanami's gaze softened as Geto stepped into the office, his dark presence a stark contrast to the sunlight filtering through the blinds.

"*Suguru*," Nanami greeted, his voice calm but warm, like a steady anchor in a storm. "You look like you haven't slept in days. Sit down before you collapse."

Geto let out a scoff, adjusting the stack of papers in his hands without meeting his eyes.

" I'm fine. Just here to do my job."

Nanami sighed, leaning back in his chair as he studied him.

"You're always 'fine,' aren't you? And yet, somehow, you still manage to look like the world's biggest storm cloud."

Geto bristled, shoving his hands into his pockets and mumbled.

"Guess I'm just good at multitasking."

Nanami's expression didn't change, though his voice dipped with quiet concern.

"Suguru, you don't always have to carry the weight alone. You know that, right?"

For a moment, Geto's stoic mask faltered, but he quickly rebuilt it, his gaze flickering away. He dropped the heavy stack of papers on his desk.

“I’m not carrying anything I can’t handle.”

Nanami shook his head with a faint sigh, his words gentle but firm.

“You’re stubborn, but I’ll let it slide for now. Just don’t forget—someone has to remind you to take care of yourself.”

Geto didn’t respond, the silence between them thick with unspoken tension. It wasn’t that he didn’t appreciate Nanami’s care—he just didn’t know what to do with it. It was obvious no one had taken care of him before.

You don’t just join the mafia as a high schooler if you have a future.

Nanami was a rock for Geto. He was reliable, steady, and always giving unwarranted advice. Sure, he was his boss, but Nanami was the only person Geto could even think about calling family.

“Anything else you need?” Geto asked finally, his tone carefully neutral. “Or should I get going?”

Nanami sighed, running a hand through his neatly combed hair.

“Just don’t let your pride get in the way, Suguru. It’s okay to lean on someone, even if you don’t know how.”

Geto’s hands tightened slightly on the folder he held. For a fleeting second, he almost let the words settle, almost let them sink into the cracks he didn’t want to acknowledge. But instead, he nodded curtly, turned, and left the office without another word.

As Geto stepped out of Nanami’s office, he searched for somewhere to be alone. Noticing fading warmth of the sunset that spilled through the long hallway, he paused, his gaze drifting to the glowing windows, their reflection stretching along the polished floor. The light was rich and golden, painting everything in soft, dramatic hues. For a moment, he allowed himself to exhale, embracing the rare quiet that the headquarters so seldom offered.

It was then that he noticed someone at the far end of the hallway. Leaning against the wall, half in shadow and half bathed in the golden sunlight, stood a figure unfamiliar yet impossible to ignore. The first thing Geto noticed was the stark white of his hair, catching the light like it was made to stand out. His relaxed posture was offset by the confidence radiating from him—a sharp, deliberate presence.

The stranger caught his eye and grinned, pushing off the wall as if he'd been waiting for this moment.

"Didn't realize the mafia was into collecting statues," Geto said dryly, his voice cutting through the quiet. "Is that marble, or are you really just that pale?"

The grin widened as the stranger sauntered closer, the sunlight clinging to him like it belonged there.

"Pale, huh? That's bold, coming from the guy lurking in the dark."

Geto raised an eyebrow, unimpressed but faintly intrigued.

"Shouldn't you be introducing yourself instead of running your mouth?"

"Ah, formalities," the stranger said, his voice playful as he stopped just a few steps away. "You must be the serious one."

Geto stepped past him, shaking his head.

"Someone has to be."

The stranger didn't follow, but his voice called after him, smooth and teasing.

"The name's Satoru!"

His confidence was treacherous to any humility he could have had.

Geto continued walking past him, not turning around when the teen called,

“I’ll see you around Shadow Boy!”

Geto’s stride faltered for half a second—just enough for Satoru to notice. He didn’t reply, instead continuing to disappear down the hallway, his back straight and his smirk still lingering. Geto concealed the faintest pull of his lips at the nickname, a feeling he hadn’t expected stirring in his chest. A twinge—one he would soon come to associate with the boy who had already gotten under his skin.

The door to Nanami's office clicked shut, and Geto slumped into the chair, trying and failing to hide his agitation. The walls of the office, as familiar as they were, felt suffocating today, and the quiet weight of Nanami’s gaze only made things worse. The older man, always composed and calm, watched him gently.

“Don’t look so annoyed Suguru, this will be good for you.”

Geto didn’t respond, but his eyes narrowed as the door opened again, and Satoru Gojo stepped in. The same sunlight seemed to follow him, even though there was no window in this room. He flashed a grin that was entirely too confident for someone still trying to prove himself.

Nanami sighed, clearly accustomed to this particular type of energy.

“Geto,” he said, his voice steady, “meet Gojo Satoru. You’ll be partnering with him for a while.”

Geto's jaw dropped, his composure cracking. He turned to Nanami, his voice sharp with disbelief.

"*Him*?" he spat, the word laced with disgust he didn't bother to hide.

"Well, it seems like you already know one another."

Gojo stood silently, glancing between the two with his eyes wide and lips pursed.

Geto didn't hide his frustration, his tone was lousy with annoyance.

"Why do I need a partner?" he asked, his eyes flicking between Nanami and the new recruit.

"Because I said so," Nanami replied evenly, "And you could use the backup."

Gojo, stepped forward with a smirk, finally speaking up.

"I'm the backup? That's cute."

Geto's patience was already thinning. He shot a flat, unamused look at him.

"You'll need it more than I do."

As the words hung in the air, Geto once again felt the strange sensation in his chest—the one that seemed to coil tighter every time Gojo was near.

Nanami sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose as if he could already feel the headache brewing.

"If you two are done antagonizing each other, I'd like to tell you why you're here." His gaze flicked between them with weary resignation. "This is a mission, not a playground. Try to act like professionals."

Geto's posture stiffened further, the comment clearly aimed at Gojo.

“I’m not the one wasting time.”

Gojo, sprawled on the couch like it was his own living room, tilted his head toward Geto with a grin.

“You hear that, Nanami? He’s already defending himself. That’s guilt if I’ve ever heard it.”

Nanami held up a hand, silencing whatever Geto was about to retort.

“Enough. The mission is simple—disrupt the handoff of an illegal shipment scheduled at the docks tonight. The cargo in question is a rare prototype weapon being moved by a rival group.”

“Sounds like fun,” Gojo said, smirking. “We’ll be in and out before midnight, right, partner?”

“I’m *not* your partner,” Geto replied sharply, his tone flat.

Nanami cut in before Gojo could reply.

“Yes, you are. And you’ll need to work together if you want to make it back in one piece. I’m not sending you out there to compete with each other. Understood?”

Geto’s lips pressed into a thin line as he gave a reluctant nod. Gojo, however, leaned back, his smirk not fading in the slightest.

“Loud and clear, boss.”

Nanami’s gaze lingered on both of them, his voice lowering.

“Good. Because if either of you makes a mistake, you won’t just answer to me—it could cost your life.”

As Nanami continued with the details, Gojo couldn't resist leaning slightly toward Geto, his voice low and teasing.

"Relax. I've got your back."

Geto glared at him from the corner of his eye.

"If you don't stop talking, I'll do this mission alone."

Gojo grinned.

"You'd miss me."

Geto hesitated, his voice quieter but no less sharp.

"I don't even know you."

"You will!" Gojo replied with that same irritating confidence.

_____

As they walked outside, the January wind whistled, the kind of bitter chill that cut right to the bone. They made their way to their job site, walking in uncomfortable silence. Geto fell behind, observing Gojo as he practically hopped through the snow. on top of a bridge,

"January 7th," Gojo mused aloud, breaking the quiet as he turned around on the bridge, walking backwards and keeping his eyes on Geto. "You know, my birthday was exactly a month ago. Big one-seven. I'm practically an adult."

Geto shot him a sideways glance, his patience already wearing thin.

“Congratulations. Want a trophy for surviving another year?”

Gojo laughed, undeterred.

“Nah, I’m good. But it must be hard, being only sixteen and all. Still just a kid.”

Geto’s glare sharpened. “I’m sixteen for less than a month, actually. So if you’re expecting me to be impressed, don’t bother.”

“Oh, my bad,” Gojo teased, leaning closer with a grin that practically glowed. “Didn’t realize I was dealing with such a mature sixteen-year-old. I’ll try to keep up.”

Geto stiffened, his fists clenching against his knees, but he managed to keep his voice level.

“Focus on the mission, or I’ll leave you to handle it yourself.”

“See?” Gojo smirked, clearly enjoying himself. “You’re already sounding so responsible. Guess I’ll have to watch my back with an old soul like you around.”

Geto clenched his fists.

Who was he to infiltrate his mafia and act like he was better than everyone?

There was a long pause as Geto continued to walk forward, too focused on the task they had been assigned to keep worrying about the annoying white haired man. He noticed how the snow seemed to suffocate the noise of the city. The streets were quiet, warm colored lights shone through windows, and even the neons of the city felt more peaceful. He watched in front of him as the snow dropped, dropped, dropped. Soft flutters that made his cold heart seem to melt. It felt like home. He

felt himself smile gently as he continued to watch the snowflakes land upon the gentle, wind kissed face of a doll.

“Something on my face, *baby*?” Gojo’s grin widened, and Geto immediately looked away.

In the midst of his anger, he didn’t realize he was staring at *Gojo* . At how the faint glint of a snowflake caught on *Gojo’s* lashes, the pale crystal flakes against his white hair and bright blue eyes.

“I'm not a baby.” Geto muttered, fixing his attention on the falling snow instead. “*Idiot*.”

"And I'm not an idiot," Gojo replied with a skip in his step, clearly pleased with himself.

Geto rolled his eyes but said nothing more, letting the cold and silence fill the space between them. The snow crunched softly beneath their black boots as they neared the outskirts of the city, heading toward the warehouse district.

By the time they arrived, the snowfall had lightened, leaving a thin, glittering layer coating the ground. They slipped into the shadows, moving quietly between towering storage crates stacked high like a labyrinth of steel and wood.

Geto crouched behind one of the crates, motioning for Gojo to follow. His breath came out in soft clouds as he scanned the perimeter. The warehouse loomed ahead, its single light above the entrance flickering faintly.

“They’ve already set up,” Geto murmured, nodding toward the faint glow spilling out from the warehouse windows. Shadows moved inside, too indistinct to make out.

“Looks like a decent turnout,” Gojo said, crouching beside him. His voice was low but carried that irrepressible note of amusement.

“Quiet,” Geto snapped. “We need to focus.”

“I am focused,” Gojo retorted, his tone light but steady. “You’re just no fun.”

Geto ignored him, drawing his attention back to the warehouse.

“Three at the door, at least two more on the roof. Probably more inside.” He glanced at Gojo. “We move in on my signal. No improvising.”

“Sure, boss.” Gojo grinned, but his eyes sharpened, the teasing slipping just enough to reveal his readiness.

Geto shot him one last warning glare before signaling to move. Together, they slipped through the maze of crates, silent and unseen, the mission officially underway.

As they crept through the warehouse, shadows stretched along the concrete walls, and the occasional creak of the old structure kept them on edge. Gojo strolled with his hands in his pockets, barely looking at the guards they encountered. His casual movements contrasted starkly with Geto's sharp focus and precision.

"Sooo," Gojo began, his voice low but far too conversational for the situation, "what do you do for fun? Any hobbies?"

Geto shot him a sidelong glance, annoyed.

"This is enemy territory. Maybe stop talking."

Gojo dodged a poorly aimed swing from a guard without breaking his stride, ducking and pivoting to let the man stumble into a crate.

"I’m just saying, we’re already so good at this. Why not chat? Get to know each other a bit? Multitasking’s good for the brain, you know."

Geto didn’t respond, landing a swift blow to the next enemy’s side and stepping over his fallen body.

"All work and no play, huh?" Gojo went on, now walking backward in sync with Geto. "Come on, there’s got to be *something...* books, music, I don’t know, chess?"

Geto ignored him, sidestepping to avoid another charging thug, taking the man down with a calculated elbow to the ribs.

...

"Alright, I’ll start," Gojo continued, hands still lazily tucked in his pockets. "I like sweets. Like, I’m basically fueled by dessert."

Geto exhaled sharply, delivering a quick kick to knock out another guard before turning a sharp glare at Gojo.

Of course.

"And movies," Gojo added, undeterred. He dodged a punch with a slight lean, tripping the attacker with the same ease someone might use to step over a puddle.

"You ever see those cheesy action flicks? The ones with the explosions and the bad one-liners? Love those. Ooh! And soap operas!"

Geto paused mid-step, turning his head to glance at him incredulously.

"You’re joking."

"Nope," Gojo replied with a grin, hands still in his pockets as he sauntered along. "The cheesier, the better. All the ridiculous love triangles, secret lovers, amnesia—pure art, if you ask me."

Geto blinked at him.

"That explains way too much."

"And don’t even get me started on romance movies," Gojo continued, ignoring the jab. "You know, the ones where the couple starts off hating each other, but then they realize they’re totally in love by the end? Classic."

"You mean the ones where they’re insufferable for ninety minutes and then kiss in the rain for no reason?" Geto said dryly.

"Exactly!" Gojo said brightly, snapping his fingers. "Peak cinema. It’s all about the build-up. The tension. The—" He threw a dramatic hand in the air as if conjuring invisible fireworks. "—*magic*."

Geto rolled his eyes, focusing back on their surroundings.

"You’re insane."

"Maybe," Gojo replied, tilting his head with a smirk. "But admit it, a part of you is curious now."

"Not even a little," Geto deadpanned, shoving past a storage crate.

Gojo sighed.

"I guess I'm just a hopeless romantic."

Geto’s grip on his weapon tightened and he spun around as he heard a guard rush him. He dispatched the man with a calculated blow, trying not to notice the way Gojo barely seemed to lift a finger for his own fights.

"And then there’s sleeping. That’s a hobby, right?" Gojo continued. "I mean, I’m great at it. Best napper in the world. You should try it! It looks like you haven’t slept in days."

"Are you done?" Geto finally muttered, brushing a strand of dark hair from his face as he scanned the warehouse ahead.

"No," Gojo said with a grin, sidestepping another guard and flicking the man’s weapon away with an almost lazy gesture. "Come on, Suguru. Tell me something. You don’t have any hobbies?"

"No," Geto said flatly, eyes fixed on the path ahead.

"Really? That’s sad, man," Gojo said, shaking his head dramatically. "Guess it’s a good thing I’m here. You could use a little excitement in your life."

Geto’s fingers tightened slightly on his weapon as he whispered, “I already regret this.”

Gojo’s blue eyes gleamed as another wave of guards barreled toward them. He sighed exaggeratedly before stepping forward and taking the man down with one swift, precise motion. He turned back to Geto with a smirk.

"You’ll grow to love me."

———-

The mission had been straightforward enough: intercept a shipment of experimental drugs tied to a rival organization. Infiltrating the warehouse had been easy, thanks to Gojo’s innate sense for spotting blind spots. They shut down the operation with ease, taking out guards with a mix of precision and overwhelming force. As they went to leave, the chill of the night air greeted them, snow crunching underfoot. The two made their way to the nearest train station.

The rhythmic hum of the train filled the space between them, punctuated by the occasional jolt of the tracks. Gojo lounged casually in his seat, despite how packed the train was, while Geto sat rigidly beside him, the usual scowl fading on his face as he blinked slowly.

"You look awful, by the way," Gojo announced suddenly, breaking the quiet. He tilted his head, a smirk playing at his lips. "I mean, I always look great, so I get it if the comparison's unfair. But still."

Geto shot him a glare, though his exhaustion dulled the edge.

"Thanks for the observation, genius."

"No, seriously," Gojo continued, ignoring the sarcasm. "You should take a nap. We've got like an hour until we get back to headquarters. I'll wake you up when we get there."

"I'm fine," Geto muttered, leaning back stiffly and closing his eyes, though it seemed more out of irritation than agreement.

Gojo shrugged, crossing one leg over the other.

"Suit yourself. But don't come crying to me when you pass out mid-mission next time. I'll just step over your lifeless body like I did with that guard earlier."

"Idiot," Geto muttered under his breath, the word barely audible. Yet, within minutes, his posture slackened, and his head tilted slightly forward.

It happened gradually: his breathing evened out, his shoulders loosened, and without meaning to, Geto's head drifted sideways, coming to rest on Gojo's shoulder. Gojo stiffened at the unexpected weight, blinking in surprise.

He glanced down, the usual sharpness in Geto's expression completely smoothed away by sleep. His features, usually guarded and severe, now looked peaceful—vulnerable, even. The faint traces of exhaustion on his face only added a quiet humanity that Gojo hadn't really noticed before.

"Huh," Gojo murmured to himself, a soft grin tugging at his lips. "Would you look at that? You *can* relax."

For a moment, he considered waking Geto—out of courtesy, or maybe just to tease him about it later. But then he caught sight of the faint rise and fall of his chest, the way his lips parted ever so slightly as he breathed. Peaceful, in a way Gojo had never seen before.

The train slowed, pulling into their stop. Gojo glanced at the doors, then back at Geto, still fast asleep against him.

"Guess we're not getting off yet," Gojo muttered, relaxing back into his seat.

The train began to move again, continuing its loop. Gojo adjusted slightly, angling his shoulder to make it more comfortable for Geto, and let his head fall back against the window with a smirk.

"Enjoy the nap, Suguru," he whispered, his voice almost drowned out by the rattle of the train.

——-

Geto's head shifted slightly against his shoulder, letting out a tired groan as he stirred. Gojo glanced down, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"Well, good morning, sunshine," he said, his voice quiet but teasing.

Geto's eyes snapped open, the grogginess quickly replaced by mortified awareness. He jerked upright so fast he nearly bumped into the passenger next to him.

"What—this is so—this is completely inappropriate," he stammered, his hand flying to his hair as if smoothing it down would fix the situation. "We're on a mission, not—"

"Not what?" Gojo cut in, his grin widening. "Not cuddle buds? Relax. No one saw. It's just me."

“That’s the problem,” Geto muttered under his breath, his gaze darting away.

Gojo stretched lazily, completely unbothered.

“You know, for someone so uptight, you’re surprisingly cute when you’re asleep. I almost didn’t want to wake you.”

Geto froze, the faintest hint of color creeping up his neck.

“Stop talking.”

“Aw, come on. You had this little furrow in your brow, like you were trying to fight off sleep even in your dreams.” Gojo’s tone was light, but his words carried a strange warmth.

“You should let yourself relax more often. Might do you some good.”

“This isn’t a vacation,” Geto snapped, though his voice lacked its usual sharpness. “I don’t need to relax. I need to focus. And stop looking at me like that.”

“Like what?” Gojo asked, leaning his chin on his hand as if he had all the time in the world.

“Like—like that!” Geto gestured vaguely, heat rising to his face as he avoided Gojo’s gaze entirely.

“Whatever you say,” Gojo said with a chuckle, his eyes glinting as he sat back. “But for the record, you’re not as scary as you think you are, Geto.”

The train rattled softly beneath them, and as Geto stared resolutely out the window, he could feel Gojo’s amused eyes lingering on him. It was maddening—and, for reasons he refused to admit, a little disarming.

Geto shifted uncomfortably in his seat, avoiding Gojo's gaze. After a moment, he cleared his throat.

"How much longer until we get back?"

Gojo glanced at the clock on his phone. "Eh, about thirty minutes."

Geto frowned. "That's impossible. The office isn't that far from the mission site."

Gojo's grin widened, the picture of unrepentant mischief.

"Oh, yeah. We passed it about half an hour ago."

Geto froze, his expression a mixture of shock and exasperation.

"What?!"

"Relax, relax," Gojo said, waving a hand as if it were no big deal. "The train does a loop. We'll swing back around soon enough."

"You—" Geto struggled for words, his tone low and incredulous. "You stayed on the train just so I could keep sleeping!?"

"Seemed like you needed it," Gojo replied, leaning back casually. "And I don't have anywhere to be!"

Geto's mouth opened, then closed as he tried to process what he'd just heard. His face reddened slightly, and he crossed his arms, staring intently at the opposite wall of the train car.

When Geto didn't respond, Gojo continued with a shrug, his eyes sparkling.

“You looked so peaceful! Didn’t want to ruin the moment.”

“Unbelievable,” Geto muttered under his breath, but his voice lacked venom. A strange, conflicted warmth settled in his chest, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t fully suppress it.

“We only just met.”

Gojo chuckled, unbothered. “Must be my charm.”

“Must be your ego,” Geto shot back, still not meeting Gojo’s gaze. “Seriously, who does that? What kind of guy just lets a stranger drool on them?”

“*Stranger*? We’re partners now,” Gojo said with mock offense, pressing a hand to his chest as if wounded. “We shared a mission. We shared a train ride. We’re basically bonded for life.”

“Or until I push you off the next stop,” Geto muttered, though the edge in his voice was fading.

Gojo grinned wider, clearly enjoying himself.

“Ah, threats of violence—the cornerstone of every great friendship.”

“You’re impossible,” Geto said, shaking his head.

There was a beat of comfortable silence and Geto turned his gaze to the floor. Eventually, he spoke up, his voice quieter than before.

“You really did let me sleep that long?”

Gojo shrugged again, this time without the teasing edge.

“Yeah. I’m not heartless, you know.”

Geto let out a breath, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly.

“I guess you’re not as bad as I thought."

Gojo leaned his head back as if to stretch.

“I see, your cold heart is already warming up to me! Your little nap brought us closer, huh?”

“Closer to me wanting to punch you,” Geto replied dryly, though there was a faint twitch at the corner of his lips.

“Hey, if that’s how you bond, I’m in,” Gojo teased, sitting up straight and throwing up his hands in fists. “But fair warning—I fight back.”

“Noted,” Geto muttered, finally turning his head to glance at Gojo, his expression neutral but his tone lighter.

Over the next few years, Geto and Gojo’s partnership quickly became something of a spectacle within the Mafia. Their missions were a blend of calculated precision and dazzling chaos, Geto’s disciplined approach offsetting Gojo’s reckless but undeniably effective brilliance. Together, they became an unstoppable force, though not without friction—or moments of profound connection.

Geto had tried, in the beginning, to keep things strictly professional. It was easier that way—cleaner. But Gojo, with his relentless teasing and effortless charm, had other plans. He treated every interaction as an opportunity to blur the lines between their roles, chipping away at Geto’s stoic demeanor one mischievous grin at a time.

On one mission, they were cornered by an enemy team in a narrow alley. Gojo, instead of retreating to regroup like Geto had signaled, charged headlong into the fray with a devilish laugh. It

was only after Geto bailed him out with a well-placed distraction that they managed to turn the fight around. Afterward, as they sat nursing their injuries, Geto had glared at Gojo, his voice sharp with frustration.

“You’re going to get yourself killed one day. Do you ever think before you act?”

Gojo had just shrugged, that infuriating grin still plastered on his face.

“Why would I? I know you’ll always have my back.”

Another time, Gojo showed up unannounced at Geto’s apartment in the middle of the night, his uniform torn and bloodied from a solo mission gone awry.

“Needed a place to crash,” he’d said casually, as if they’d been friends for years instead of reluctant partners.

Geto had stared at him for a long moment, debating whether to slam the door in his face, but eventually sighed and stepped aside. That night, Gojo sprawled out on his couch, eating instant noodles and recounting the mission with exaggerated flair, while Geto patched him up in silence.

Moments like these became the norm. After a particularly dangerous mission that left them both on edge, Gojo insisted on celebrating by getting ramen or dessert near their base. Geto, exhausted and bruised, had refused at first, but Gojo ordered for him anyway and somehow coaxed him into staying.

They sat under the glow of a streetlamp, steam rising from their bowls, and for the first time, Geto caught a glimpse of the quieter side of Gojo—the one who fought so recklessly not out of arrogance, but out of a desperate need to protect the people he cared about.

Their relationship became a constant push and pull. Gojo would purposefully needle Geto during missions, calling him by ridiculous nicknames like “Sugu-boo” or making jokes at the most inopportune times. Geto, in turn, would retaliate by out strategizing him in the field, setting up plans so meticulous that even Gojo had to grudgingly admit their brilliance. They bickered like siblings but fought together like a seamless unit, each trusting the other implicitly even when they refused to admit it out loud.

There were darker moments, too—times when Gojo's recklessness went too far. On one mission, they'd been tasked with taking down a rival's stronghold. Geto had warned him to wait for his signal, but Gojo, spotting an opportunity, had charged ahead, wiping out half the guards before Geto could even get into position. When the dust settled, Geto found Gojo leaning against a blood-splattered wall, grinning like he'd just won a game.

"You didn't even look back," Geto said quietly, his voice tight with anger.

Gojo had blinked, genuinely confused.

"Why would I? I knew you'd be fine."

It was infuriating, how easily Gojo could dismiss the risks, as if he were invincible—as if they were both invincible. But beneath Geto's frustration was something deeper, something he couldn't quite name: the realization that Gojo's recklessness wasn't born of carelessness, but of an unshakable belief in their partnership.

Despite everything, their bond deepened in ways neither of them fully understood. Gojo's relentless optimism and refusal to take anything seriously forced Geto to loosen up, while Geto's steady presence became the grounding force Gojo hadn't known he needed. And somewhere along the way, between the late-night takeout runs, the battlefield banter, and the rare moments of quiet camaraderie, they stopped being just partners and became something much more complicated—and much more dangerous.

On one particular warm July day, Nanami summoned them both to his office. He was shuffling through a stack of papers when they walked in, Gojo sat on the couch, lounging casually while Geto sat stiffly across from him.

"Another mission?" Geto asked, his tone professional.

Nanami looked up, his expression unreadable.

“Yes. A rather sensitive one.” He paused, handing each of them a dossier. “You’ll be boarding a cruise ship undercover to monitor and intercept a high-profile target.”

“A cruise?” Gojo’s face lit up like a child on Christmas morning. “You’re sending us on a vacation? *Nanami*, you shouldn’t have!”

“It’s not a vacation,” Nanami replied firmly, ignoring Gojo’s grin. “Your target will be attending a private auction on board. It’s your job to ensure the item doesn’t exchange hands. Discreetly.”

Geto frowned, flipping through the dossier.

“What’s the catch?”

“The catch,” Nanami said, leveling a look at them both, “is that this mission is delicate. No back-and-forth banter, no improvisation. You’ll need to act like professionals for the entirety of the trip.”

Gojo snorted.

“I’m always professional.”

Nanami ignored him and continued, “You’ll also be sharing a suite. Keep a low profile and blend in.”

At that, Geto’s eyes narrowed.

“A suite? With him?”

“Relax,” Gojo said, smirking. “It’ll be just like our missions. Only fancier. And with better food.”

Geto pinched the bridge of his nose.

“This is going to be a disaster.”

“Not if you lighten up!” Gojo shot back, patting Geto’s shoulder as they left the office. “I’ll even let you pick the bed closest to the window.”

Geto let out a long-suffering sigh as Gojo walked ahead, already rattling off things he wanted to do on the ship. He had a bad feeling about this mission—and it wasn’t because of their target.

Nanami’s instructions replayed in Geto’s head as they boarded the luxury cruise ship. The assignment was straightforward on paper: infiltrate an exclusive auction rumored to involve the exchange of illegal performance-enhancing drugs and intercept the trade without blowing their cover. As they stepped onto the lavish deck, the hum of wealth surrounded them—couples clinking champagne glasses, waitstaff weaving through the crowd with trays of hors d'oeuvres, and the faint sound of a string quartet in the background.

Gojo, of course, fit right in. He strolled casually in a tailored white shirt and slacks, sunglasses perched on his nose, looking like he owned the place. Geto, by contrast, adjusted uncomfortably in his formal attire, his dark blazer buttoned to perfection.

“Relax, partner,” Gojo said, throwing an arm around Geto’s shoulders. “We’re just two rich kids here to enjoy the cruise.”

Geto shrugged him off, muttering, “I’d rather not draw attention.”

“You’re so stiff. Loosen up, have a drink,” Gojo teased, plucking a flute of champagne from a passing waiter and holding it out to him.

“Focus on the mission,” Geto snapped, striding ahead toward their suite.

When they reached their room, the door clicked open, and both stopped in their tracks.

A single, perfectly made bed sat in the middle of the luxurious suite, its pristine white comforter mocking them.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Geto muttered, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Oh, come on,” Gojo said, strolling into the room and dropping his bag onto the floor. “It’s not like we’re strangers anymore. Think of it as team bonding!”

“This isn’t bonding,” Geto grumbled, stepping inside reluctantly. He gestured at the bed. “Is the boss trying to torture me?”

Gojo flopped onto the mattress with a satisfied sigh.

“We’ve faced worse. Besides, it’s huge! Plenty of room for both of us.”

Geto glared at him, crossing his arms.

“This is worse.”

Gojo smirked, patting the empty space beside him.

“Want to call dibs on which side you want?”

Ignoring him, Geto stalked to the window, staring out at the calm ocean as he muttered under his breath. He unpacked methodically, keeping his distance from Gojo, but couldn’t ignore how easily the other filled the room with his presence.

Meanwhile, Gojo unpacked with the same nonchalance as always, tossing clothes into drawers without much care. He whistled a tune under his breath, completely unbothered by the tension in the air.

“So,” Gojo said suddenly, breaking the silence. “What’s the over-under on us not killing each other before this trip ends?”

Geto shot him a sharp look but said nothing. He had a feeling this mission was going to test him in ways he wasn’t prepared for. As a distraction, Geto folded his clothes neatly into the closet, Gojo sprawling out on the bed like he already owned it, flipping through the room service menu.

“Hey, Geto,” Gojo called out again, waving the menu in the air. “What do you think they’ll say when I order one of everything? Think they’ll let it slide since we’re VIPs?”

Geto didn’t even glance over.

“I think they’ll throw you overboard when you don’t tip.”

Gojo gasped, pressing a hand to his chest dramatically.

“Me? Not tip? How dare you slander my impeccable reputation!”

“Impeccable? You mean irritating.”

“Irritating?” Gojo grinned, rolling onto his stomach to look at Geto. “C’mon, man, admit it—you’d be bored without me around. Who else is going to keep you on your toes?”

Geto finally turned to glare at him.

“If you don’t stop talking, I’ll throw you overboard myself.”

“Aw, you wouldn’t do that.” Gojo tilted his head, resting it on his palm. “Then you’d have to deal with the single bed all alone. Admit it—you’re glad I’m here.”

“Glad isn’t the word I’d use,” Geto muttered, closing the closet door with a little more force than necessary.

Gojo laughed, the sound warm and boyish.

“Fine, fine, I’ll give you some space, *princess* .”

Geto froze mid-step, turning back slowly with narrowed eyes.

“What did you just call me?”

“Princess,” Gojo said again, completely unfazed. “Because you’re so high maintenance. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure your royal highness gets plenty of beauty sleep tonight.”

Geto’s hands twitched at his sides, his patience thinning.

“I swear, if you—”

Before he could finish, Gojo grabbed a throw pillow and tossed it at him. It bounced harmlessly off Geto’s chest.

“Relax,” Gojo said with a wide grin. “I’m kidding. Mostly.”

Geto sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“I don’t know why Nanami thought this was a good idea.”

“Because we’re the dream team, obviously.” Gojo leaned back against the headboard, lacing his fingers behind his head. “You’ll see by the end of this trip—you’ll be begging me to stick around.”

Geto rolled his eyes and turned back to unpacking, ignoring the strange flicker of warmth that Gojo’s teasing sparked in his chest. He wasn’t about to admit it—not now, not *ever*—but maybe, just *maybe* , this mission wouldn’t be as unbearable as he’d originally thought.

The suite was quiet except for the muffled hum of the cruise ship’s engines as they got ready for dinner. Gojo stood in front of the mirror, adjusting the crisp white cuffs of his tuxedo. Despite his casual nature, he wore the formal-wear with an ease that made it clear he was no stranger to luxury.

On the other side of the room, Geto tugged at his tie with far less enthusiasm, his movements stiff and reluctant.

“How do people wear these things without strangling themselves?” he muttered.

Gojo turned, his smirk already forming.

“It’s called sophistication, Suguru. Maybe you’ve heard of it?”

“Maybe you’ve heard of shutting up?” Geto shot back, but his tone lacked its usual sharpness.

Gojo laughed, smoothing his lapels as he leaned against the dresser.

“You look good. Like a proper gentleman.”

“Don’t get used to it,” Geto replied dryly, but a faint hint of color rose to his cheeks as he checked his reflection one last time.

“Come on,” Gojo said, grabbing their room key from the nightstand. “Let’s go crash this party.”

The dining hall shimmered with elegance. The soft glow of chandeliers reflected off the polished silverware and crystal glasses, creating an atmosphere of quiet opulence. Geto and Gojo sat at a table near the edge of the room, the perfect spot to observe without drawing attention.

As they scanned the room for their target, Gojo leaned back in his chair, his gaze drifting over the finely dressed guests.

“You know, for a job, this isn’t half bad.”

Geto hummed in agreement, his eyes trailing over the crowd. But his attention faltered when he noticed Gojo watching him, his expression unusually thoughtful.

“What?” Geto asked, defensive out of habit.

“Nothing,” Gojo said lightly. “Just thinking.”

“Dangerous.”

Gojo ignored the jab, his voice softening.

“You’ve been doing this kind of work for a while, huh?” Geto hesitated, his fingers grazing the edge of his glass.

“Since I was fourteen.”

Gojo raised an eyebrow. “That’s… *young*.”

Geto shrugged, his gaze dropping to the candlelight flickering between them.

“The world isn’t exactly kind to kids like me. Nanami—he… found me. Gave me something to focus on. Something to live for.”

Gojo’s expression shifted, the teasing spark in his eyes dimming slightly.

“Sounds like he cares about you a lot.”

Geto nodded, his voice quieter now.

“He’s like… a father to me. I didn’t have much of that growing up.”

For once, Gojo didn’t have a witty comeback. Instead, he simply nodded, his gaze steady.

“That’s good. Everyone needs someone like that.”

The quiet between them felt less like tension and more like understanding. Geto glanced up, catching Gojo’s soft smile illuminated in the candlelight.

“Thanks,” Geto murmured, unsure why he felt compelled to say it.

Gojo leaned back, his grin returning.

“Don’t get too sentimental on me, Suguru. We’ve got a job to do.”

The night air was crisp as they stepped onto the upper deck. Strings of golden lights hung between the railings, casting a warm glow over the crowd of people dancing to the upbeat music playing from a live band.

Geto scanned the scene with sharp eyes, his posture rigid as he searched for their target.

“You know,” Gojo said casually, his hands in his pockets as he strolled beside Geto, “if we really want to blend in…”

Geto shot him a sharp look.

“Don’t say it.”

“We should dance.”

“I said don’t say it.”

Gojo smirked, reaching out to grab Geto’s wrist before he could walk away.

“Think about it. Two guys standing around looking suspicious? Way more noticeable than two people enjoying the music. Besides, I love this song!”

Geto groaned but didn’t pull his arm back.

“This is ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous,” Gojo agreed, already pulling him toward the dance floor, “but effective.”

The crowd was close enough to conceal them but still, Gojo wasted no time. He mimicked an imaginary microphone, holding it to his mouth and lip syncing with *zero* shame.

Geto rolled his eyes, resisting the urge to cross his arms as they stiffened awkwardly at his sides.

'Cause everything is new

A nd everything is you

And all I've learned has overturned

What can I do?'

"Come on Getooo. You know this part, don't you?"

Several nearby couples had already turned to watch Gojo's performance, amused. Geto stiffened, dragging a hand over his face as if he could erase himself from existence.

“God, stop. You’re humiliating.”

Gojo shrugged with a smile, "suit yourself!"

With that, he spun the invisible microphone in his hand, going back to giving Geto a personal concert.

“Don’t go wasting your emotioooon-”

“Gojo-” Geto hissed under his breath, panic prickling along his skin.

"Laaaay all your looove on meeee,” Gojo finished, drawing the note out with dramatic flair, clearly trying to tease Geto.

Geto pressed his lips into a thin line, enduring the spectacle as best he could.

Thank God it’s over, he thought as the last synth faded out, his shoulders sagging in relief.

But the reprieve was short-lived. The speakers swelled again, this time with the slow, honeyed pull of strings, the upbeat disco shifting seamlessly into a waltz. Around them, the crowd's mood instantly changed; laughter softening, hands slipping to shoulders and waists, couples swaying close in time with the new rhythm.

Geto’s stomach dropped. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Gojo’s grin faltered. The mood shift wasn't so seamless between the two boys, awkward tension quickly closing around them.

“Oh.. I'm sorry. I didn’t know it’d turn into this. We can just go now, like if you want to, I guess it's a little weird now.”

Geto blinked at him, throat dry.

“No, it’s… it’s fine.”

He spoke too quickly, as if rushing to fill the silence.

“You said this was helpful, right? For the mission? Blending in? I wouldn’t want to—” His voice hitched, and he stopped himself before he could say something stupid. “—to mess that up.”

Gojo tilted his head, still hesitant.

“You sure? I don’t want to make you uncomfortable or anything. I mean, I just thought it’d look natural, but if it doesn’t, I can just—”

“It looks natural,” Geto interrupted, a little too sharp, then grimaced.

“I mean—it should. We should. Otherwise people will notice. And that’s the opposite of what we’re supposed to be doing.”

“Right, yeah. Totally.”

Gojo laughed under his breath, rubbing the back of his neck, his hand hovering awkwardly in the air, like he wasn’t sure where it was allowed to land before finally letting it settle lightly on Geto’s shoulder.

“So, uh… I’ll just… here?”

Geto inhaled through his nose, eyes flicking anywhere but Gojo’s.

“Yeah I guess. That’s fine. And the—your other hand probably should—”

He turned towards the other couples around him, observing their form methodically when he felt Gojo’s palm brush against his hip, heat searing through the fabric like he was on fire.

“—yeah. That makes sense.”

Gojo’s lips turned in a nervous half-smile. “Okay. Cool. Mission strategy. We’re, uh… we’re really selling this.”

"Mhm." Geto murmured, trying to hide the blush from creeping up his face.

Geto slid his hand other onto Gojo's hip, neither too sure of what to say.

This was so far from their usual banter.

“If you step on my shoes…” Geto sighed, breaking the ice.

“I’d never,” Gojo said with mock seriousness, straightening his posture. “I’m a natural.”

The song playing was the tune *City of Stars*, a grand piano played softly as the only instrument while the band members took a break. The gentle rhythm pulled them closer, their movements almost instinctual now.

“You know this one?” Gojo asked, his voice quieter as the intro continued.

Geto hesitated, his gaze drifting toward the night sky.

“Yeah. I always thought it was… interesting. Kind of lonely.”

Gojo tilted his head.

“Lonely? I guess, but I’m here now, so how would it be lonely?”

Geto blinked, surprised by the comment, a relaxed smile forming on his lips.

“I guess it wouldn’t.”

The crowd around them swayed, couples lost in their own worlds, but for Geto and Gojo, the space between them felt heavier—charged with something unspoken.

Geto hesitated as the opening notes filled the deck. He glanced toward the stars above, their faint glimmer muted by the golden lights strung across the ship. His gaze faltered when he caught the way the soft glow reflected in Gojo’s eyes.

"City of stars…" Geto’s voice was just a whisper- distracted as if he didn't realize he was singing aloud. *“Are you shining just for me?”*

Gojo stilled at the sound. His usual grin softened, his blue eyes fixed on Geto with an unfamiliar intensity. Geto didn't meet his gaze, his attention lingering on the horizon.

The next line came quieter, almost to himself.

"City of stars… there's so much that I can't see."

Gojo tilted his head slightly, his expression unreadable as he guided them through another step. The song's melancholy tone settled between them, and for once, he didn't try to crack a joke or fill the silence with words.

" Who knows?"

As the lyrics hung in the air, Geto's voice caught for a moment, his hand tightening slightly on Gojo's shoulder. He glanced up, meeting those impossibly bright eyes—the same ones that had annoyed him endlessly and yet always seemed to draw him in.

Their movements slowed, and Geto found himself whispering the next line, his voice steady but laced with a quiet vulnerability.

"Is this the start of something wonderful and new?"

Gojo's grip on Geto's waist shifted slightly, firmer but still gentle. His usual bravado faded, replaced by a rare silence. For once, he wasn't thinking ahead, wasn't planning his next quip. He was just… *there*, present in the moment, as Geto's words sank in.

"*Or one more dream…*" Geto's voice trembled slightly, and he didn't realize how close they had gotten until he looked up again and found Gojo watching him. His breath caught.

"That I cannot make true."

The last line lingered in the air, heavier than the others. Geto's gaze dropped, but not before Gojo saw the faint flicker of something deeper—something aching—in his eyes.

The words weren't just lyrics. They were a confession. A fragile truth he hadn't even admitted to himself. Being close to Gojo like this felt like stepping into a dream he'd denied wanting for years. A dream that, for all its warmth and possibility, he feared would slip through his fingers the moment he reached for it.

Gojo was quiet, his usual energy dimmed by the weight of the moment. His lips parted as if to speak, but no words came.

He had always seen Geto as his rival, his reluctant partner, but *now*, with their bodies touching under the glow of the lights and the sound of the song, he felt something shift.

Other guests left the dance floor as the piano faded out, but neither boy moved.

Geto's gaze flickered between Gojo's eyes and his lips, his heart pounding in a way that felt both terrifying and inevitable. He swallowed hard, his voice barely above a whisper as he finished the song, as if the words were meant for Gojo alone.

Gojo's breath hitched at the intimacy of the words, the way they seemed to settle in his chest like a revelation. He hadn't noticed how close they'd gotten, hadn't realized how tightly his hand still gripped Geto's waist.

A million questions swarmed his head.

Had he always felt this warmth around Geto? I mean… he was his partner, so sure, it would make sense. They were friends, after all. Totally normal to dance with your friends, right? To hold them this close, to breathe the same air, to wonder what their lips might taste like—

...Where the hell did that come from? It's nothing. They're nothing. It's just the mission. Just playing along.

He could feel the heat rising under his collar, and suddenly the hand on Gojo's waist felt far too deliberate. Guilt crept in, sour and heavy.

Who was he to be holding Gojo's waist? Gojo doesn't know. He doesn't know a single one of the filthy, corrupted, selfish thoughts running inside your head. Gojo trusts you. He held you without hesitation, and here you are, betraying that trust with every racing heartbeat.

God, get a grip. He's the one who wanted to dance anyways. Besides, you're Geto Suguru. You don't get flustered. You don't—

Then Gojo shifted in his arms, pulling Geto closer. It was just the faintest adjustment, but Geto swore his pulse skipped so hard it nearly stopped. Against his better judgment, he turned to meet Gojo's gaze.

And that was his mistake.

Those eyes, brilliant, unguarded, impossibly close; caught him like a snare. The music faded, the world blurred, and every cutting remark he'd ever rehearsed, every defense he clung to, scattered like dust. There was nothing left to say. He couldn't even conjure a single complaint about his partner.

Nothing left but—

Neither knew who leaned in first. Their lips met softly, tentatively, like two people stumbling across a secret they weren't supposed to find. It was as if the world tilted.

Geto's chest squeezed so tight it hurt, a rush of warmth and terror flooding him all at once.

It wasn't supposed to feel like this. It wasn't supposed to mean anything. And yet... God, it did.

Every part of him screamed to pull away, to remind himself this was dangerous and he was unworthy.

But the taste of Gojo on his lips burned through every reason, every excuse.

The kiss was brief, no more than a moment, but it was enough to unravel him completely. The ship, the mission-all of it fell silent under the deafening truth that rang through his bones.

When they pulled back, they didn't move away. Their foreheads rested together, breaths mingling in the cool night air. The silence between them spoke louder than any words could.

For the first time in years, Geto didn't feel like his rival.

And for the first time in Gojo's life, someone had left him speechless.

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The final notes of the song drifted away, leaving only the quiet hum of the ship and the distant crash of waves, Geto let his hands drop from Gojo's shoulders. They lingered just an inch away, suspended in the charged air between them, before stepping back.

"It's getting late, Satoru," Geto said softly, his voice steady but laced with something unspoken.

His gaze flicked to the horizon where the faint glow of the moon cast ripples across the water.

"Maybe we should head back."

Gojo didn't respond immediately, his eyes still fixed on Geto as though trying to commit every detail of this moment to memory. Finally, he offered a small smile, stepping back as well.

"Yeah," he said, his voice quieter than usual, but no less warm. "Guess we should."

Without another word, they turned, weaving their way back through the scattered groups of dancers and the dimly lit deck. The air between them was heavier than before but not unpleasant, just full of something new and unfamiliar neither of them dared to name yet.

The walk back to their suite was quiet, neither arguing nor teasing. The hum of the ship filled the gaps in conversation, but for once, neither felt the need to fill the silence.

When they entered the room, Geto made his way to the bed without hesitation, sitting on the edge with his back to the door. He let out a quiet sigh, rolling his shoulders as he stared at the floor.

Gojo lingered by the door for a moment, watching him. The soft light of the room and the darkness of the night framed Geto's figure, highlighting his long hair and the sharp lines of his dark suit. It suited him, Gojo thought, but there was something almost poetic about how the shadows complemented him.

Gojo moved to the bed, kneeling behind Geto without a word. His presence was quiet, uncharacteristically gentle, as he reached out and let his hand hover above Geto's shoulder for a moment. The material of the suit jacket was taut against his frame, and Gojo's lips quirked up into a soft smile.

"May I?" Gojo asked, his voice low but steady.

Geto's eyes widened slightly, startled at the question, but he didn't look back. He hesitated for only a second before nodding once, a subtle motion that Gojo took as permission.

With a careful hand, Gojo slid the jacket from Geto's shoulders, the fabric catching slightly before slipping free. He folded it neatly, setting it to the side.

Geto exhaled quietly, rolling his shoulders again as if he hadn't realized how restricted he'd felt all night. Deciding he needed this break, he removed the tie from his hair, running a hand through it as it fell gently into place.

Gojo stayed behind him for a moment longer, watching as Geto's silhouette seemed to relax into the quiet of the room. It was strange, seeing him like this—unguarded, even just a little.

"Wow," Gojo murmured without thinking, the words slipping out before he could stop them.

Geto turned his head slightly, catching Gojo's gaze. His dark eyes flickered with something unreadable as he slowly reached up, his fingers brushing under Gojo's chin to tilt his face upward. The unexpected touch sent a warm rush to Gojo's cheeks, and he felt the heat rise even more when Geto's lips curved into a faint smile.

"You're blushing," Geto said, his voice low and teasing, though it held a gentleness that made Gojo's stomach flip.

"Well, just don't look at me then," Gojo muttered, flustered, before gently turning Geto's face back toward the wall.

The silence that followed was charged but not uncomfortable, like the air between them was figuring out where to settle.

Then, without warning, Gojo leaned closer, pressing a soft, feather-light kiss to the side of Geto's neck. It wasn't calculated or dramatic, just quiet reassurance, a wordless acknowledgment.

Geto stilled. But he didn't pull away.

He sat frozen for a moment, his mind racing even as his body remained still. The warmth of Gojo's lips lingered against his neck, startlingly gentle. It wasn't the bold, brash energy he expected from someone like Satoru—it was something softer, more deliberate.

"What was that for?" Geto asked finally, his voice quieter than he intended.

Gojo didn't answer right away. Instead, he shifted, resting his hands on the edge of the bed for balance as he leaned slightly closer, his breath warm against Geto's skin.

"I don't know," he admitted with a shrug that didn't quite match the careful tone of his voice. "It just felt… right."

Geto turned to look at him again, his brow furrowed slightly. Gojo was always so cocky, so sure of himself—but now, there was something different in the way he held himself. Vulnerability, maybe. Or just the rare sight of him not trying to cover every genuine thought with a joke.

"That's dangerous, you know," Geto said, his tone measured but not cold.

Gojo tilted his head, a small smirk tugging at his lips. "What? Being honest? Or kissing you?"

"Both... I guess."

The corner of Gojo's mouth twitched upward, but he didn't press further. Instead, he leaned back slightly, giving Geto space, though his presence still felt electric.

"I'll take my chances," he said simply.

And that was all the two needed to break down years of boundaries that held the two apart.

They leaned in, closing the gap that held too much tension.

The kiss was deliberate, a tentative exploration rather than a statement. Gojo’s lips moved against Geto’s in a rhythm that felt natural, like they had done this a thousand times before. Geto’s hand lifted on instinct to rest against the side of Gojo’s neck, grounding himself in the moment.

The kiss deepened, Gojo’s hand sliding down Geto's back, tangling his fingers in the silky strands of Geto’s hair, pulling him closer. For all of their bickering and rivalry, their movements now were surprisingly in sync, as if some invisible wall between them had finally crumbled. Their warmth melted together in harmony.

They pulled apart, resting their foreheads together, breaths mingling in the stillness. Gojo’s eyes, usually gleaming with mischief and overconfidence, were uncharacteristically tender. They seemed to glow faintly in the dim light, twin constellations that reflected Geto’s wide, dark gaze. His pupils were deep pools of emotion—steady but vulnerable in a way Gojo had never seen before.

Geto’s chest rose and fell in sync with Gojo’s, their breaths but a whisper against the soft crash of waves against the ship. His hand lifted again, trembling slightly, as if unsure whether this moment was real. Slowly, he brushed his thumb along the sharp line of Gojo’s jaw, the rough pad of his finger a stark contrast to the smoothness of Gojo’s skin.

"You’re so—" Geto hesitated, the words catching in his throat, but he pushed through. "Beautiful," he said softly, his voice a raw, unguarded murmur.

Gojo blinked, stunned into silence for a moment. He wasn’t used to being called that—not in this way, not with such sincerity.

Before he could respond, Geto leaned in, capturing his lips again, more certain this time.

Their kiss deepened, no longer tentative but unrestrained, like they were pouring years of unspoken feelings into every movement. Gojo melted into it, his fingers weaving through the dark strands of Geto’s hair, trying his best to stay calm as the pace quickened. Geto, in turn, gripped the back of Gojo’s neck, his touch firm yet gentle, grounding them both.

Gojo’s lips were impossibly soft, warm, and inviting, moving with a rhythm that sent a spark through Geto’s entire body. Every tilt of his head, every brush of their noses felt intentional, deliberate. It was as if they were memorizing each other in a way words could never capture.

Geto’s free arm wrapped around Gojo’s waist, pulling him closer until their bodies were flush against one another. Gojo’s heart raced as he felt the strength of Geto’s frame, the defined lines of his chest beneath the thin fabric of his undershirt. Yet, despite his physical power, Geto’s kiss was all tenderness, all care.

They were no longer rivals. No longer two people bound by circumstance and roles forced upon them. In this moment, they were just themselves. Tonight, they made their own rules.

As the kiss lingered, Gojo felt a soft noise escape him—a sound he wasn’t even aware he was capable of making. Geto responded by tilting Gojo’s chin ever so slightly, deepening the kiss further, his lips pressing with a new kind of urgency. Gojo’s snowy hair fell messily into his eyes, but he didn’t care. All he could focus on was the way Geto’s lips molded against his own, strong yet yielding, the perfect balance.

The room around them seemed to fade away. The only thing that mattered was the heat between them, the press of Gojo’s hand against Geto’s chest, the way Geto’s fingers tangled in the folds of Gojo’s shirt.

Gojo felt the faintest tremor in Geto’s hold, as if even he wasn’t immune to the intensity of what was unfolding. Their movements slowed again, their passion giving way to something softer, more reflective.

They finally broke apart, Gojo throwing his head back against the pillows, his chest rising and falling as if he’d just run a marathon. He stared at the ceiling in awe, as though trying to piece together the whirlwind of emotions that had overtaken him.

Geto’s dark hair framed his face like an ink-black curtain, his cheeks slightly flushed, lips kiss-bruised but curved into a faint smile.

He layed back, following Gojo’s movement. He stretched out, his head propped up on one elbow as his dark eyes studied Gojo with quiet curiosity. He didn’t speak, letting the silence between them settle into something warm and familiar.

Gojo's heart was pounding as he contemplated his next words. Without really thinking, he swallowed, then spoke, his voice lower than Geto had ever heard it.

“...You know,” Gojo said, “I’ve actually never kissed anyone before.”

Geto froze, caught off guard. Of all the things he expected Gojo Satoru to say, that wasn't anywhere near the list. His first instinct was to laugh, to accuse him of joking, because Gojo... well, he was *Satoru Gojo*. He could *easily* be a model if he wanted to be.

"So… if I was bad at it, that's why."

Something in Geto's chest tightened painfully, though he didn't fully understand why. His fingers flexed against the sheets as he forced out words, quieter than he meant them to be.

"...Guess that makes two of us."

Gojo blinked, then laughed, the sound shaky but real. He turned on his side to face Suguru.

"No way."

Geto shrugged, gaze stuck to the ceiling.

"I guess that's what growing up as a loser will do to you."

Gojo propped himself up on an elbow so he could actually look at him. His brows furrowed, a rare seriousness cutting through his usual grin.

"*Loser?* How the hell can you say that?" His voice was sharper than before, almost offended.

"You don't hear it, *do you?* Every time we walk into a room, people won't shut up about you. Half the girls in the syndicate whisper about you like you're some damn movie star."

Geto furrowed his brow.

“It's just because they want to get closer to Nanami. None of them ever meant it.”

His tone was light, but there was an edge buried under it—a quiet truth that made Gojo’s chest tighten.

“And besides… you’ve always been the one they really want.”

Gojo blinked, taken off guard. He was used to jabs, to Geto’s sarcasm—but not this. Not the quiet, almost bitter honesty. He opened his mouth, closed it, then finally let out a short laugh, shaking his head.

“You’re seriously out of your mind, you know that? If I had what you have, I’d...”

He cut himself off, his grin faltering as his hand found the space between them. His fingers brushed against Geto’s knuckles, tentative but deliberate.

“…Doesn’t matter. Point is, you’re not a loser. You never were.”

Geto finally turned his head, dark eyes meeting his. Something unspoken lingered there: years of rivalry, of tension, of watching each other’s backs even when they pretended not to care. For once, neither of them looked away.

A small, almost disbelieving smile curved at Gojo’s lips.

“And for what it’s worth…” His voice dropped, softer now. “You’re the best kiss I’ve ever had.”

That finally pulled a laugh out of Geto, low and shaky. “That’s not saying much, considering.”

Silence fell between them as the distant crash of waves outside filled the room, steady and unrelenting against the hull. The muffled rhythm seeped through the walls, a reminder that they were suspended far from the world they knew—adrift, caught between nowhere and nothing.

“You’re dangerous, you know,” Gojo finally whispered, his voice soft and reverent.

He turned his head to look at Geto, the pale light of the room reflecting off his snowy hair and making his azure eyes gleam.

“And you’re crazy,” Geto responded, the corners of his lips twitching upward.

They held each other’s gaze, an unspoken understanding passing between them. For the first time in their years of knowing each other; through rivalry, through tension, through *everything*... they had stepped into uncharted territory, and neither seemed too eager to step back.

“You’re not wrong,” Gojo said after a beat, his lips curving into a lazy grin.

“But you didn’t seem to mind a second ago.”

Geto let out a soft laugh, the sound low and smooth, as he leaned back further onto the bed.

“Don’t push your luck, Satoru.”

“Too late,” Gojo teased, though his voice had lost some of its usual sharp edge. There was a softness there now, one he didn’t quite know what to do with.

They lay there for a moment longer, the tension from earlier in the evening melting away entirely. Geto eventually slid onto his back, his arms tucked behind his head, his expression calm and unreadable. But the faint pink that lingered on his cheeks betrayed him.

Gojo's lips parted as if he wanted to say something, but the words never came. Instead, he let the quiet stretch between them, not uncomfortable, but filled with something unspoken.

Geto turned his head to glance at him, his dark eyes gleaming faintly in the dim light. There was no teasing smirk this time, no sarcastic remark ready on his tongue. Instead, his voice was low, steady, and almost... tender.

“Come here, Satoru.”

Gojo’s heart skipped a beat at the sound of his name spoken like that—soft, almost like a plea. He couldn't argue. He simply moved, sliding closer until their bodies were just shy of touching.

Geto reached out, his fingers brushing lightly against Gojo’s cheek before cupping the side of his face, and resting his hand in the soft tufts of Gojo's hair. The simple touch felt electric, and Gojo leaned into it instinctively.

Before he could second-guess himself, Geto pulled him in for one more kiss. This one was slower, unhurried, their lips moving together with a kind of intimacy that neither had experienced before. There was no rush, no heat of the moment, just a quiet, shared understanding that neither of them dared to break.

When they finally parted, their foreheads rested together, breaths mingling as the world outside their small bubble faded away.

“Stay here,” Geto murmured, his voice barely above a whisper.

“I wasn’t planning on going anywhere,” Gojo replied, a small smile appearing on his lips.

Geto chuckled softly, his chest rising and falling as the last of the day’s tension seemed to leave him. He shifted slightly, their legs tangling naturally as Gojo rested his head against Geto’s chest, the soft thud of his heartbeat filling the silence.

“Goodnight, Suguru,” Gojo murmured, his voice already heavy with sleep.

“Goodnight, Satoru,” Geto whispered, his lips brushing lightly against Gojo’s hair.

Then, they drifted off, wrapped in each other’s arms, sleeping more soundly than they had in years, the weight of the world outside their door momentarily forgotten.

The pale light of dawn filtered through the curtains, casting a soft glow over the room. Geto stirred first, his eyes fluttering open as the faint warmth of sunlight touched his face. For a moment, he didn't move, his mind still caught somewhere between sleep and wakefulness.

It wasn't until he felt the weight against his chest, the steady rise and fall of someone else's breathing, that reality began to sink in. Slowly, he glanced down to find Gojo nestled against him, his head resting on Geto's shoulder, silver-white hair tousled and slightly messy from the night.

Geto's breath hitched as he processed the sight.

Gojo's face, usually sharp with mischief and arrogance, looked uncharacteristically soft in sleep. His long lashes rested against his cheeks, and his lips—still slightly flushed from the night before—were parted gently as he breathed evenly.

Geto swallowed hard, unsure whether to feel amused, embarrassed, or something else entirely. He tilted his head back against the pillow, letting out a quiet sigh.

How did it come to this?

"Morning, sunshine."

The sudden voice startled him, and he looked down again to find Gojo's blue eyes cracked open, glinting with their usual mischief but carrying a certain warmth that hadn't been there before.

"You're awake," Gojo said before Geto could muster a reply, stretching like a cat and propping himself up on one elbow.

"So, does that mean last night wasn't a dream?"

Geto groaned softly, bringing a hand to his face.

It was way too early for this.

Without a word, he leaned down and silenced Gojo the only way he could think of-- a kiss.

Gojo’s eyes widened in surprise, his teasing cut off entirely as Geto pressed their lips together. The kiss was brief but firm, leaving no room for argument. When Geto pulled back, his face was unreadable, save for the faint flush on his cheeks.

“Shut up,” he muttered, voice low and slightly raspy from sleep, before sliding out of bed.

Gojo blinked, still processing what had just happened, as Geto strode toward the bathroom. He stood there for a moment, stunned into silence, before a grin slowly spread across his face.

“So we’re really doing this?” Gojo called after him, his voice carrying an edge of amusement and disbelief. “What will the mafia think?”

Geto’s grumble echoed from the bathroom, followed by the sound of water running as he began to wash his face.

“I don’t care,” he finally replied, his voice firm and deliberate. “They don’t have to know.”

The weight of those words hung in the air, heavier than either of them expected. Gojo sat up fully, leaning back against the headboard, his grin softening into something more thoughtful.

“Sure, sure.”

As he moved to get out of bed, he couldn’t shake the warmth that lingered in his chest. He didn’t feel the need to tease... not too much, anyway.

Because in the quiet of that morning, with Geto’s kiss still lingering on his lips, he realized that whatever this was between them, it was something worth protecting. Something worth keeping just for themselves.

Geto sighed, recognizing the danger behind Gojo's silence. He ran hand through his hair as he grabbed a fresh shirt from his suitcase.

“Just… get ready. We’ve got work to do.”

The auction hall was a spectacle of extravagance. Crystal chandeliers cast glittering light across rows of velvet chairs, each occupied by someone draped in designer suits or evening gowns. Waiters weaved through the crowd with trays of champagne, their white gloves a stark contrast to the darkened atmosphere. Gojo adjusted his bow tie again, the smirk on his face widening every time Geto's subtle glance flicked his way.

"I have to say, Suguru," Gojo mused, leaning slightly closer as they settled into their seats near the front. "This is a good look for you. Very refined."

"And you look like you've never worn a tie in your life," Geto replied sarcastically.

Before Gojo could respond, the auctioneer, Toji Zenin introduced the next item: a jade figurine of a phoenix, no more than a foot tall but gleaming with the promise of riches.

Toji wasn't the kind of man you'd expect to find mingling with the high-society crowd aboard a luxury cruise. Tall, lean, and wearing a permanent sneer, he carried himself like someone who had seen it all—and used it to his advantage. His dark hair, tousled but deliberately styled, complemented his hardened, calculated expression. The way he moved was sharp, methodical, every step carefully planned, every interaction a game of chess.

Once a prominent figure in the underworld, Toji had earned his reputation as a ruthless enforcer within the mafia. He'd been one of their most trusted operatives, known for his ability to get things done... for a price. But his departure from the mafia had been anything but graceful. A sudden fall from grace, no dramatic show of loyalty lost—just a sharp turn, as if the empire he'd helped build had simply become too small for his ambitions.

Now, he was something else entirely: a conman. A slick, elusive figure who thrived on deception and outsmarting others, with no allegiance other than to himself.

The opening bid was announced at fifty thousand dollars, and Geto raised his paddle without hesitation.

"You're serious about this?" Gojo whispered, watching Geto's calm demeanor as the bid was acknowledged.

“Very.”

“Great,” Gojo said, raising his paddle. “Sixty.”

Geto shot him a sideways glance.

“What are you doing?”

“Making sure you don’t spend all your money in one place!” Gojo teased, leaning back in his chair.

The crowd chuckled at the sudden competition, and the bids climbed steadily higher. With every counter from Geto, Gojo immediately matched him, throwing out figures with an almost careless confidence.

“Two hundred thousand,” Geto said, his voice unyielding.

“Three hundred thousand,” Gojo countered, shooting him a grin. “This is fun!”

Geto sighed but couldn’t help the glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

“Four hundred thousand.”

“Five hundred thousand!”

The gasps in the room grew louder, and even the auctioneer looked a bit stunned. The crowd began to murmur, clearly more entertained by the two men than the actual item.

By the time they hit one million dollars, the entire hall had fallen into an uneasy silence. Toji, standing at the podium, watched the spectacle with thinly veiled irritation.

“And one million… and one,” Gojo announced, standing from his seat and strolling toward the stage as if he hadn’t just blown through a small fortune.

“Sold!” the auctioneer declared, his voice faltering.

Gojo stepped onto the stage, extending a hand to claim the jade phoenix. Toji’s jaw clenched as he handed it over, but before the figurine could leave his grasp, Gojo snapped a pair of handcuffs onto Toji’s wrist with a practiced ease.

“Thanks for holding onto this for us,” Gojo said, his grin widening as he secured the other cuff, "...but I won't be paying."

Geto joined him on stage, arms crossed, shaking his head.

“Always a showman, aren’t you?”

“Gotta keep the audience entertained.” Gojo winked at their audience, "Excuse us, will you? Enjoy your festivities!"

Together, they escorted Toji out of the hall, leaving behind a bewildered crowd and a mission neatly wrapped up.

The evening’s tension had melted into a relaxed calm as they wandered the ship’s upper deck. The moon hung low over the horizon, its reflection rippling gently across the ocean’s surface. The cool night breeze carried the faint hum of soft music from a nearby lounge.

“You really blew past a million dollars like it was nothing,” Geto said, breaking the comfortable silence. “Don’t worry about it,” Gojo replied with a dismissive wave. “I would've put it on the company card.”

“Nanami would have *killed* you.”

“He'd get over it.”

The men moved to the upper deck, passing a group of couples swaying to the slow rhythm of the music, the soft strains of a love song curling through the air, Geto slowed his pace. His dark eyes lingered on the scene before him, taking in the couples— some lost in each other’s embrace, others sharing quiet whispers in the moonlight. There was a delicate intimacy to the moment, a peacefulness that made his chest tighten.

He wasn’t sure what drew him to the sight—the closeness between the couples, the tender way they moved, or maybe just the way the music seemed to hold the world still. He wasn’t used to these kinds of feelings. His world had always been sharp, focused, and cold—his connections limited, his emotions locked away behind layers of carefully constructed walls. Yet, in this moment, with the soft sea breeze brushing against his skin, there was a strange pull to the scene that he couldn’t quite explain.

He shifted his gaze to the vast expanse of the ocean. The moonlight glistened off the water, painting it silver, and the sound of the waves crashing against the side of the ship was a steady, calming rhythm in the background.

“Thinking about joining them?” Gojo teased, his voice light, a playful edge to it.

He nodded toward the dancers, clearly noticing Geto’s lingering gaze. His blue eyes were shining mischievously as he glanced at his partner.

Geto let out a soft exhale, his expression neutral but his thoughts drifting for a moment. He shook his head, the edges of his lips curving up into a faint smirk.

“No,” he replied simply, though the truth was more complicated.

He didn’t know what it was, but the idea of dancing, of allowing himself to be caught up in the delicate intimacy of the moment, felt foreign. Maybe it was because it had always been too easy for him to avoid such closeness, to keep his distance. His life, his choices—they’d always been dictated by that sense of caution.

Gojo's grin widened, as if he knew he had to press just a little more.

"Why not? We'd steal the show."

He nudged Geto playfully with his shoulder, his eyes glinting with amusement.

"That's exactly why," Geto replied dryly, his voice betraying a hint of something softer—something that might've been vulnerability if anyone was paying close attention.

He met Gojo's eyes for a moment, then turned back to the sea, his gaze distant again, a little more withdrawn.

Gojo wasn't discouraged by Geto's reluctance. He respected it—more than he'd ever admit—but still, a playful fire burned in him, one that wanted to draw Geto out of his shell, even if it was just a little. The night had settled into an almost perfect quiet, with only the sounds of their footsteps on the deck and the gentle lapping of the water beneath them. It was almost like the world was holding its breath, waiting.

Instead of pushing the issue further, Gojo simply fell into step beside Geto, their shoulders brushing occasionally, both lost in their thoughts as they continued their slow walk. There was no need for more words between them. They understood each other in a way that was beginning to feel almost easy. And, for the first time, it felt like they were both enjoying the simplicity of this moment together. No mission. No rivals. Just two men, standing side by side, under the vast, quiet sky.

Eventually, they reached a secluded corner of the deck, where the moonlight hit the water just right, and everything seemed to slow down around them. There, they leaned against the railing, looking out at the ocean, the stillness enveloping them.

"Let's go back," Geto said after a long pause, his voice carrying a rare softness.

The words weren't impatient but rather an acknowledgment of the quiet that had settled between them, as if he didn't want the night to end but knew it eventually had to.

Geto began walking, his steps slow and measured as if the weight of the evening lingered on his shoulders.

But he only made it a few steps before he felt a gentle tug on his wrist. Gojo's long fingers wrapped lightly around it, halting him mid-step.

“Satoru?” Geto asked, his voice low, a mixture of surprise and curiosity as he turned slightly, glancing over his shoulder.

Gojo didn’t answer right away. Instead, he tugged Geto toward him with a subtle firmness, their movements fluid like the sway of the sea around them. Before Geto could protest—or question—Gojo leaned in, closing the distance between them. His lips brushed against Geto’s in a kiss that was both sudden and yet achingly deliberate, as if he had been waiting for the perfect moment all night.

The kiss was soft at first, hesitant but warm, and it felt like the world around them had paused. The sound of the waves crashing below faded, and the soft hum of the ship seemed to fall away. Gojo’s hand lingered at Geto’s wrist, his thumb brushing against his pulse, feeling the subtle, quickened beat beneath his skin.

Geto’s dark eyes widened slightly, the tension in his shoulders melting almost immediately. He didn’t pull away—instead, he leaned into the kiss, his free hand coming to rest lightly against Gojo’s chest. It was grounding, the faint, steady thrum of Gojo’s heartbeat beneath his palm, a reminder that this moment was real.

The cool ocean breeze swept over them, mingling with the faint warmth radiating between their bodies. Gojo pulled away and looked down at Geto, the mischievous grin returning to his face.

“I… Satoru-” Geto began, his voice barely above a whisper, but he trailed off, unable to find the words to express the sudden rush of emotions swirling inside him.

Gojo smiled, his hand slipping from Geto’s wrist to rest lightly on his arm. There was a rare gentleness in his eyes, their usual brilliance now soft, like stars dimmed to a quiet glow.

“Yeah, you’re right,” he said, his voice light but with an undertone of something deeper. “Let’s head back.”

"Wait," Geto replied, his tone completely serious.

“*Satoru*,” Geto said again, softer this time, his eyes locking onto Gojo’s.

His dark gaze held an intensity that made Gojo’s heart stutter.

“I…” He hesitated, the words caught somewhere between his mind and his throat. He took a step closer, bridging the small gap between them.

“I love you.”

The words tumbled out, not perfectly polished but undeniably sincere. Geto’s voice was firm, yet there was a faint vulnerability in it, as if he were bracing himself for the response.

“I don’t know when it started or why it had to be you, but… I do. I'm sorry.”

For a moment, Gojo just stared at him, the familiar glimmer in his eyes now replaced by something unspoken, something far deeper. Slowly, a smile tugged at his lips— a genuine, almost disbelieving smile.

“*Suguru*…” Gojo whispered, his voice soft.

He stepped forward, his hands finding Geto’s, holding them as if anchoring himself to the moment.

“You really are something else, you know that?”

Geto tried to respond, but Gojo interrupted, raising Geto's hands to place them aainst his lips.

“And I love you, too. I think I’ve been trying to realize that for years.”

Geto’s lips parted slightly in surprise, his usual composure unraveling for a brief second before he laughed—a rare, genuine sound.

Gojo grinned, his hands tightening around Geto’s for a moment before he pulled him into a tight embrace. They stood there for a moment, wrapped in each other’s arms, the world around them fading into irrelevance.

"God, we're so dense," Geto said, pulling back just enough to look at Gojo, his hand coming up to brush a strand of white hair from his face.

Gojo smiled again, brighter this time, before leaning in and pressing his lips to Geto's in a kiss that spoke of years of unspoken words and shared history.

"Let's head back," Geto murmured, his voice gentle but firm, his arms still wrapped loosely around Gojo.

For a moment, Geto stood still, caught in the gravity of Gojo's gaze. Then, with a soft exhale, he nodded and turned back toward the suite, his steps a little slower now, as if reluctant to leave this fleeting moment behind. Behind him, Gojo lingered for just a moment longer on the edge of the deck, a small, genuine smile tugging at his lips as he followed Geto mindlessly into the night.

Once they returned to their suite, the door closed softly behind them. The hum of the ship was a distant murmur now, the quiet of the room a sharp contrast to the lively evening they'd shared. Geto, still feeling the rare calm that the night had brought him, wandered over to the bed and sat down on the edge, his back to the window, his long hair spilling over his shoulders as he leaned forward slightly, his hands resting loosely on his knees.

The dim light from the moon filtered through the window, casting a silvery glow across the room. It illuminated the sharp lines of Geto's profile, the soft angles of his jaw, and the faint pink still dusting his cheeks from the night's quiet moments. He looked at ease in a way that anyone rarely got to see.

Gojo lingered in the doorway, watching Geto in silence for a moment. His gaze traced the way the moonlight accentuated Geto's features—the serene calm in his expression, the way his dark, tired eyes could make him melt. He looked almost unreal, like a figure plucked from some dream.

Finally, Gojo stepped forward, crossing the room with an easy stride.

He stopped beside the bed, glancing at Geto, his lips quirking into a teasing smile.

"That's my side of the bed," he said, his voice light and playful, cutting through the quiet.

“I know,” Geto replied smoothly, his tone betraying none of the sudden flutter in his chest.

He glanced up at Gojo, his dark eyes steady, though a faint smirk played at the corners of his lips.

“I was hoping to be close to you.”

For a moment, Gojo’s expression shifted, caught between surprise and something softer. But it was fleeting. His face turned into a seductive glare, and he took a step closer, his long fingers reaching up to loosen his tie as he leaned down slightly.

“*Oh*, is that so?” he said, his tone taking on a low, teasing lilt.

The way he moved toward Geto was slow, deliberate, almost predatory- but there was a playful glint in his eyes that Geto was too surprised to catch. He tilted his head slightly, watching Gojo approach, his brows raising ever so slightly in mild amusement.

Gojo stopped just short of him, leaning in as though he were about to make some bold move. He placed his hands on Geto’s shoulders and rand his fingers down his neck, landing his hand on Geto's toned chest. His mischievous smile returned as he gave him a gentle shove, pushing Geto back onto the bed. The startled look on Geto’s face lasted only a second before Gojo burst out laughing, throwing himself down beside him on the mattress.

Geto propped himself up on his elbows, his smirk now fully formed as he glanced sideways at Gojo, who was sprawled out beside him, his laughter echoing in the room.

“I can't stand you,” Geto muttered, though there was no bite in his words.

“And yet you didn't stop me,” Gojo shot back, his grin widening as he turned his head to meet Geto’s gaze.

Geto sighed, letting himself fall back fully onto the bed, his dark hair splaying out around him like a halo.

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“It might be,” Gojo replied, but the faint upward twitch of his lips said otherwise.

They made serious eye contact which only led them to burst out laughing together, easing whatever was just between them. They lay down into the gentle silence, and eventually, Geto pulled Gojo onto the bed and into his chest. It was a feeling he never wanted to let go of.

Tonight, they drifted off to sleep with a new meaning to "partners".

Sunlight streamed through the cabin’s curtains, casting warm streaks across the bed. Geto stirred first, blinking slowly as he took in the room. It took him a moment to remember why there was a warm weight against his chest, but as his gaze shifted downward, he found Gojo nestled against him, still sound asleep.

The sight was… soft, almost too soft for the world they lived in. Gojo’s white hair was tousled, his lips slightly parted, and his soft cheeks squished against Geto's chest, flattening his perfect face. For a moment, Geto let himself linger in the peace of it, his hand absently brushing through Gojo’s hair.

Ngh , Gojo stirred, his eyes fluttering open and immediately locking onto Geto’s. A lazy grin spread across his face.

“Morning,” he drawled.

“Morning, my angel,” Geto murmured, his voice still rough with sleep.

Without warning, he lifted Gojo's bangs to place a kiss on his warm forehead, slow and unhurried. Gojo’s just melted into the gesture, his fingers curling into Geto’s shirt.

"I could get used to this," Gojo responded playfully, but completely serious.

"Well good," Geto responded, "I don't plan on ever stopping."

The horizon glowed with the soft light of dawn as the cruise ship glided smoothly into the harbor. The once seemingly endless ocean was now framed by the outline of the bustling city, its skyline jagged against the pastel hues of morning. A faint hum of activity stirred on the ship as passengers prepared for their final departure, luggage wheeled out of rooms and soft goodbyes murmured in the halls.

Gojo and Geto stood side by side on the upper deck, leaning on the railing as they watched the harbor grow closer. The brisk morning air carried the faint scent of salt and distant city life, a stark contrast to the serene, isolated world they had shared aboard the ship.

Gojo tilted his head to look at Geto, his silver hair slightly tousled by the breeze.

“So… back to reality, huh?”

His tone was light, but the undertone of reluctance was impossible to miss.

Geto glanced at him, his expression soft but unreadable, his dark eyes catching the morning light like pools of ink.

“Yeah,” he said quietly, his voice steady as always, though there was a heaviness to it, as if the weight of the inevitable goodbye pressed against him too.

For a moment, neither of them spoke. They just stood there, watching the city draw closer, the world waiting to pull them back into its relentless pace.

“You know,” Gojo said suddenly, breaking the silence. “This doesn’t have to be the end. Not really.” He straightened up, turning fully to face Geto, a small, playful smile tugging at his lips.

Geto didn’t reply immediately. Instead, he lifted his hand, letting his fingers trace the railing absently before he turned to meet Gojo’s gaze.

“I was hoping you'd say that.”

Gojo stepped closer, lowering his voice.

“I meant what I said last night, Suguru. I've fallen for you, and that doesn’t change just because the scenery does.”

“I know,” Geto admitted, his voice low, almost a murmur. “I just…” He hesitated, his hand brushing against Gojo's on the railing. “I’ve never been good at letting myself have things like this. Like *you*.”

Gojo reached over and took his hand, threading their fingers together with ease, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

“Well, good thing I’m stubborn, then.”

Geto laughed softly, shaking his head. “Yeah, that’s one way to put it.”

The ship’s loudspeaker crackled to life, announcing their arrival and instructing passengers to prepare for disembarkation. The spell of their quiet moment was broken, though neither of them let go of the other’s hand.

“Well,” Gojo said after a moment, his tone lighter, almost teasing. “You better help me with my bags if you’re so set on sticking around.”

Geto smirked. “Oh, so you’re keeping me now? About time you admitted it.”

Gojo just laughed, letting out some cheesy remark on how they'll be "together forever."

And Geto just rolled his eyes, but the fondness in his expression was unmistakable.

“Come on, Satoru,” he said, tugging gently on his hand. “Let’s go.”

They walked away from the railing together, their pinky fingers entwined in secret, the city awaiting them just beyond the harbor. The cruise had been a fleeting reprieve, a stolen moment in time, but as they stepped forward, neither felt as though they were leaving it behind.

Instead, they carried it with them—this newfound connection, this fragile but unyielding promise of something more. Something that no harbor, no city, no world could take away.

The city skyline was hidden beneath a veil of summer rain as the black sedan pulled up to the Mafia’s headquarters. The world outside was muted, gray and hazy, matching the undercurrent of melancholy that seemed to settle between Geto and Gojo despite the warmth of their shared moments on the cruise. They stepped out into the downpour, the sound of water splashing against the pavement masking any trace of their unspoken connection.

Gojo adjusted his sunglasses, shielding his eyes from the rain as they walked toward the entrance.

Beside him, Geto was silent, his usual calm demeanor betraying nothing. But Nanami, waiting for them just inside the building, noticed immediately.

“You’re back,” Nanami greeted, his sharp eyes sweeping over the pair.

There was something almost peaceful about them— an ease in their movements, a subtle softness in the way they carried themselves. It was enough to make Nanami arch an eyebrow.

“The mission went well, I take it?”

Gojo smirked, running a hand through his damp hair.

“Flawless, as always. We’re the dream team, aren’t we, Suguru?”

Geto's lips quirked into the faintest of smiles, but he remained silent. Nanami's gaze lingered on him, his brow furrowing slightly.

"Satoru, give us a moment," he said, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Gojo hesitated, glancing at Geto before shrugging.

"Fine, but don't bore him to death, Nanami."

With that, he strolled off down the hallway, hands in his pockets, humming to himself.

As soon as he was out of earshot, Nanami turned to Geto, his expression unreadable.

"So," he began, crossing his arms. "How was the break? And how's your *partner*?"

The question caught Geto off guard. He opened his mouth to respond, but the words tangled in his throat. His cheeks flushed faintly—just enough for Nanami to notice.

Nanami didn't press, but the corner of his mouth twitched, almost imperceptibly.

"I see," he said, his tone laced with quiet amusement.

Nanami's eyes lingered on Geto for a moment longer, his expression softening into something unreadable. The rhythmic patter of the rain against the window filled the silence between them, but there was a tension in the air that Geto couldn't quite place.

"You know," Nanami said quietly, his voice almost lost beneath the rain, "I've always trusted you, Suguru. You have the kind of strength that doesn't come from power. It comes from knowing what's worth fighting for."

Geto blinked, taken aback by the sudden sincerity in Nanami's tone.

"What are you—"

But before he could finish, a shadow flickered outside the window.

The glass shattered in an explosion of sound, and the sharp crack of a bullet tore through the room, piercing right through Nanami's middle.

" *Nanami* !" Geto shouted, catching him before he hit the ground.

The commotion echoed through the building, Gojo ran in the room, freezing upon the sight. Geto was cradling Nanami in his arms, his breath hitching. Blood seeped between his fingers, and his usual stoic mask cracked, revealing raw anguish.

"*Suguru*," Nanami rasped, his voice faint but steady.

His eyes, though dimming, were piercing as they locked onto Geto's.

"Take care of *him* ." His gaze shifted to the doorway, where Gojo appeared, pale and wide-eyed.

" Nanami —" Geto's voice broke, but before he could say more, Nanami exhaled one final, shuddering breath.

"*Nanami!"*

His voice was a raw cry, his hands trembling as he clutched the lifeless body. His composure shattered entirely, years of buried pain and unspoken grief pouring out in a torrent of sobs.

Gojo moved closer, his heart aching at the sight.

“*Suguru*…”

“Don’t,” Geto snapped, his voice sharp and broken.

He shoved Gojo away, his eyes blazing with anger and despair.

“You don’t understand! I should have noticed-I should have stopped this from happening!”

“You couldn’t have known,” Gojo said softly, but the words only seemed to fuel Geto’s anguish.

“You don’t get it, *Satoru* !” Geto yelled, his voice raw.

“You’ve always been so perfect, so untouchable. You don’t know what it’s like to fail—what it’s like to lose everything.”

Gojo’s jaw tightened, the rain outside now audible through the shattered window. He reached out again, but Geto stood, his fists clenched, his expression a mix of fury and heartbreak.

The room filled with Mafia members rushing to assess the scene, their voices a blur as Gojo grabbed Geto’s arm.

“Come on,” he said firmly, pulling him toward the door.

He had to drag Geto away from his boss. His only mentor and anything close to a father. He pried his hands away from Nanami's corpse, voice strained with hurry.

"Suguru. *Please* . You *have* to leave."

The rain greeted them as they tore outside, the night air heavy with tension. The downpour soaked them instantly, but neither seemed to notice.

"Can you talk to me, Suguru?"

Geto only turned away, trying to get back into the building.

“Stop shutting down!” Gojo shouted, his voice cutting through the storm as they faced each other in the empty street.

Geto’s eyes burned, his shoulders tense as he yelled back, “You don’t get it, Satoru! You never have! For once in your life, understand that this isn’t about you!”

Gojo’s breath hitched, his defiance faltering.

“Suguru, what are you-”

Geto turned away, his voice quieter but no less bitter.

“You’ve always been like this—acting like everything can be fixed with a joke or a smile. But not this time. Not this.”

“I’ll try harder,” Gojo said desperately. “For you—”

“Don’t you see?” Geto interrupted, his voice breaking. “It’s not enough. You can’t fix this. You never could.”

The weight of his words hung between them, suffocating. Gojo stepped forward, his hand trembling as he reached for Geto. But Geto stepped back, his gaze distant.

“This is where it ends, Satoru,” Geto said, his voice hollow. “We’re not the same anymore.”

But Geto turned and walked away, walking into the shadows as the storm raged on.

His words felt like a punch to the gut, but Gojo pushed forward.

“Don’t do this,” Gojo pleaded, the rain masking the tears streaming down his face.

"Don't walk away now. Not after the cruise- after 5 years of partnership."

"Don't act me like you didn't despise me for every second of those years."

The rain splashed around Gojo's feet as he moved closer.

“When are you going to stop trying to make yourself feel better by spouting all this bullshit,” he cried, his voice sharper now, tinged with desperation.

“After everything we’ve been through, you think I *hate* you? I've never hated you Suguru! *Please*. Don't leave me now.”

He reached his arm towards Geto, grabbing at air.

Geto slapped his hand away, his expression unreadable.

“I’m not walking away. I’m choosing a path. The same way you always do—without looking back.”

“That’s not fair,” Gojo snapped, his fists clenching at his sides. “I may be reckless, but you know why I make the choices I do. It’s always for us.”

Geto shook his head, water streaming down his face like tears.

“No, Satoru. It’s always for you. And I’m done being part of it.”

Gojo reached out for the last time, his hand trembling as he tried to grab onto Geto’s arm. But the moment his fingers brushed against him, Geto pulled away, stepping further into the darkness.

“Where is this coming from?! Suguru, wait!” Gojo shouted, his voice breaking. “You can’t just—”

But the distance between them only grew. With each step Geto took, the rain seemed to fall harder, the world growing colder. Gojo tried to follow, his feet slipping on the wet pavement, but no matter how fast he ran, he couldn’t reach him.

“Suguru!” he cried, his voice echoing into the void as Geto disappeared entirely, leaving Gojo alone in the pouring rain.

“Suguru! You don’t understand, *Suguru*!”

“Please!” he shouted, his voice cracking with desperation—a final, raw plea into the darkness. It tore from his throat, rough and broken, as tears streamed down his face, merging with the relentless downpour. His words hung in the air, heavy and unanswered, before the storm swallowed them whole.

"I need you."

The rain fell harder, drowning out his final whisper, leaving only the ache of what had been lost.

Chapter End Notes

AH SORRY FOR THE ANGST BUT now you see where the dream came from last chapter!

The Beginning of Us- Part 2

Chapter Summary

SOOO maybe this chapter is where the fighting as foreplay tag first comes in BUT BESIDES THAT IT'S RLLY SWEET BACKSTORY STILL

Chapter Notes

Part 2 of the previous chapter! <3 thank y'all so much for reading

The death of Nanami shattered the fragile unity of the Mafia. The splintering was swift and brutal. Loyalties fractured, alliances dissolved, and old rivalries resurfaced in the void left by his leadership.

Suguru Geto stepped into the chaos, his calm, commanding presence a natural draw for those who craved stability.

Everyone who knew Nanami knew Suguru was who he would have trusted with his position. He took control of the eastern operation, rebranding it as the Shibuya Mafia. Under his leadership, it became a fortress of discipline and precision.

But the Geto his lieutenants followed was not the man who once laughed at Gojo’s bad jokes or stayed up late strategizing missions with him.

That Geto was gone.

He was a ghost of his former self—emotionless, distant, and cold. His smile, once soft and genuine, now only appeared as a weapon, sharp and unnerving. Those under his command feared him, whispering about the leader who never showed weakness, never hesitated to cut down those who defied him. His power was absolute, his precision unmatched.

For Satoru Gojo, however, returning to Geto’s rigid world was unthinkable. He couldn't forgive the betrayal he felt. Not just of their shared ideals but of the trust they had once built.

"You chose the Mafia over us," Gojo had once said, his voice laced with bitterness. "You *chose* revenge over freedom."

Unwilling to follow Geto's emotionless path, Gojo left, gathering his own band of misfits. The Tokyo Rebels were chaos incarnate, a sharp contrast to Geto's order. Where Geto was deliberate, Gojo was impulsive. Where Geto inspired fear, Gojo inspired awe. His charisma drew the lost and the bold, those who yearned for the Mafia's original ideals: freedom, unshakable loyalty, and boundless power.

On each side, the men grew their own rosters of subordinates. The only differences in power being their ideals.

But the split hadn't happened overnight. Everyone saw the power struggle between Gojo and Geto as they attempted to continue working as partners.

Their first mission after their breakup started with a smuggling route through the Harajuku district. The route was a lifeline for the Mafia's operations, moving weapons, drugs, and information through the heart of the city. After Nanami's death, the route fell into disarray, with rival gangs and law enforcement circling like vultures.

Geto wanted to secure the route through calculated force.

"We need precision," he argued during a council meeting.

"Take out the leaders, bribe the enforcers, and establish control without unnecessary casualties."

Gojo, lounging in a chair at the far end of the room, smirked.

"Or we could do it my way. Hit them hard, fast, and leave no room for retaliation."

The room fell silent as the two men stared each other down. Their differing approaches had always been a source of tension, but this time, the stakes were higher.

“I won’t risk the lives of our people on one of your reckless plans,” Geto said, his voice cold.

“And *I* won’t let you turn this into a chess game while the board burns,” Gojo shot back.

Against Geto’s orders, Gojo and his loyalists launched an all-out assault on the rival gang controlling the route.

The battle was chaos. Gunfire echoed through the streets, explosions lit up the night sky, and Gojo himself led the charge, his brilliance and recklessness on full display.

The Rebels won, but at a cost. Several of Gojo’s men were killed, and the collateral damage drew the attention of law enforcement, forcing the Mafia to abandon key operations in the area.

Geto was furious.

“You disobeyed me,” he said, his voice a dangerous calm when he confronted Gojo in the aftermath.

Gojo shrugged, his sunglasses hiding the storm brewing in his eyes.

“We got the job done, didn’t we?”

“At what cost?” Geto snapped. “You’re not the Mafia's leader, Satoru. You’re a liability.”

The words stung more than Gojo cared to admit.

“And you’re a coward,” he retorted. “You’d rather sit on your throne and play puppet master than get your hands dirty.”

That was the final straw. That night, Gojo left the Mafia, taking with him those who believed in his vision. Doing his best to *never* speak to Suguru Geto again.

However, being the two most powerful men in the cities, it was inevitable they met.

They found themselves in a high-rise conference room overlooking the city they both sought to control. The air was thick with tension as lieutenants from both factions filled the room, their voices a cacophony of posturing and veiled threats.

Geto sat at the head of the table, his expression unreadable as he listened to the negotiations. Across from him, Gojo leaned back in his chair, his sunglasses perched lazily on his nose, a smirk tugging at his lips.

The meeting dragged on, but neither leader spoke much. Their lieutenants did the talking, arguing over territory and trade routes while their bosses exchanged only the occasional glance. When it finally ended, the room emptied quickly, the lieutenants eager to escape the suffocating tension.

But Gojo lingered, his gaze fixed on Geto as if daring him to acknowledge the silence.

“You stayed,” Geto said finally, his tone cool but not unkind.

“Guess I missed your charming company,” Gojo replied, stepping closer.

Geto stood, his hands resting lightly on the desk.

“And here I thought you stayed to make trouble.”

"I’m not here to fight, Suguru.”

For a moment, the weight of their shared history hung between them. Then, as if pulled by an invisible force, Gojo closed the distance between them, his hand brushing against Geto’s.

“You shouldn’t be here,” Geto said, though his voice lacked conviction.

“And yet…” Gojo leaned in teasingly, speaking the words against Geto's lips, never sealing the connection, only allowing his warm breath to spill into his rival.

Geto's breathless laugh broke the silence, the sound sharp and mocking in the tension-filled room.

“Admit it Suguru. You missed me.”

Geto didn’t answer. His hands were a blur as he shoved papers, pens, and a half-empty glass to the floor with a loud clatter.

In one fluid motion, he pushed Gojo back against the desk, the air between them crackling with unspoken fury and desire.

“I can't *stand* you,” Geto hissed, his voice low and venomous, but his actions betrayed him.

His fingers grabbed a fist-full of Gojo’s white hair, pulling hard enough to tilt his head back. Gojo’s grin faltered for a split second, replaced by something raw, something hungry.

“Then why can’t you keep your hands off me?”

Gojo’s taunt barely left his lips before Geto silenced him, crushing their mouths together in a kiss that was anything but gentle.

It wasn’t a reunion; it was a war.

Geto’s tongue scraped against Gojo’s bottom lip, biting down hard enough to draw a gasp from the man beneath him. The sound sent a thrill through Geto, a twisted sense of satisfaction blooming in his chest. His tongue followed, forcing its way past the gap between Gojo’s lips, claiming every inch of space with an almost punishing ferocity.

Gojo, never one to back down, matched him blow for blow. His hands gripped Geto's shirt, twisting the fabric as he pulled him closer, deeper, harder. Their breaths came in sharp bursts, the sound of it mixing with the faint creak of the desk beneath them.

"Careful," Gojo murmured against Geto's mouth when they broke apart for air.

His voice was teasing, but his eyes burned with something deeper.

"You'll ruin your perfect image."

Geto growled low in his throat, his fingers tightening their grip in Gojo's hair.

"Shut up," he snapped, leaning down to press his teeth to the smooth, pale skin of Gojo's neck.

He bit down just hard enough to bruise, feeling the way Gojo's breath hitched against his cheek.

"You're such an asshole," Geto muttered, his lips dragging along Gojo's neck, hungry for every inch of skin they could find.

Gojo's laugh was breathless now, tinged with both amusement and something else—something that sounded suspiciously like surrender.

"And yet here you are," he managed, his voice catching when Geto's teeth found a particularly sensitive spot.

" *Shut up,* " Geto said again, his voice almost a growl this time.

He bit down once more, harder than before, savoring the way Gojo's body arched against his.

It was a battle fought with lips, teeth, and tongues, but beneath the raw, almost violent passion was something neither of them dared to name.

Gojo's hands found their way beneath Geto's shirt, his fingers tracing over taut muscle as if trying to memorize every inch of him. He pulled, forcing their bodies flush against one another, until he could feel the rapid thrum of Geto's heartbeat against his own chest.

"You're still so angry," Gojo said, his voice softer now, though the smirk lingered at the edges of his swollen lips.

"Is it because I left, or because you wanted me to stay?"

Geto froze for a split second, his hands stilling against Gojo's skin. The silence was deafening, the weight of Gojo's words settling between them like a lead weight.

Then Geto leaned down, his forehead pressing against Gojo's. His breaths were shallow, his voice a low whisper as he finally spoke.

"Maybe it's because you never asked me to come with you."

Gojo's grin softened into something quieter, something almost vulnerable.

"You would've said no," he replied, but his voice lacked its usual confidence.

"Try me," Geto said, his lips brushing hungrily against Gojo's as he spoke.

They didn't have answers for each other, not yet. But in that moment, it didn't matter. Their mouths found each other again, with a different kind of desperation—one that whispered of second chances and things left unsaid.

The papers scattered on the floor went forgotten, and the sound of their panting breaths filled the room.

The world outside could wait.

“Don’t make a habit of this,” Geto spoke up, his voice low and dangerous.

"You want it just as much as me. Suguru."

Their meetings became a dangerous game, stolen moments in the dead of night or after tense negotiations. At first, they told themselves it was just physical—a way to release the tension that had built up over a year of separation. But as the weeks turned into months, their connection deepened.

One night, after a particularly brutal skirmish between their factions, Geto sat in his dimly lit office, nursing a glass of whiskey. The door creaked open, and he didn’t have to look up to know who it was.

“You’re reckless,” he said without turning around.

“Would you just come over here?” Gojo asked, flopping onto the couch as if he owned the place.

Geto moved to the couch, assuming to close the gap between their bodies again. But instead, they talked for hours, their conversation drifting from strategy to memories of simpler times. When Gojo finally left, Geto found himself staring at the empty space he had occupied, a strange ache settling in his chest.

This started happening more frequently. Gojo would come over just to talk. They would meet out at bars or piers, just relaxing.

On Christmas eve, the two lonely ex-partners found themselves hiding from the snow in their usual bar. It was dimly lit, with the warm, amber glow of hanging lights casting long shadows across the wooden floor. The murmur of conversations filled the room, accompanied by the soft tinkling of glasses and the deep, resonant hum of a piano. The pianist, an older man with a worn hat and nimble fingers, began to play a familiar tune:

City of Stars.

Gojo sat slouched at the bar, a glass of whiskey in hand, his pristine white hair catching the light like a beacon. His usually sharp blue eyes were clouded, distant, as if the melody had plucked a chord deep within him.

Geto stood beside him, nursing his own drink with quiet detachment. He glanced at Gojo out of the corner of his eye, taking in the way his former partner's posture seemed to fold in on itself—a rare sight.

The music swelled, soft and melancholic, and Gojo suddenly set his glass down with a clink. Tears welled in his eyes, shimmering under the bar's dim lights. He turned to Geto, his voice thick with emotion, both from the alcohol and the weight of unspoken words.

“Sing it to me,” Gojo whispered, almost a plea.

"You don't want that Satoru. You're drunk."

He stepped closer, his usually vibrant demeanor stripped bare.

“Please, Suguru. Like you used to.”

Geto stiffened at first, his fingers tightening around his glass. The song had always held a special place in his heart—a remnant of quieter times, the night they fell in love, their innocent first kiss stolen by the chaos of their lives.

He exhaled slowly, setting his drink aside as he turned to face the tearful Gojo fully.

"You look pitiful."

“Then pity me,” he whispered, leaning in desperately.

The smell of whiskey lingered on his breath, sharp but not enough to mask the ache beneath.

Geto froze, heart hammering against the weight of memory. He wanted to push him away, to keep the distance their worlds demanded, but Gojo's lips had already closed in on his; featherlight, desperate.

"*Please, Suguru. Just once.*"

This was the first time in over a year Gojo had kissed him without the intention of lust. The silence stretched, thick and suffocating.

For a moment, he looked young again.

He looked as beautiful as the night of their first kiss. Back when they were drunk on nothing but each other.

His heart ached. Suguru Geto could never deny Gojo Satoru when he begged like that.

And Gojo knew it, even if he wasn't conscious of it now.

He signed, beginning softly, his deep voice steady but tinged with a tremor of vulnerability.

" *City of stars,*

Are you shining just for me ?"

His eyes, once so distant and guarded, found Gojo's. The raw emotion he saw there nearly undid him, but he kept singing, his voice growing stronger.

" *City of stars,*

There's so much that I can't see. "

Gojo moved closer in his seat, his breath hitching as the words pulled him into a spiral of memory and longing.

" *Who knows?*

I felt it from the first embrace I shared with you,

That now, our dreams,

They've finally come true."

Geto's voice faltered slightly on the last note, his own heart cracking open as the weight of the lyrics wrapped around them. He looked directly into Gojo's eyes, his hand rising to brush away a tear that had slipped down Gojo's flushed cheek.

Gojo's lip quivered, but before he could speak, the song continued, Geto's voice softer now, almost breaking:

"City of stars,

Just one thing everybody wants.

There in the bars,

And through the smokescreen of the crowded restaurants,

It's love.

Yes, all we're looking for is *love from someone else.* "

The words hung heavy in the air, puncturing the barriers they had built between them. Both of their hearts seemed to ache in unison, the song a painful reminder of the love they had once shared and the love that still lingered in the shadows.

Geto stepped closer, his movements slow and deliberate, and wrapped his arms around Gojo. He pulled him into a tight embrace, holding him as if the act could stitch together the pieces of what they'd broken.

"*My city of stars,*" Geto whispered, his breath warm against Gojo's ear.

Gojo tilted his head upward, his tear-streaked cheeks glowing under the dim lights. His usually playful, untouchable expression had crumbled, replaced by something vulnerable and childlike. Geto reached out, cupping Gojo's chin in his hand and lifting it gently.

" *You've never shined so brightly* ," he murmured, his voice thick with emotion.

Gojo leaned into his touch, his hands gripping the front of Geto's shirt as if he feared the moment would slip away. They stayed there, silent now, their movements in tune with the fading melody.

The pianist's final notes echoed softly, fading into the quiet hum of the bar, but for the two of them, the song lingered like a fragile, invisible, thread pulling them back together.

~~~The chill night air bit at their faces as they stepped out of the bar, the city's lights shimmering like a sea of stars above them. Geto walked with his hands shoved into his coat pockets, glancing over at Gojo, who stumbled slightly but caught himself against a lamppost, chuckling softly at his own imbalance.

"You're a mess," Geto muttered, his tone half-chiding, half-amused.

Gojo turned to him with a lopsided grin, his flushed cheeks glowing under the amber streetlights.

"Yeah, but I'm your mess, right?" he said, slurring just enough to make it both endearing and exasperating.

Geto rolled his eyes but stepped closer, grabbing Gojo's arm to steady him. They had never discussed exclusivity between one another since their casual relationship started, but Geto was relieved to know Gojo savored what they had as well.

"Come on, Satoru. Let's get you back before you trip over your own feet and crack your skull open."

Gojo snorted but didn't argue. He let Geto guide him, the warmth of his presence a quiet comfort in the cool night. They walked mostly in silence, save for Gojo's occasional hiccup or half-muttered
~~~

quip about the city’s lack of proper street maintenance.

When they reached Geto’s apartment, Gojo stopped at the stairs. He made a pouting face as he glanced up at Suguru from the bottom step.

"Can you carry me?"

His sad plea was, once again, too cute for Geto to refuse, so he walked back do the few stairs he had taken, lifting Gojo with ease like a bride.

"Sure, princess."

He hiked up several flights of stairs before reaching his apartment, fished his keys out of his pocket, and unlocked the door with practiced ease. He pushed it open and flicked on the light, revealing a neat, minimalist living space that was a stark contrast to the disarray Gojo’s apartment usually inhabited.

“Shoes off,” Geto ordered as he helped Gojo inside.

“Yes, Mom,” Gojo teased but obeyed, kicking off his flats with a dramatic flourish before nearly toppling over.

Geto caught him by the arm with a sigh, steadying him once again.

“ *Satoru* ."

Geto shrugged of his jacket, exposing his biceps in his undershirt. He picked Gojo up again, and carried him to his own bed, gently laying him down on the mattress. He pulled the sheets back and moved them to cover Satoru's limp body.

“Stay here. I’ll get you some water,” Geto said, already heading toward the kitchen.

Gojo watched him go, his usually sharp eyes softened by the haze of alcohol and something else—something deeper. By the time Geto returned with a glass of water and a damp towel, Gojo's grin had faded, replaced by an expression that was almost unreadable.

"Here," Geto said, handing him the glass.

"Drink this. *Slowly* ."

Gojo took it, sipping obediently as Geto sat down beside him. The silence stretched between them, heavy but not uncomfortable.

"You've changed, Suguru," Gojo said suddenly, his voice quieter than usual.

Geto turned to him, one eyebrow raised.

"What do you mean?"

"You're different. Colder. Sharper. Like… like the Suguru I knew is hiding somewhere underneath all that armor."

Gojo's eyebrows furrowed into a stern look, imitating Geto's usual face. He searched Geto's face, as if trying to find a glimpse of the man he used to know.

Geto exhaled deeply, leaning back against the couch.

"We've both changed, Satoru. It's what happens when you grow up in this world."

"Maybe," Gojo replied, setting the glass on the coffee table.

“But I think the real you is still in there, waiting for someone to remind you who you are.”

Geto didn’t respond right away. Instead, he reached for the damp towel, gently pressing it against Gojo’s flushed face to cool him down. His movements were careful, almost tender, but his expression remained guarded.

“You should get some sleep,” Geto said after a moment, his voice softer now.

“You’ll feel better in the morning.”

Geto stood up to move to the couch, but Gojo stopped him.

"Wait," he called, voice limp with want.

Geto’s head turned, his eyes softening as if he was waiting for the man to call after him.

"Come back."

“Okay," He sighed, sliding into his own bed beside Satoru. "I won't go anywhere.”

As he felt Gojo's shaky breath slow beneath him, Suguru let his guard down, closing his eyes and resting his cheek against Satoru's.

"Merry Christmas, Satoru."

When he woke up, Satoru gulped. *He recognized this apartment.*

The room was a mess of scattered papers from the files of missing persons, and that's when he felt it.

Geto’s hand gripped Gojo’s hair, his other hand holding him firmly by his waist.

Geto grumbled as he woke up, looking down groggily at the sight of the flustered man below him.

Gojo pulled back slightly, his chest heaving as he sucked in air, his lips red and swollen.

"I missed this."

He paused before continuing, "I missed us."

Geto’s eyes darkened, surprised that the now-sober Satoru still felt the same as he did the night before. The usual sharpness of his gaze softened by the raw emotion etched into his features. His fingers loosened their hold, slipping down to cradle the back of Gojo’s neck.

“I missed you too,” he muttered, his voice low and strained.

His eyes betrayed him, glancing from the electric blue eyes to the corner of Gojo’s mouth with a tenderness that stole Gojo’s breath.

Gojo rolled to lay on his stomach, wedged between Geto's arm and side, grabbing Geto's face with both hands.

“May I?”

Gojo whispered, his grin faltering as he searched Geto’s face, looking for something more, something real.

Geto's jaw tightened, the words catching in his throat. He leaned forward, leaning into the touch, melting as if all of the emotional walls he rebuilt crashed right down.

"Damn you, Satoru," he murmured, his voice trembling with an edge of anger, though it wasn't aimed at the man in front of him.

"I missed you so much it hurt."

Gojo blinked, his eyes widening slightly as the teasing fell away from his expression.

"Suguru—"

"No," Geto cut him off, his voice rising as his emotions spilled over.

"You don't get to talk yet. You left me. You—" His words faltered, and he swallowed hard, his thumb brushing over the sharp line of Gojo's cheekbone as his voice dropped to a whisper.

"-You left, and I told myself I didn't need you. That I didn't need anyone. But I was wrong."

The admission hung in the air between them, heavy and raw.

Gojo reached up, his hand resting over Geto's, his thumb stroking across the back of it.

"I thought about you every day," he said softly, his voice uncharacteristically serious.

"I was so mad at you for pushing me away, for shutting me out. But I get it now. You were hurting too."

Geto let out a shaky laugh, bitter and self-deprecating.

“I wasn’t just hurting, Satoru. I was broken. And I hated that you could still smile, still be yourself, after everything that happened. I hated that I couldn’t be like you.”

Gojo’s hand slid from Geto’s to his shoulder, gripping it tightly.

“You think I wasn’t broken too?” he asked, his voice cracking.

“You were my other half, Suguru. Losing you was like losing a part of myself. I just… I didn’t know how to fix it.”

Geto stared at him, his fingers twitching slightly as he struggled to hold himself together.

“You’re so damn stubborn,” he said, his lips curving into the barest hint of a smile, though it didn’t reach his eyes.

“Guess that makes two of us,” Gojo shot back, his smirk returning as he leaned in, his lips brushing against Geto’s in a kiss that was softer this time, almost hesitant.

When they parted, Geto’s eyes searched Gojo’s, his voice dropping to a murmur.

“I don’t know how to do this,” he admitted.

“I don’t know how to let you in again.”

Gojo’s hands slid down to Geto’s waist, pulling him closer until there was no space left between them.

“Then let me show you,” he said, his voice steady despite the pounding of his heart.

“We’ll figure it out together.”

Geto closed his eyes, resting his head against Gojo’s shoulder for a moment, the weight of his confession finally lifting.

“ *I still love you* ,” he said, the words so quiet they were almost lost in the space between them.

Gojo froze, his breath hitching before a grin spread across his face.

“Thank God,” he teased, though the warmth in his voice betrayed the depth of his feelings.

“I still love you too, you know.”

Geto huffed out a breath, his lips curving into a faint smile as he lifted his head to look at Gojo.

“You’re impossible,” he muttered, leaning in to capture Gojo’s lips again, this time with a tenderness that spoke of healing, of hope, of the beginnings of something new.

And in that moment, amidst the chaos of the room and the storm of emotions still swirling between them, the world seemed to fade away, leaving only the two of them.

The confession marked a turning point. Slowly, they began to rebuild what had been broken, not just as lovers but as partners in every sense of the word.

One evening, the two relaxed the beach, observing the stars above them. The night sky stretched endlessly, a canvas of stars scattered like diamond dust. Gojo and Geto lay side by side on a blanket spread out on a quiet hilltop, far from the noise and chaos of the city. It was one of the rare nights they managed to steal away together, their responsibilities to their respective factions momentarily forgotten.

Gojo tilted his head, his signature grin softer now, a reflection of the tranquility around them.

“You ever wonder if those stars are laughing at us?”

Suguru Geto chuckled, his deep voice a soothing contrast to Gojo’s playful tone.

“Laughing? At what?”

Gojo turned his head toward him, his white hair catching the faint glow of starlight.

“I don’t know… two mafia bosses sneaking away like kids with a curfew. Kind of ridiculous when you think about it.”

Geto’s lips quirked into a faint smile.

“Ridiculous, maybe. But necessary.”

His gaze softened as he looked at Gojo, the man who had always been both the chaos and the calm in his life.

They fell into a comfortable silence, the kind that only existed between people who knew each other in the deepest, most unspoken ways. Gojo’s fingers absentmindedly toyed with the sand, while Geto’s eyes traced constellations above them, though his mind wasn’t on the stars.

“Satoru,” Geto said suddenly, his voice quieter now, almost hesitant.

“Hmm?”

Gojo’s response was lazy, his eyes half-closed as if he were on the verge of dozing off.

“I’ve been thinking a lot lately,” Geto began, sitting up slightly.

The movement caught Gojo’s attention, and he turned his head to look at him fully, curious.

“That sounds dangerous,” Gojo teased, though his tone was softer than usual, laced with genuine curiosity.

Geto didn’t smile at the joke this time. Instead, he took a deep breath, the weight of his thoughts pressing down on him.

“I don’t know what my life would’ve been like if I hadn’t met you. I can’t imagine it, really. And the truth is… I don’t want to.”

Gojo blinked, momentarily caught off guard by the seriousness in Geto’s tone.

“*Suguru*…”

Geto turned to face him completely, his dark eyes steady and resolute, though there was a vulnerability there that he rarely let show.

“I would do anything for you, Satoru. You know that, right?”

Gojo nodded slowly, his throat suddenly dry.

“I mean it,” Geto continued, his voice firm but not harsh.

“Whatever it takes—no matter what. I’ve always fought for us, even when it didn’t seem like it. And I can’t see my life without you in it. I don’t want to see my life without you.”

He reached into the pocket of his coat, pulling out a small velvet box. For a moment, the world seemed to hold its breath.

“Gojo Satoru,” Geto said, his voice trembling just slightly as he opened the box to reveal a simple but elegant gold ring.

“ *Will you marry me?* ”

Gojo’s eyes widened, and for the first time in what felt like forever, he was speechless. Something only Suguru Geto had ever been able to make happen. Suguru Geto—the man who could hold his own against armies, who never faltered in the face of danger—was kneeling before him, offering not just a ring, but his heart and his future.

Gojo sat up slowly, his gaze locked onto Geto’s. The usual playful sparkle in his eyes was replaced by something deeper, something raw.

“*Suguru*…” he whispered, his voice barely audible.

Geto stayed where he was, unwavering, though his heart pounded in his chest.

Gojo reached forward, his hands trembling slightly, and pulled Geto down from his knee.

“You don’t have to do that,” he said softly, his eyes filled with worry and disbelief.

Geto opened his mouth to protest, "I know, but I-" but before he could say anything, Gojo leaned in and kissed him gently, their lips meeting with a tenderness that spoke louder than words.

When they pulled apart, Gojo rested his forehead against Geto’s, his own smile growing.

“I would love to,” he said, his voice filled with a rare, unguarded emotion.

“More than anything.”

Geto exhaled a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding, relief and joy washing over him all at once. He slipped the ring onto Gojo’s finger, his hands steady now, and pulled him into a tight embrace, falling back onto the sand beneath them. Then, with a rare tenderness, Geto leaned down, his lips brushing against Gojo’s in a soft, gentle kiss. It was the kind of kiss that spoke volumes without a single word—gentle, slow, and full of all the things they hadn’t said yet. The emotions that had been bottled up for years finally found their release in that moment, and as Geto deepened the kiss, he felt every ounce of his love for Gojo pour into it, as if he could make up for all the lost time.

And the stars above seemed to shine brighter, as if they were celebrating alongside them. For the first time in years, the chaos of their world felt distant, replaced by the quiet promise of a future they would build together, no matter what.

They eloped a week later, slipping away under the cover of night. The ceremony was quiet and simple, just the two of them and a single witness who didn’t ask questions.

As they exchanged vows, Gojo couldn’t help but grin.

“Guess this makes us a team again,” he said.

Geto rolled his eyes but smiled, his hand tightening around Gojo’s.

“Always.”

--- TIMESKIP to present day fic fic---

Geto stood on the balcony of his apartment, spinning the silver ring on his finger.

"Do you think it will ever stop?"

"That what will stop?" Gojo asked from the bed, soaking in the moonlight through the open sliding door.

"The war," He replied, his voice laced with concern.

"Who knows," he paused before continuing smugly.

"All I know is I've already won."

Geto rolled his eyes, moving back inside to hold his husband in his arms.

He placed a slow, gentle kiss on Satoru's soft forehead and whispered in his ear.

"I'd still love you even if the war never ended."

Gojo smiled, whispering back, "I know."

~~

And so they continued like that in secret. Whispering through the war, behind the backs of their unions. Their whispers shared a promise that the mafias would soon reunite to become unstoppable.

But in the criminal underworld, peace is never forever.

Mahito knew about their relationship and Geto knew he would do anything to break the mafias up from the inside, creating mistrust, blocking them from ever having a chance to work together.

~~

"Something's coming," Gojo said calmly.

"Something way bigger than us."

Geto pulled his husband to his chest, holding his head in his toned arms.

"Whatever it is, this time, we face it together.”

The Shibuya Rebels

Chapter Summary

back to main plot + ITAFUSHI COMES INNNN

SLEEPOVER AT THE SHIBUYA MAFIAAAAAAAA

lowk freaky chapter 😟

Chapter Notes

Not much to say... I love this chapter and I love y'all <3

The morning for the Tokyo Rebel members was uncharacteristically normal.

Gojo lounged in the central lounge of the headquarters, his feet kicked up on the coffee table as he flipped lazily through a fashion magazine.

Yuji was running through mission reports at the other end of the couch, while Megumi stood in the doorway, arms crossed and a scowl already brewing.

"Can you not treat this place like your personal playground?" Megumi muttered, glaring at Gojo's casual demeanor.

Gojo grinned, crunching on a chip obnoxiously.

"Lighten up, Megumi. You’re gonna get frown lines before you’re 20."

"I am 20," Megumi deadpanned, earning a chuckle from Yuji.

"My point exaactly."

Before the banter could escalate, Yuji’s phone buzzed on the table. He glanced at the caller ID, his brow furrowing.

"Uh... it’s Choso?"

Megumi’s scowl deepened.

"Why is he calling you? Didn’t we just—"

Yuji raised a hand, putting the call on speaker.

"Hey, Choso. What’s up?"

Gojo raised an eyebrow.

“The kidnapper? How-WHY do you even have his number saved?” Megumi pressed.

“*Shut up,*” Yuji hissed, pressing the phone to his ear. “What is it man?”

"MAN??" Megumi gaped, looking to Gojo for reassurance that he wasn't crazy, but Gojo just shrugged.

Choso’s voice came through the line, urgent and strained.

“Yuji, listen. Mahito’s planning an attack on your headquarters. You’ve got to get out of there now.”

Megumi leaned forward and grabbed the phone, his expression sharp.

"And we're just supposed to believe you? After everything your faction's done?"

"Please," Choso's voice wavered, desperation evident.

"You don't have to trust me, but you'll regret it if you don't listen. I—I want what's best for you. You have to believe me."

Yuji's brow furrowed, uncertainty flickering across his face. Before he could respond, an ear-splitting explosion rocked the building. The sound of shattering glass and crumbling walls sent everyone scrambling.

"What the hell?!" Megumi shouted, shielding his head as debris rained down.

Gojo was already on his feet, his easygoing demeanor vanishing as he assessed the damage.

Yuji's phone clattered to the floor, the call cutting off abruptly.

"He wasn't lying," Yuji murmured, a mix of fear and awe in his voice.

The room tilted with another aftershock, dust and rubble filling the air as the remains of Tokyo Rebel Headquarters groaned under its own weight. Fires sparked in the distance, casting an eerie orange glow over the ruins. The once-bustling hub of their operations was now unrecognizable.

"Everyone out, now!" Gojo barked, his usual playful tone replaced with sharp authority.

Megumi and Yuji scrambled toward the exit, weaving through the collapsing structure. Gojo stayed back, his eyes scanning for stragglers or anyone trapped beneath the wreckage. He found Nobara helping one of their intel officers, her expression grim but determined.

"Move it, Kugisaki!" Gojo shouted, grabbing a beam that had fallen in their path and tossing it aside with inhuman strength.

By the time they reached the open street, the full extent of the devastation became clear. Half the building was completely obliterated, the other half barely standing. Rebel operatives huddled in the shadows, coughing and tending to minor injuries, their eyes wide with fear and confusion.

Yuji slumped to the ground, his hands trembling.

“This is my fault. If I had believed him sooner—”

“Stop it.” Megumi cut him off, his voice low but firm. His own hands were shaking, though he refused to let it show. “You didn’t plant the bomb.”

“But I—”

“I said stop it!” Megumi snapped, louder this time. He glared at Yuji, his usual stoic mask cracking just enough to reveal the strain underneath.

The crowd quieted as Gojo strode forward, his towering figure commanding attention even in the chaos. His face was unreadable behind his dark shades, but his clenched fists betrayed the anger simmering beneath the surface.

“This isn’t over,” Gojo said, his voice cutting through the tension like a blade.

“We’re not done. Not by a long shot.”

“But what now?” Nobara asked, crossing her arms as she glanced back at the smoldering ruins.

“We’ve got no base, no resources—nothing.”

Gojo exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I might have an idea… but I’ve got to clear it with the higher-ups first.”

Megumi narrowed his eyes.

“What idea?”

Gojo avoided his gaze, his lips curling into a faint, almost mischievous smile.

“Let me handle it. Trust me on this one.”

“That’s ominous,” Nobara muttered, glaring at him.

“It’s Gojo,” Megumi replied dryly.

“Everything he does is ominous.”

Yuji looked at the others nervously.

“Do we at least get a hint?”

“Nope!” Gojo chirped, clapping his hands together.

“But you’ll love it. Or maybe you won’t. Either way, just sit tight.”

The group exchanged skeptical glances as Gojo’s easy grin lingered for just a second too long before fading. Deep down, even he wasn’t sure this plan would work. But it wasn’t just their survival at stake—it was his promise to keep them all safe.

Gojo clung onto Suguru's brooding body, draging his feet on the penthouse floor.

“Suguruuu, pleeeeease. It’s genius. We let the Rebels crash at headquarters for a little while. You know, just until they get back on their feet.”

Geto leaned against the counter, arms crossed, his expression a perfect mix of disbelief and annoyance.

“You want me to let *your entire organization* invade *my headquarters* ? Do you have any idea how much chaos that would cause?”

Gojo stepped closer, placing his hands on Geto’s shoulders with a dramatic pout.

“It won’t be that bad! Think of it like… a temporary alliance. Plus, I’ll be there to keep things under control. You won’t even notice them.”

Geto raised an eyebrow.

“I won’t notice an entire group of Rebels infiltrating my operations?”

“Okay, maybe you’ll notice a little,” Gojo admitted, grinning sheepishly.

“But come on, think about it! Rebels and Mafia, working together, sharing snacks, having sleepovers—”

“This is a terrible idea,” Geto interrupted, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“You realize this could blow up in our faces, right? Both figuratively and literally.”

Gojo leaned in, his voice softening as he met Geto's gaze.

"Please, Suguru. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important. They need this. *I* need this."

Geto's resolve wavered for a moment, his heart aching at the vulnerability in Gojo's tone and the fake pout on his face. He sighed deeply, shaking his head.

"Fine. But if this backfires, you're cleaning up the mess."

Gojo's face lit up instantly, and he pulled Geto into a tight hug.

"You won't regret it! I promise!"

"I already do," Geto muttered, though his arms instinctively wrapped around Gojo in return.

"You won't!" Gojo said with a wink, standing up and clapping his hands together.

"It'll be great. Trust me."

Geto's eyes followed him to their bedroom, a flicker of affection softening his exasperation.

"I *do* trust you. That's the problem."

As Gojo flopped onto the bed with a victorious smirk, Geto couldn't help but shake his head. This was going to be a disaster and yet, he couldn't stop his heart from feeling a little giddy. Maybe he would get his partner back.

That morning, the remaining members of the Tokyo Rebels gathered in what was left of their temporary shelter. The air was thick with tension, the exhaustion and grief of the previous night's destruction etched into their faces. Megumi leaned against the wall, arms crossed, watching the others with a critical eye. Yuji sat nearby, his usually bright demeanor dulled, while Nobara paced the room impatiently.

Gojo strode in, as usual, all long legs and an air of confidence that seemed out of place in the somber setting. His hands were shoved into the pockets of his coat, and his sunglasses glinted under the dull light.

"Good news, everyone!" Gojo declared, clapping his hands together.

Megumi groaned, already bracing himself.

"Whenever you say 'good news,' it's usually terrible."

Ignoring him, Gojo grinned at the room.

"We're heading to Shibuya!"

Yuji blinked, confused.

"Shibuya? Why?"

"Because," Gojo said, leaning casually against the wall, "we're moving in with our friendly neighborhood mafia! They've so generously agreed to host us until we're back on our feet."

The room went silent, the weight of his words sinking in.

Nobara stopped pacing, narrowing her eyes.

“You can’t be serious. You want us to live with *them* ? The mafia? The same people we’ve been fighting against for years?”

“Not fighting, exactly,” Gojo corrected with a dismissive wave of his hand.

“More like… intense disagreements. But look, it’s temporary, and it’s safer than... *this*.”

He gestured around at the crumbling shelter they’d tried piecing together.

Megumi stepped forward, his jaw tight.

“How do we even know they won’t turn on us the first chance they get? Letting Rebels into their stronghold doesn’t exactly sound like something the mafia would do out of the kindness of their hearts.”

Gojo smirked, tilting his head.

“Trust me, they won’t turn on us. We’ve got *an understanding*.”

“An understanding?”

Nobara repeated, her voice dripping with skepticism.

Yuji hesitated before speaking, his voice soft.

“I mean… we don’t have many options. If it’s between this or waiting for Mahito to finish us off…”

“That’s the spirit!” Gojo said, pointing at Yuji like he’d just won a prize.

Megumi shot him a withering glare.

“You’re insane.”

“Maybe,” Gojo admitted, pushing off the wall and heading for the door.

“But I’ve got us this far, haven’t I? Trust me on this one. It’ll be fine. Now, pack your bags. We leave in an hour.”

As he walked out, Nobara turned to the others, her voice low.

“Does anyone else think this is going to end in total disaster?”

Yuji shrugged, trying to muster a smile.

“Maybe. But hey, at least the mafia probably has better food.”

Megumi sighed, running a hand through his dark hair.

“This is a bad idea. A really bad idea.”

“Come on, Fushiguro,” Yuji said, nudging him lightly. “Think of it like an adventure.”

Megumi shot him a glare but didn’t reply, his frustration simmering under the surface.

In the hallway, Gojo pulled out his phone, texting Geto.

I told them. They're packing now. You excited to meet my friends?

Suguboo :3

No. This is your fault if they break anything.

They won't! Probably. Maybe.

Love youuuu.

Suguboo :3

😑...

Gojo grinned to himself, sliding his phone back into his pocket. Disaster or not, this was going to be interesting.

The sleek black car rolled up to the Shibuya Mafia headquarters, an imposing structure that radiated power and wealth. Yuji adjusted his tie nervously as he glanced out the window.

"Did we really have to dress up?" he asked, fidgeting in his seat.

"Yes," Gojo said firmly, his sunglasses reflecting the building as he opened the car door.

"First impressions are everything. Besides, don't you want to look dashing?"

Nobara smirked, brushing a speck of lint off her blazer.

"Speak for yourself, Yuji. I look fantastic."

Megumi, sitting stiffly in his tailored suit, muttered under his breath.

“This is ridiculous.”

“Oh, come onnnn, Megumi,” Gojo teased, adjusting his own pristine white suit jacket.

“You look sharp. Like a tiny, grumpy businessman.”

Ignoring him, Megumi opened his door and stepped out, glancing warily at the towering headquarters, each of them aware of the stares they were attracting from the mafia guards stationed outside. Yuji tugged at his collar, clearly uncomfortable under their scrutiny.

“Okay, team,” Gojo said, clapping his hands together. “Chins up, shoulders back. We’re here to make an impression!”

“Or get killed,” Megumi muttered, following reluctantly.

As they stepped into the grand lobby, the Rebels couldn’t help but gape at the opulence. Polished marble floors, crystal chandeliers, and walls lined with expensive art screamed money and power. A low murmur spread through the room as mafia members turned to watch the newcomers.

Gojo didn’t falter for a moment, his confident stride cutting through the tension. His eyes remained fixed straight ahead, not acknowledging the curious or suspicious glances directed their way.

Yuji, Nobara, and Megumi, however, weren’t quite as composed. They hovered close behind Gojo, clearly out of their element.

“Do they *always* stare like this?” Yuji whispered.

“Yes,” Nobara replied, tugging him along. “Now stop looking so nervous. You’re embarrassing us.”

Megumi sighed, trailing behind them.

“We’re already an embarrassment. Might as well own it.”

They followed Gojo through the lavish halls until they reached an imposing set of double doors. Without breaking his stride, Gojo pushed them open with both hands, the heavy wood creaking as they swung inward, his stride unyielding and his smirk sharper than ever.

Inside, Suguru Geto sat behind a massive oak desk, the picture of calm authority. Geto didn’t even flinch at the intrusion, barely lifting his head from the papers strewn across his desk. His pen continued to glide across the page with precise strokes, his expression calm, bordering on disinterest. Finally, his dark eyes flicked upward, locking onto Gojo with an unreadable intensity.

“What a way to greet your guests, Suguru,” Gojo drawled, stepping into the office with a dramatic flourish.

“What do you want, Gojo?” he asked flatly, the edge of his voice suggesting that he was not in the mood for games.

Gojo leaned casually against the edge of Geto’s desk, towering over him with an air of casual defiance.

“Wow, not even a ‘hello’ or a ‘welcome to Shibuya Mafia HQ.’ You’ve really let hospitality slip, huh? Guess you’re too busy playing the big boss now.”

He walked in closer, the smirk never leaving his face.

Geto’s jaw tightened, his hand pausing mid-signature.

“I don’t have time for your antics, Gojo,” he said coolly, though the tension in his shoulders betrayed the calm facade.

“Say what you need to say and leave. I’m busy.”

“Oh, I’ll leave when I’m ready,” Gojo quipped, crossing his arms as his grin grew wider.

“You know, Suguru, I remember when you used to actually *enjoy* my company. What happened? The big bad Mafia boss forgot how to have fun?”

Gojo smiled devilishly as Geto slapped his hand across Gojo's cheek, gowling intensely as he stood up.

"Shut up brat."

Behind Gojo, Yuji, Nobara, and Megumi stood awkwardly in the doorway, their tension palpable.

Nobara’s eyes darted between the two men, clearly intrigued by the charged atmosphere. Megumi sighed, rubbing his temples as though he already had a headache.

Yuji, however, couldn’t contain his confusion. He leaned toward Nobara and Megumi, whispering, “Am I missing something here? Is he just going to take that? Why is Gojo acting so... weird?”

Before they could answer, a deep voice cut through the room from behind them.

“You got something to say, kid?”

Yuji jumped, spinning around to find Sukuna standing in the doorway, his sharp grin revealing rows of teeth that seemed just a little too perfect to be comforting. Nobara and Megumi instinctively stepped back, but Yuji froze, trying to swallow his nerves.

“Uh—n-nope, all good here,” Yuji stammered, his voice cracking slightly.

“Didn’t think so,” Sukuna replied smoothly, his grin widening as his gaze slid lazily toward Geto and Gojo.

“Looks like we’ve got a bit of a domestic spat happening here.”

The comment only seemed to fuel the growing fire between the two men. Gojo’s smirk deepened as he leaned even closer to Geto, who finally set his pen down and rose to his feet, meeting Gojo eye-to-eye. The air between them crackled with a tension that could only come from years of unresolved emotions.

“You still think you can waltz in here and do whatever you want, don’t you?” Geto murmured, his voice low and cold.

“This isn’t your playground anymore, Satoru.”

“Playground?” Gojo’s voice dropped, his smirk twisting into something more challenging. “Oh, I’m sorry—did you forget who dragged your sorry ass out of half the messes you’ve made? I’m the reason you’re even here, Suguru.”

Geto’s fists clenched at his sides, his composure beginning to crack.

“You’ve got some nerve—”

“ *Sukuna* ,” Geto interrupted himself, his voice sharp enough to cut glass.

“Take them to their rooms. *Now*.”

Sukuna’s laugh rumbled through the room, but he obeyed, motioning for Yuji, Nobara, and Megumi to follow him.

“Come on, kids. Let’s get you settled in before this gets ugly.”

The three hesitated, glancing back at the two men who were now nose-to-nose, their argument teetering on the edge of something far more explosive. Finally, Nobara grabbed Yuji's sleeve and tugged him along, Megumi trailing reluctantly behind.

Geto and Gojo alone in the suddenly suffocating silence of the office. Neither spoke until the heavy door closed with a distinct *click* .

Gojo's lips curled into a dangerous smile.

"Slap me again," he murmured, his voice a low, eyes never leaving Geto's.

"I *dare* you."

Geto's dark eyes narrowed, his jaw tightening as his chest rose and fell with rapid breaths.

"Oh yeah?" he whispered, his voice sharp with defiance.

"And what if I do?"

In a heartbeat, Geto grabbed Gojo by the collar, yanking him close and forcing their mouths together in a kiss that was all heat and fury. Gojo groaned into it, his hands flying up to grip Geto's hair as if trying to anchor himself to the moment. Geto's hands roamed down to Gojo's waist, his grip firm as he pulled their bodies flush together, each movement filled with the kind of urgency that only years of longing could create. Geto growled against Gojo's lips, biting down hard enough to leave a mark before pulling back just slightly.

"You kinky bastard," Gojo breathed, turing his back to Geto to leave, his usually cocky swagger in full force.

"Nuh uh," Geto replied, gripping the back of Gojo's head and shoving him down onto the desk with a firm, unapologetic motion.

“Don’t start something you can’t finish, Satoru.”

Gojo forcefully turned his head sideways on the table, flustered beneath Geto’s palm.

“Are you trying to say I can’t finish? Suguru.”

Geto pressed forward with a growl, sliding Gojo’s blazer off in a swift motion. He crawled his fingers around Gojo’s neck, loosening the top buttons of his shirt.

“Damn,” he mumbled through the breathy silence.

“You really don’t play fair, do you?”

Gojo tugged Geto closer, their noses pressing together as Geto’s hands gripped the back of his neck.

“Wouldn’t want things to get boring.”

Geto let out a low, frustrated sound before reclaiming Gojo’s mouth, this time slower but no less intense. His hands roamed down to grip Gojo’s waist, pulling him flush against him as their breaths mingled, hot and desperate. Gojo’s sunglasses clattered to the floor, forgotten as they moved together with an urgency that belied their years of history.

“I’ll see you tonight then, Geto?” Gojo called, slinging his blazer over his shoulder like it was just an accessory.

“Put that on, idiot. The Rebel leader can’t be caught walking out of *my* office indecent.”

Gojo shrugged, buttoning his shirt with deliberate nonchalance.

“Suit yourself.”

Geto stood, stepping closer to place a quick but lingering kiss on Gojo’s cheek.

“You know where your room is, all-knowing one?”

“Our old suite?”

“Top floor,” Geto confirmed with a small nod, his voice quieter.

“You’re so sentimental, Suguru.”

——

The three Rebels sat cross-legged on the soft, cream-colored carpet of Megumi and Yuji’s shared room, a faint hum of city life filtering in through the slightly cracked window. The door inside was propped open, connecting to Nobara’s room next-door. The dim light from the bedside lamp cast warm shadows, giving the space a cozy but conspiratorial air.

Yuji leaned back on his hands, his gaze drifting toward the ceiling.

“Man, Gojo-sensei seemed really upset earlier. I wonder what’s going on with him.”

“Upset?” Nobara snorted, tossing a pillow from Yuji’s bed onto the floor and leaning against it.

“He was more than upset. That man looked ready to tear Geto’s head off.”

Megumi frowned, his elbows resting on his knees.

“That’s how they’ve always been. It’s... complicated.” Yuji sat up straight, his curiosity piqued.

“Wait, what do you mean ‘always’? Do they have, like, *history* ?”

Nobara smirked.

“History? They were partners for *years* , Yuji. You didn’t know?”

Yuji’s eyes grew wide as he questioned Nobara excitedly.

“You mean here? Before the mafia split?”

“Yeah. I heard they had a pretty nasty breakup for some reason. They were like THE duo though. I bet they were secretly dating. That’s why the mafias had to split up when they broke up.”

Megumi pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Can we *not* speculate about Gojo-sensei’s personal life? They were obviously just partners. They never got along, even when they worked together.”

Yuji turned to Nobara, stage-whispering, “Why’s he acting so grumpy? You think he’s mad at me or something?”

Nobara grinned, leaning closer to Yuji.

“He’s mad because I said what we’re all thinking. Gojo and Geto? Definitely something there.”

Megumi groaned, hitting his head against the wall.

“I *hate* this conversation.”

Yuji laughed, throwing an arm around Megumi's shoulders.

"Aw, don't be like that, Fushiguro. We're just having fun."

Before Nobara could jump back in, the door swung open dramatically, slamming against the wall with a loud thud.

Gojo stood in the doorway, his silhouette framed by the warm glow of the hallway light. His tie was loosened, and he had his blazer slung casually over his shoulder like it was an afterthought. His signature grin lit up his face.

"Party in my room, guys!" he announced, his voice brimming with enthusiasm.

The three exchanged questioning glances and snickered at the tall man's personality shift.

"Someone's in a good mood," Megumi grumbled.

At the same time, Yuji sprang to his feet, his eyes wide with excitement.

"For real? Let's go!"

Nobara smirked, rising more slowly.

"About time. I was getting bored."

Megumi, still seated, crossed his arms.

"Do we *really* need to do this?"

Gojo pointed a dramatic finger at Megumi.

“You’re coming, whether you like it or not. Don’t make me drag you.”

With an exasperated sigh, Megumi stood, trailing reluctantly after the others as they followed Gojo down the hall.

When they entered Gojo’s suite, they stopped in their tracks.

The room was nothing short of luxurious. A wall of floor-to-ceiling windows stretched across one side, offering a stunning, panoramic view of Shibuya’s glittering skyline. Plush white carpeting muffled their footsteps, and a sleek crystal chandelier cast a warm, golden light across the room. The centerpiece was an immaculate king-sized bed, draped in crisp white sheets with golden embroidery. To one side stood a sitting area with a low glass coffee table surrounded by modern, cream-colored sofas.

Gojo strolled in behind them, his hands stuffed casually in his pockets. His usual playful grin softened as his gaze swept over the familiar room. For a brief moment, his expression was almost wistful, his blue eyes reflecting the shimmering lights outside.

“Welcome to my old room!” he announced, spreading his arms wide as if to embrace the space.

Yuji turned to look at him, eyes sparkling with curiosity. “Wait, you used to live here?”

“Yup!” Gojo said, popping the “p” with exaggerated flair.

“Ah, so many memories. Parties, late-night chats... secret rendezvous.”

He glanced toward the bed with a sly smirk before catching himself and chuckling. He ran a hand along the back of one of the sofas, his smile deepening.

“Man, it’s just like I left it.”

“You’re so rich it’s disgusting,” Nobara said, half in awe, half in exasperation.

Yuji, unable to hold back his excitement, bounded across the room and flopped onto the massive bed.

“This thing is huge! You could fit, like, six people on here!”

“Get off the bed,” Megumi said sharply. “Be respectful of Gojo-sensei’s things.”

“Oh, loosen up, Megumi,” Nobara said, flopping onto an armchair near the window. “He literally invited us for a party. I don’t think he’s worried about wrinkling the sheets.”

Gojo chuckled, sinking into another chair.

“See? Nobara gets it. Relax, Megumi. Tonight’s for fun.”

Megumi sighed, “I *hate* this.”

Gojo laughed, leaning back in his chair and lowering his tone for Megumi.

“It’s fine, kid. Let them have their fun.”

Yuji grabbed a pillow and flung it at Megumi’s head.

“Loosen up, dude!”

Nobara laughed as Megumi dodged the pillow with a scowl.

“If you’re gonna hit him, Yuji, at least aim better!”

Soon, the group settled in. Nobara raided the minibar for sodas, while Yuji rummaged through the cabinets, discovering a deck of cards and suggesting a game. They sprawled across the room, the earlier tension completely gone as they laughed and teased each other.

“Okay, okay,” Nobara said, holding up a hand for silence.

“Who’s most likely to... accidentally set something on fire?”

“Yuji,” Megumi and Gojo said in unison.

“Hey!” Yuji protested, throwing a pillow at Gojo this time.

Gojo caught it with one hand, his grin widening.

“I mean, c’mon… there’s really no other answer.”

Nobara snorted.

“He’s right, Yuji. You’d probably try to cook something and blow up the kitchen.”

“You guys are the worst,” Yuji drawled, but he couldn’t help laughing along.

Megumi couldn't help but crack a small smile.

"Another game!" Nobara called, holding up her fingers, "Never have I ever… been arrested for public indecency?"

The group sat quiet for a moment, exchanging prying glances at each other before Gojo slowly lowered one of his fingers.

"Guilty as charged!" He exclaimed as Nobara and Yuji gasped and looked at him.

"Oh my gosh!" Nobara laughed, "When was—"

Nobara went to continue to ask about Gojo's story, but noticed Megumi's quiet demeanor slumping as he put a finger down.

"— *FUSHIGURO!* ?"

"I don't want to talk about it," he grumbled back, trying to escape the three's excited questions.

As the night wore on, the room filled with the sound of their laughter. For the first time in what felt like forever, the Rebels let themselves relax, acting like kids again, forgetting the weight of their mission, even if just for a moment.

The digital clock ticked past 1 a.m. when the door to Gojo's suite swung open.

Standing in the doorway was Suguru Geto, leaning against the frame with an air of casual authority. His black robe hung loosely around his shoulders, the soft fabric parting to reveal the top of his toned chest. His hair was tied back in a messy bun, and his dark eyes were heavy with exhaustion.

“Satoru.”

His voice was low and calm, but it carried the weight of someone who was very much done with the night. The room fell silent as all eyes turned toward him.

“Would you lower it down in here.”

Megumi was the first to react, shooting to his feet and bowing deeply.

“We’re sorry for the disturbance, sir. We’ll leave immediately.” He grabbed Yuji’s collar, pulling him up with him.

Geto glared at them with his piercing dark eyes, his natural demeanor intimidating.

“Aww, Suguru,” Gojo whined, standing and stretching lazily. “Why do you always have to ruin the fun?”

Nobara got to her feet, stepping in front of the boys.

“Come on, guys.” She said through forced laughs, “It’s getting late anyways.”

She grabbed Yuji and Megumi’s arms, growling a whisper into their ears so the mafia leaders couldn’t hear.

“ *Let’s go before they start arguing again* .”

Geto’s eyes remained fixed on Gojo, his expression unreadable. He stepped aside, letting the Rebels leave without a word.

—-

The Rebels hurried down the hallway, Nobara and Yuji barely containing their giggles while Megumi walked a few steps ahead, clearly on edge.

“I don’t know why you two aren’t taking this more seriously. Did you see that knife strapped to his leg?” Megumi hissed, glancing nervously over his shoulder.

Nobara smirked, nudging him.

“Oooh, why were you peeking under his robe, Megumi? You dirty boy.”

Yuji burst into laughter, clutching his stomach.

“Megumi, I didn’t know you were into that!”

“I hate both of you,” Megumi muttered, his cheeks turning bright red as they made their way back to their rooms.

Their laughter echoed through the hallway, Yuji and Nobara doubling over as Megumi shoved past them into the shared space. They eventually settled on the carpeted floor in a loose circle, an air of camaraderie thick around them.

Nobara nudged Megumi with her elbow, a wicked grin on her face.

“Admit it, you were totally checking out Geto’s legs.”

“I was not!” Megumi snapped, his blush deepening.

Yuji, ever the instigator, leaned forward with a teasing smirk.

“I mean, you *did* bring up the knife strapped to his thigh pretty quick, Megumi. *Suspiciously* quick.”

Megumi glared at them both, crossing his arms.

“I was being *cautious* . Unlike you two idiots, I actually care about not getting stabbed.”

“Oh, sure, Megumi,” Nobara said with a laugh, giving Yuji a sly glance.

“I bet if Yuji strapped a knife to his leg, you wouldn’t be able to stop staring either.”

“Nobara!” Yuji exclaimed, his face lighting up in embarrassment.

Megumi shot her a venomous look.

“I’m not dignifying that with a response.”

Nobara cackled, leaning back on her hands.

“You’re such a bad liar, Megumi. It’s adorable.”

Yuji, still flushed, tried to steer the conversation.

“Okay, okay, let’s focus on something else. Like… uh… what’s the deal with Gojo and Geto?”

“They were totally bickering like an old married couple,” Nobara chimed in, grinning. “I mean, they’re definitely hiding something, right?”

“Don’t start,” Megumi groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose. “We shouldn’t be gossiping about our superior. It’s disrespectful.”

Yuji tilted his head thoughtfully.

“I don’t know… Gojo-sensei did seem kind of upset earlier. I wonder if they’re okay.”

“Ugh, stop worrying about them,” Nobara said, waving a hand dismissively. “Those two could probably burn this whole building down and still be fine.”

Yuji nodded reluctantly, though his expression still held a flicker of concern.

“Yeah… I guess you’re right.”

Nobara smirked at Megumi, clearly not ready to let him off the hook.

“Speaking of secret crushes though, Megumi—how’s yours?”

Yuji blinked in confusion. “Huh?”

Megumi shot her a warning glare, his cheeks flaring up again.

“Nobara, *stop* .”

“What?” she teased, feigning innocence and nudging her head at Yuji.

“I’m just saying, maybe *someone* has a little crush they’re not admitting to.”

Yuji’s face turned red again, and he stammered,

“W-wait, you mean me?!”

“Absolutely not,” Megumi snapped, his voice sharp but his tone betraying his flustered state.

Nobara leaned in closer to Megumi, grinning wickedly.

“I'm just joking! You’re so fun to mess with, Megumi. I’m almost impressed you haven’t imploded yet.”

“Can we just go to bed?” Megumi grumbled, clearly done with the conversation.

“You know, I’m surprised that you don’t have a girlfriend by now, Megumi. I mean you’re pretty, tall and-“

“Ewww, get a room,” Nobara quipped, wrinkling her nose dramatically as she stuck her tongue out.

“We *have* one,” Megumi retorted, his voice flat. “You’re in it.”

He stood up and moved over to his bed, sliding beneath the covers.

“Now get out or I’m going to be tired in the morning.”

“Fine, fine,” Nobara said, getting to her feet and stretching. “But this was fun. We should do this more often—sit around, make fun of Megumi. A+ bonding activity.”

He rolled his eyes as she turned the light off, turning to face the wall so no one would see the small smile that started to form on his lips.

Yuji flopped down onto his bed, voice quiet but equally as alive.

“She’s right, though. This was fun.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Megumi muttered, pulling the blanket over his head.

Yuji chuckled softly to himself before settling in. The room grew quiet, but the warmth of the night’s camaraderie lingered as they all drifted off to sleep. And as he heard Yuji’s breath grow heavy with sleep, Megumi turned his head and smiled, observing the rare peace from the strong boy’s soft face.

——

The following morning at Shibuya Mafia Headquarters was anything but serene. The sprawling complex, known for its imposing architecture and state-of-the-art security, was now teeming with Rebels attempting to adjust to their temporary refuge. The air buzzed with an awkward mix of tension and curiosity as the two factions cautiously coexisted.

In the dining area, Megumi sat stiffly at a long communal table, nursing a coffee and glaring at Yuji, who was excitedly eying every breakfast option laid out on the buffet. Gojo sat at the table by the fridge, looking unusually tired.

Geto entered the room, his presence commanding immediate attention.

Gojo stiffened, eyebrows furrowing, and cheeks growing red as his memories from the night before returned.

~~

Gojo had barely shut the door behind him before Geto was on him, backing him against the wall. The faintest glimmer of amusement danced in Geto’s dark eyes as he pulled a sleek knife from its holster on his thigh, the steel catching the dim light.

“You really like pushing my limits, don’t you, Satoru?”

Geto’s voice was smooth but laced with a dangerous edge. Gojo smirked, though the heat in his cheeks betrayed his composure.

“What can I say? I like a challenge.”

Geto’s lips curled into a slow, predatory grin as he leaned in, pressing the flat edge of the blade to Gojo’s jaw.

“Challenge or not,” he murmured, his tone darkening, “interrupt my sleep again, and I’ll make sure you ***really*** *regret it.”*

Gojo’s breath was unsteady as the knife’s edge dragged lightly along his jawline, down his neck, leaving a trail of heat in its wake. He swallowed hard, the thrill of danger sparking in his eyes.

“You’re awfully dramatic for someone who claims I’m the annoying one.”

“I get it from you, Satoru,” Geto murmured, his free hand sliding to Gojo’s hip, pulling their bodies flush against each other.

“ But this is punishment. Don’t enjoy it too much.”

The blade hovered just below Gojo’s ear, and Geto’s lips followed its path, ghosting over the sensitive line of Gojo’s neck. Gojo shivered, his composure fracturing under the precise mix of teasing and threat.

“You know, for a punishment, this feels a lot like foreplay,” Gojo rasped, his voice catching as Geto’s tongue flicked over the curve of his neck.

Geto chuckled, low and rumbling, his breath warm against Gojo's skin.

" Trust me, if I wanted to leave a mark, you'd know it."

"Don't be shy, Suguru," Gojo quipped, his smirk returning despite his uneven breathing.

"I can handle whatever you've got."

Geto responded with a sharp, deliberate nip at Gojo's collarbone, eliciting a startled gasp from the white-haired man.

"Careful, Satoru," Geto warned, withdrawing just enough to meet his gaze. His knife's edge tilted, lifting Gojo's chin.

"You're not the one in control here."

And Gojo didn't argue. His heart raced as he surrendered to the heated moment, the weight of Geto's dominance grounding him in a way that was equal parts thrilling and unnerving.

The memory faded as Geto's gaze locked onto him in the present. ~~

"You look like there's a dick up your ass, Satoru, you okay?" Sukuna drawled, turning his head to point out Gojo's unusually subdued demeanor.

Without a word, Geto walked past Gojo, briefly cocking an eyebrow smugly at Gojo as he headed toward the coffee machine, pulling Gojo back to reality.

Gojo cleared his throat, avoiding the glances of the Rebels around him.

"Perfectly fine," he muttered, lowering his head to the table.

Yuji, oblivious to the undercurrents, grinned and held up a plate piled high with muffins.

“Megumi, you have to try this! It’s amazing!”

Megumi scowled.

“I don’t even like breakfast.”

“Sure you don’t,” Yuji teased, sliding the plate closer.

“Come on, one bite won’t kill you.”

Megumi reluctantly took a bite, his expression carefully neutral as he chewed.

“It’s fine.”

Yuji beamed.

“I knew you’d like it!”

Nearby, Sukuna chuckled, watching the exchange with mild interest.

“Salmon?”

A new voice arose into the room as Inumaki rubbed sleep from his eyes.

“Huh?” Yuji responded, turning to look in Toge’s direction.

“Why is there salmon for breakfast?”

“It must be one of the mafia’s twisted ideas of fun,” Megumi responded.

“Speaking of fun,” Nobara spoke up, “where were you last night, Inumaki? We missed you.”

He only shrugged, “I fell asleep.”

As the day progressed, the makeshift alliance between the two mafias began to take shape. Meetings were held in the grand conference room, a space that now felt cramped with the combined forces of the Tokyo Rebels and the Shibuya Mafia. Gojo and Geto took their usual places at opposite ends of the table, their professional facades firmly in place.

However, when the discussions grew heated, their true dynamic slipped through. At one point, Gojo slammed his hands on the table, his voice rising in mock indignation.

“This is ridiculous, Suguru! You can’t seriously expect us to follow that plan.”

Geto matched the action, slamming his hands on the edge of the table as he stood, his chair scraping loudly against the polished floor.

“If you’re staying under my roof, you can work by my rules!”

Gojo stood as well, towering slightly over Geto, his hands shoved casually into his pockets despite the sharp edge in his tone.

“Your rules? I didn’t realize we were playing house, Suguru. Newsflash—this mission has just as much to do with us as it does with you!”

Geto's jaw clenched, his dark eyes narrowing.

"Would you care to be generous enough to explain how this mission has anything to do with your little band of rebels?" His voice was sharp and venomous, the words cutting through the air.

Gojo's smirk returned as he thought of a response, but Geto cut him off.

"This isn't some charity operation where you swoop in, crack a few jokes, and save the day, Gojo. You've been a thorn in my side since the moment you walked back through that door, and I won't let you undermine my authority in front of my men."

Gojo tilted his head, a playful pout forming on his lips.

"Authority? Is that what this is about? Playing the big bad mafia boss to make yourself feel important? Guess what, Suguru—I'm not one of your lackeys, and I'm sure as hell not here to play by your rules."

"Enough!" Geto's shout echoed through the room, silencing the murmurs of the mafia members who had been watching the exchange with growing unease.

"I'm sorry everyone for *Tokyo's* lack of respect. I'll take this outside."

Geto's fingers twitched at his side, the tension between them thick enough to suffocate the room. Yuji and Megumi exchanged nervous glances, clearly caught in the crossfire of something much deeper than what was being said.

The muffled argument continued as they marched down the hallway, their voices echoing off the ornate walls, the agents in the office sat silently to try and listen in.

"You think your way is the only way, don't you?" Geto snapped, his strides long and purposeful as he threw an irritated glance over his shoulder.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Gojo shot back sarcastically, “I didn’t realize compromising meant bowing down to your every whim.”

Geto stopped abruptly, shoving Gojo against the wall to jab a finger into Gojo’s chest.

“This isn’t just about you, Satoru. If your rebels screw this up, it’s my organization’s blood on the line.”

“And if your organization screws it up?” Gojo countered, pushing Geto against the opposite wall, stepping closer so their faces were nearly touching. “Guess whose head they’ll be calling for?”

“I don’t care about—” Geto began before catching sight of a passing agent giving them a wide-eyed stare.

With a sharp glare, Geto barked, “Move along.”

The man flinched and scurried down the hall, leaving the two leaders alone again.

They continued to argue down the hallway. When they reached a secluded room, Geto yanked the door open and stormed inside. Gojo followed, slamming the door shut behind him.

“How’d I do?” Gojo asked, his tone flipping from heated to sly as his lips quirked into a smirk.

“Think we were convincing enough?”

Geto crossed his arms, his irritation melting into wry amusement.

“If they didn’t think so before, they definitely think we hate each other now.”

He stepped closer, reaching for the collar of Gojo's shirt. With one sharp tug, the fabric ripped apart, buttons scattering to the floor.

"Make this quick, Satoru," Geto said lowly, his voice laced with both warning and hunger as he pushed Gojo back against the edge of the table.

"We can't leave our guests waiting."

Gojo's smirk only widened.

"Oh, you're all business, aren't you?"

"Mhm,"Geto muttered, pressing his lips against Gojo's neck as his hands roamed.

——-

"Well," Sukuna drawled, his voice dripping with sarcasm, "while the mafia leaders go off to have a verbal war, I suppose I'll take over."

He gestured lazily to the others. "Let's assign roles for this mission."

Megumi crossed his arms, his expression impassive but his tone sharp.

"That's assuming we follow the Shibuya plan."

"Got a better idea, kid?" Sukuna raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed.

Nobara leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand.

“We could try not blowing each other up. That might be a start.”

“An interesting concept,” Sukuna said dryly, eyeing the group.

“You lot figure out how not to get yourselves killed, and maybe I’ll agree to listen.”

Despite the tension between leaders, the two groups slowly began to collaborate, their bickering giving way to practical discussion. Strategies were proposed, debated, and adjusted as they worked to piece together a compromised plan in the absence of their leaders.

“Honestly, I’m surprised this is going so smoothly,” Nobara murmured to Megumi.

“Don’t jinx it,” Megumi replied, side-eyeing Sukuna as he scribbled something down on a piece of paper with an exaggerated flourish.

Yuji chimed in, “Hey but at least they’re not yelling anymore!”

“They probably just got too far away to hear,” Megumi retorted.

——

Gojo leaned against the edge of the table, shirt discarded on the floor, his chest still heaving. Geto stood over him, his shirt hanging open, the fabric just barely resting on his shoulders, his hair disheveled and falling out from its tie. Their breaths mingled as they paused for a moment, eyes locked in that familiar blend of rivalry and longing.

Suddenly, a slow clap echoed through the room.

“Well, well, well. So the rumors are true,” Mahito's voice drawls, sending a chill through the air.

Both men freeze.

Gojo's head whips toward the sound, and his eyes narrowed dangerously as he spotted Mahito lounging lazily on the windowsill, one leg dangling over the edge.

He looked entirely too comfortable for someone who just walked in on the leaders of two factions mid-compromise—or whatever this was.

"Mahito," Geto growled, straightening up, his hands balling into fists.

"You have three seconds to explain why you're here before I throw you out of that window."

Mahito grinned, unbothered by the threat.

"Oh, don't stop on my account! I've always been a fan of the... passion between *sworn enemies.*"

Gojo let out an exaggerated sigh, spitting out his next words.

"I know I can be pretty theatric, but can't I have a private moment without someone turning it into a circus?"

Mahito tilted his head, mockingly thoughtful.

"Private moment? You mean all that wasn't for me?"

Geto stepped forward, his voice low and threatening.

"If you don't get to the point, you're falling all 40 floors to the street."

Mahito raised his hands in mock surrender, his grin widening.

“Relax, boss. I just thought you’d want to know there’s some... chatter downstairs. Seems like not everyone’s thrilled about your little joint operation.”

Gojo let out a breathy laugh from his nose, folding his arms over his chest.

“*Oh nooo*, rebellion in the ranks? Shocking. Thanks for the heads-up, genius.”

Mahito’s eyes glint with mischief as he leans back against the window frame.

“Just thought I’d check in. But hey, don’t mind me. Please, go back to your... discussion.”

Geto snarled, showing his teeth to the enemy.

“You’ve delivered your message. Now leave before I make good on my promise.”

Mahito winked at Gojo before slipping out of the window, his laughter trailing behind him.

“Bye bye, pretty boy!”

Geto cursed under his breath, running a hand through his hair, tying it back into a bun.

“I hate that guy,” he muttered, finally shrugging his shirt off completely and tossing it aside to Gojo.

“Join the club,” Gojo replied, pulling the shirt over his own shoulders.

“Think he was spying on us, or was that just his usual brand of ‘let me ruin everything?’”

“Does it matter?” Geto snapped, his tone sharper than intended.

He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Now we have to deal with whatever nonsense he’s stirred up downstairs.”

“Huh?”

Geto glared at him, his expression sharp enough to cut steel.

“It’s pretty obvious he didn’t climb 40 stories of windows outside. He had to have come in through the front while we were all in the meeting.”

Gojo adjusted his collar and tilted his head, a smirk creeping onto his lips.

“Then why don’t we go find out how he managed to sneak past your oh-so-impeccable security, *boss*?”

Geto’s jaw ticked, but he didn’t reply. Instead, he turned on his heel and strode toward the door, Gojo trailing behind him with his usual lazy swagger.

They moved quickly through the hallways, their footsteps echoing against the polished floors. The tension in the air was palpable, but as they passed through the central areas of the estate, nothing seemed out of place.

No bloodied bodies sprawled across the marble. No signs of a struggle. No alarms blaring or panicked shouts filling the corridors.

Everything was... *normal*.

Geto's brow furrowed as he scanned the faces of the workers and guards stationed at their posts. All of them looked calm, oblivious to the potential breach.

"Strange," he muttered under his breath, his sharp eyes darting to every corner.

"Maybe Mahito was just here to be his usual creepy self," Gojo suggested, though there was an uncharacteristic edge to his voice.

Geto ignored him, his instincts urging him to press on. They descended the grand staircase, the air growing colder the closer they got to the entrance.

It wasn't until they reached the grand foyer that they finally saw it—someone standing dead center in the vast, opulent space.

Choso.

He looked out of place, his figure stooped slightly, shoulders tense. His dark eyes darted around the room like he was searching for something—or someone.

Geto's hand instinctively went to the knife strapped at his hip, his voice low and commanding.

"What are you doing here?"

Choso didn't respond right away. Instead, he turned slowly to face them, his expression a mixture of dread and determination. His lips parted, but the words seemed to catch in his throat.

Gojo stepped forward, his casual tone masking the sharpness of his gaze.

"You look a little lost, Choso. Need directions or something?"

Choso’s hands clenched into fists at his sides.

“I came to deliver a message.”

Geto’s eyes narrowed.

“From who?”

The room seemed to grow colder, the weight of the moment pressing down on them like a vice.

Choso’s voice dropped to a near-whisper, his next words sending a chill down both their spines.

“From *him*.”

Before either of them could demand clarification, the main doors swung open with a heavy, resounding creak.

“Miss me, Suguru?”

Kenjaku

Chapter Summary

remember that cliffhanger from last chapter? BOOM.

Chapter Notes

Soooo this was meant to be posted over the weekend as a Thanksgiving gift to you amazing readers but I was grounded for writing yaoi...
ANYWAYS I won't let that stop me!
Enjoy this fully plot chapter bc I was angsty for having to write this on my school computer

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~~“Miss me, Suguru?” ~~

The grand meeting room was filled with an oppressive silence, the air heavy and still. It was as though time itself had paused.

The voice was unmistakable, yet impossible. Geto’s breath hitched, his eyes widening as his body froze mid-motion. Slowly, almost unwillingly, he turned toward the doorway.

There he stood.

Nanami Kento.

The room felt like it had dropped ten degrees, a collective chill sweeping over everyone as the impossible figure stepped forward. He looked almost the same as he had all those years ago—sharp suit, impeccable posture—but his presence was off, wrong. His eyes were pits of nothingness, void of the calm determination that once defined him.

“No…” The word fell from Geto’s lips, barely audible.

He stumbled back, hitting the edge of the railing for support, his fingers gripping it so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

“No, no. You’re dead. You—this—this isn’t—”

“Isn’t what?” Nanami’s voice was cold, devoid of warmth.

He took another step forward, tilting his head slightly, the gesture almost mocking.

“What you expected? What you *wanted*?”

Gojo moved instinctively, placing himself in front of Geto like a shield. His expression was unreadable, but his clenched jaw and tight fists betrayed the storm brewing beneath his calm façade.

“Whoever you are, whatever this is,” he said, his voice low and dangerous, “you’re making a mistake.”

Nanami’s lips curled into a faint, humorless smile.

“Still so arrogant, Satoru. It’s almost comforting.”

Geto stepped forward, shoving past Gojo as though he hadn’t even registered his presence. His grief-stricken eyes locked onto Nanami’s face, searching desperately for something—anything—that could explain what he was seeing.

“How are you here?” he asked, his voice trembling with a mix of desperation and rage.

“What have they done to you?”

Nanami's hollow gaze met his, unblinking.

"Done to me?" He let out a soft, hollow chuckle.

"Nothing. This is me, *Suguru*. You of all people should understand."

"Don't lie to me!" Geto's voice cracked, the sound reverberating through the room.

His composure shattered as he stepped closer, his hands trembling.

"You would never—this isn't you! You're not—"

"Suguru." Gojo's voice cut through the chaos, firm and steady, yet lined with an uncharacteristic softness.

Geto whipped around, his eyes wild with emotion, ready to argue—but the look on Gojo's face stopped him.

When his back was turned, Nanami moved like a shadow, his blade flashing as he closed the distance between him and the Suguru. With a single, precise slash, he brought one of Geto's men to the ground. The man clutched his side, groaning in pain, as crimson began to stain the marble floor.

Gojo moved instantly, pulling a katana from one of the bleeding men, stepping between Nanami and Geto. His fist shot forward, colliding with Nanami's blade mid-swing. The sound of metal screeching against metal filled the air as sparks flew.

"Geto!" Gojo shouted without looking back. "Get your people out of here! *Now*!"

Geto stood frozen, his hands trembling as he tried to process the scene unfolding before him.

“No… this— he wouldn’t—”

“Suguru!” Gojo’s voice was sharp, cutting through Geto’s haze. “*Move!*”

But before Geto could react, Nanami’s blade lashed out again, this time aimed directly at Gojo.

Gojo barely dodged in time, his reflexes sharper than ever. He countered with a swift strike, aiming for Nanami’s midsection, but Nanami moved too fast, evading the blow with unnatural agility.

The two clashed violently, their movements a blur as they traded blows. The sound of their fight echoed through the room, growing louder with every strike.

Geto stood paralyzed, watching in horror as Nanami landed a glancing blow across Gojo’s arm. A thin line of blood appeared, but Gojo didn’t falter. He struck back harder, his movements fueled by a mix of frustration and determination.

“Geto, snap out of it!” Gojo yelled as he blocked another strike. “This isn’t the time to freeze!”

“ *I can’t,* ” Geto croaked, his voice trembling. His gaze remained locked on Nanami, his mind screaming at him to make sense of what he was seeing.

Gojo screamed, ducking under another swing and delivering a powerful punch to Nanami’s gut. The impact sent Nanami stumbling back, but he recovered too quickly, his blackened eyes glinting with something almost inhuman.

Nanami lunged again, this time toward another of Geto’s men. The man cried out as the blade cut across his shoulder, sending him sprawling to the ground. The sound snapped something in Geto, but instead of moving, he choked on a sob.

“Suguru, *look at his eyes!* ” Gojo shouted, his voice raw as he parried another strike.

“That’s not him! You know it’s not!”

Geto's gaze flickered to Nanami's face. For the first time, he truly saw the void in those blackened eyes—empty, soulless. They weren't Nanami's eyes. They couldn't be.

"It's not him," Gojo repeated, his voice quieter now, almost pleading.

"You know it, Suguru. You *know* ."

Geto's knees threatened to buckle as the weight of Gojo's words crashed down on him. His heart screamed in denial, but deep down, he knew. The man before them wasn't Nanami—not the man they had once trusted, fought beside, and mourned.

But knowing that only made it hurt so much more.

Just as he was about to make another swing on a mafia member, a distorted voice called from Nanami's ear.

"Fall back," the voice drawled, teasingly light but laced with authority.

"You've made enough of an impression. No need to overstay your welcome. *Oh*, and do be gentle with them—I still have plans."

Nanami froze, his demeanor completely shifted to one of a zombie. Without a word, he stepped back, his movements as silent as a predator retreating into the night. He turned, his blackened eyes lingering on Geto for one chilling moment, then disappeared into the shadows like a wraith, leaving nothing but a cold void in his absence.

For a moment, no one moved. The silence was deafening, broken only by the ragged breathing of the injured men sprawled across the floor.

Geto's knees wobbled before he caught himself, his trembling hands balling into fists. He stared at the spot where Nanami had stood, his face contorted in a mix of anguish and fury. Without warning, he turned and slammed his fist into the nearest wall. The impact echoed through the room, small cracks spidering out across the plaster.

"I froze," he muttered hoarsely, his voice barely audible over the pounding of his heart.

“I just stood there while he—”

He punched the wall again, harder this time, as though trying to punish himself for his inaction. His shoulders shook, barely holding back tears.

“Suguru.” Gojo’s voice was calm but firm, cutting through the thick tension.

He stepped forward, placing a steady hand around Geto’s shoulder, hushing him away from the crowd gathering in the grand entrance.

“We don’t have time for this. Falling apart now is exactly what Mahito wants. Pull yourself together.”

Geto flinched at the contact but didn’t shrug Gojo off. He turned his head slightly, his expression a storm of guilt and grief.

“He was right there, Satoru. It was him. It looked like him, it—”

“It wasn’t him,” Gojo interrupted sharply, his tone leaving no room for argument.

“You know it wasn’t. Not really. Mahito’s pulling strings, and Nanami’s just another piece on his board. But we’re not going to let him win, not like this.”

Geto closed his eyes, exhaling a shaky breath as he tried to steady himself. Gojo’s touch was a tether—something to hold onto in the swirling chaos of his emotions.

The muffled buzz of voices began to creep into the room from the hall. Gossip spread like wildfire, whispers of Nanami’s return and Mahito’s infiltration igniting a storm of panic among the mafia members.

“They’re all freaking out,” Gojo muttered, his hand dropping back to his side.

“Great. Just what we needed.”

“Of course they are,” Geto snapped, his voice bitter.

“Mahito sent a message, and they heard it loud and clear. He got in. He used Nanami—”

His voice cracked again, but he quickly clenched his jaw, forcing himself to stay composed.

Gojo stepped back, surveying the injured men scattered around the room.

“Get your people patched up and back on their feet. We need to regroup, fast. We don’t know if this was a distraction for something bigger.”

Geto nodded stiffly, his movements mechanical as he turned to bark orders to the remaining uninjured men. His usual commanding presence was dimmed, the weight of the encounter pressing heavily on his shoulders.

As they moved to address the fallout, the headquarters buzzed with unease. Members huddled in corners, their whispers carrying the same panicked questions.

“Nanami? Didn’t he die years ago?”

“If Mahito can bring him back, what else can he do?”

“Are we even safe here?”

Geto ignored the voices, his focus solely on keeping himself from crumbling any further. Gojo, however, turned to the collected group, his tone sharp but steady.

“Spread out. Check every entrance, every exit. If there’s any sign of another breach, report back immediately. And stop standing around like scared rabbits. Mahito thrives on fear—don’t give him the satisfaction.”

The murmurs died down as the orders were given, but the tension lingered like a thick fog. Gojo glanced back at Geto, his expression softening slightly.

“We’ll figure this out, Suguru. But we need you at your best right now.”

Geto met his gaze, his eyes dark with a mixture of anger and pain. He gave a single nod, though his hands were still trembling at his sides.

Gojo scanned the room, his sharp eyes settling on Choso, who was crouched near a wounded mafia member, hastily binding a bleeding arm with a strip of cloth. The brunette’s face was set in determination, his lips pressed into a thin line as he worked. Gojo’s gaze lingered for a moment before he called out.

“Choso! Over here.”

Choso’s head snapped up at the sound of his name. He glanced briefly at the man he was helping, then rose to his feet, brushing his hands on his pants as he approached. His posture was tense, and his expression betrayed a mix of unease and resolve.

“Yes sir?” Choso asked, his voice steady, though his gaze flickered nervously between Gojo and Geto. Gojo, sensing the tension, cut in smoothly.

“We need to talk. Now. Somewhere private.”

Choso hesitated, his eyes narrowing slightly.

“You’re trusting me to have a private conversation after everything that has happened?”

“You came here to talk. Didn't you?” Gojo asked bluntly. He gestured toward the door.

“Let’s go.”

The group moved into a smaller meeting room adjacent to the main hall, the heavy door closing behind them. The air inside felt heavier, the silence crackling with unspoken tension. Choso stood near the wall, arms crossed defensively, while Geto leaned against the table, still visibly unsettled. Yuji hovered near the doorway, his expression unreadable, and Megumi lingered just behind him, his eyes darting between Choso and Yuji with thinly veiled suspicion.

Geto was the first to speak, his tone icy.

“Why are you helping us, Choso? You were with Mahito. You’ve been with him for years. And now, *suddenly*, you’re on our side? Forgive me if I find that hard to believe.”

Choso’s jaw tightened, but he didn’t back down.

“I never wanted to hurt any of you,” he said quietly, his voice tinged with something akin to regret. His gaze shifted to Yuji, softening.

“Especially not you.”

Yuji flinched at the words, his eyes widening slightly.

“Choso…”

“You want to know why I’m here? Why I’m helping you now?”

Choso’s voice grew stronger, his gaze unwavering as he addressed the room.

“Because I can’t do this anymore. Not after seeing you at the warehouse, Yuji.”

Gojo's throat bobbed as he swallowed hard, but kept his voice stable.

“What do you mean?”

Choso hesitated, glancing briefly at Gojo before returning his focus to Yuji.

“We grew up together, remember? Like brothers.”

Yuji’s eyes filled with something unreadable—pain, longing, and confusion all at once.

“I remember.”

Choso nodded, his voice steady but heavy.

“When your family was taken to work for the mafia, everything fell apart. I hated them for taking you away from me. I hated *you* for leaving.”

He exhaled sharply, as if expelling years of bitterness.

“That’s why I joined Mahito. I thought… I thought maybe I could destroy the thing that took you from me.”

The room was silent, the weight of his confession settling over them like a thick fog.

“But when I saw you again,” Choso continued, his voice cracking slightly, “I couldn’t do it. I couldn’t hurt you, Yuji. And it made me realize that all this time, I’ve been on the wrong side.

Mahito doesn't care about anyone or anything. He's using us— using me—for his own twisted games. I don't want to be a part of it anymore."

Geto's eyes narrowed.

"And we're just supposed to believe you? How do we know you're not a double agent, feeding us lies to keep us off guard?"

Yuji let out a choked sob, drawing everyone's attention.

"He's telling the truth," he said, his voice trembling.

"He wouldn't lie about this."

Megumi's gaze shifted to Yuji, his expression possessive.

"And you're willing to stake all of our lives on that? On *him* ?"

"I trust him," Yuji said firmly, his tears streaking his face but his voice resolute.

"He saved us back at the warehouse. He didn't have to, but he did."

The dark haired men looked unconvinced, but before they could argue further, Gojo stepped in.

"He's already helped us this much," he said, his tone measured. "And right now, he's our only way in. We have to try."

Choso nodded, gratitude flashing across his face.

“I’ll prove it to you,” he said.

“Mahito’s been planning something big, and I know exactly what it is.”

The room tensed as he spoke his next words.

“He’s bought the rights to a mind-controlling drug. It’s called Kenjaku.”

Geto’s expression darkened.

“ What does it do?”

Choso hesitated, his gaze lowering briefly.

“It can possess bodies and make them work under one person’s control. He’s been keeping Nanami’s body in preservation for years, waiting for the right time to use him as a weapon. And now…”

He trailed off, the weight of his words sinking in.

“Now he’s unleashing it,” Gojo finished grimly.

The revelation hung in the air, suffocating and unrelenting. The group exchanged uneasy glances, the enormity of the situation settling over them like a storm cloud.

“Mahito’s army isn’t just loyal,” Choso said.

“They’re under his complete control. They don’t think. They don’t feel. They’ll kill anyone in their way without hesitation. If we’re going to stop him, we have to act fast.”

The room fell silent, the gravity of the situation rendering everyone speechless.

Finally, Geto straightened, his voice steely with resolve.

“Then we fight. But if you’re lying to us, Choso…”

He left the threat unspoken, his sharp glare finishing the sentence for him.

Choso met his gaze without flinching.

“I’m not lying.”

For now, they had no choice but to trust him. But as the tension in the room simmered, one thing was clear: this was only the beginning.

———-

The mafia headquarters were eerily quiet that night, carrying the weight of unspoken fears, looming threats, and bad memories for those who had known Nanami.

On the top floor of the building, where their luxurious suite overlooked the glimmering cityscape, Gojo and Geto met to discuss the next steps for the mafia; and perhaps for themselves.

The room was bathed in a soft amber glow from the floor lamps, casting long, shifting shadows that danced across the elegant furnishings. Geto stood by the window, his dark hair loose around his shoulders, catching the faint light like strands of silk. He was still wearing his button-up shirt from earlier, though it was untucked and carelessly unbuttoned halfway, revealing the strong lines of his collarbone and the faint shadow of a scar along his chest. His expression was calm but somber as he stared out at the city below, fingers absentmindedly toying with the edge of his sleeve.

Gojo, by contrast, was sprawled out on the plush sofa, one arm slung lazily over the backrest, the other holding a glass of scotch that he hadn't taken a sip from. His white hair was slightly disheveled, softer than usual, falling over his forehead in wispy strands that framed his impossibly sharp features. Even in the dim light, his crystalline blue eyes seemed to glow, a stark contrast to the troubled frown tugging at his lips.

They had been going over details about Kenjaku—the drug that now threatened to dismantle everything they had built. The conversation had started analytical, tactical even, but as the minutes ticked by, the weight of their reality began to press down on them both.

Gojo finally broke the silence, setting his untouched glass on the coffee table.

"I don't know how much longer we can keep this up," he admitted, his voice low and uncharacteristically vulnerable.

"Suguru… this drug… this whole plan of Mahito's… It's bigger than anything we've ever dealt with. It shouldn't even be possible. And now Nanami…" He trailed off, his fingers tightening into a fist.

Geto turned from the window, his dark eyes meeting Gojo's with a steadiness that was both grounding and heartbreaking.

"We'll handle it," he said softly, crossing the room to sit beside him.

The sofa dipped slightly under his weight, and his presence was warm, steadying.

"We've faced impossible odds before, Satoru. We'll figure this out. Together."

Gojo let out a shaky breath, leaning back against the sofa and letting his head fall to the side so he could look at Geto properly.

"I can't lose you, love," he said, the words tumbling out in a broken whisper.

“I can’t. Not again.”

Geto’s heart clenched at the raw desperation in Gojo’s voice. He reached out, brushing a hand through Gojo’s soft hair, letting his fingers linger against his temple.

“You won’t lose me,” he murmured, his voice steady but filled with quiet conviction.

“I’m right here. I’ll always be right here.”

Gojo closed his eyes at the touch, leaning into it as though it were the only thing tethering him to the ground.

“You say that, but I’ve seen what happens when people we care about get caught in this mess. They never make it out, Suguru. They never…”

His voice cracked, and he trailed off, unable to finish the thought.

Geto shifted closer, pulling Gojo into his arms. The taller man folded into him without resistance, burying his face in Geto’s shoulder as if trying to escape the world outside. Geto’s hand stroked down his back in soothing motions, his other hand still tangled gently in Gojo’s hair.

“You’re not going to lose me,” Geto said again, his voice firmer now.

“Not to Mahito, not to this drug, not to anything. You and me, Satoru—we’re going to see this through. I promise.”

Gojo pulled back just enough to look at him, his luminous eyes searching Geto’s face for reassurance. The sight of him like this—so vulnerable, so human—made Geto’s chest ache. He cupped Gojo’s face in his hands, his thumbs brushing lightly against his cheekbones.

“You’re stuck with me, baby,” Geto said softly, a faint, teasing smile breaking through the seriousness of his tone.

“No matter how bad things get.”

For the first time that night, Gojo let out a small, breathy laugh. It wasn’t much, but it was enough.

“I feel like a mess,” he said, his voice quieter now, calmer.

“That’s because you *are* a mess,” Geto replied, pressing a light kiss to Gojo’s temple.

They stayed like that for a while, holding each other in the quiet room, the world outside feeling a little less heavy in that moment. Eventually, they made their way to the bed, too drained to care about anything else.

Gojo slid under the covers first, his pale skin catching the faint glow of the city lights streaming through the window. Geto followed, settling beside him and pulling the blanket over them both. Gojo immediately curled into him, resting his head against Geto’s chest, and Geto wrapped an arm around his waist, holding him close.

As they lay there, their breaths falling into a slow, synchronized rhythm, Gojo whispered one last thing.

“ *Don’t let go.* ”

“Never,” Geto murmured, pressing his lips once more to the top of Gojo’s head.

The morning sun cast long, golden streaks across the meeting room, but its warmth did little to dissolve the tension.

Gathered around the heavy oak table were the rebels: Yuji, Megumi, Nobara, and Choso—along with Geto and Sukuna, each of them looking weary but determined. The air was thick with unease, the weight of Nanami's reappearance and Mahito's looming threat pressing heavily on their shoulders.

Gojo entered last, his signature smirk in place, though it didn't reach his eyes. He slouched into a chair beside Geto, casually spinning a pen between his fingers and drawing cute faces on his "notes" papers.

Geto sat stiffly, his fingers laced together on the table, avoiding Gojo's gaze entirely.

"Alright," Sukuna began, his tone laced with sarcasm.

"Since our fearless leaders are both here—though one seems more interested in doodling than strategizing—how are we tackling this little apocalypse Mahito has planned?"

"Choso already gave us the key," Nobara said, gesturing to the quiet man sitting a little apart from the group.

"The Kenjaku drug. If Mahito's army is using it to possess bodies, we need to figure out a way to neutralize it. Or at least keep it from spreading further."

Megumi nodded, his arms crossed.

"But we can't just storm his operations blindly. We need intel—something more concrete than Choso's warnings."

"That's where I come in," Gojo said, finally snapping to attention.

"We know Mahito likes to flaunt his power. He's going to have another display soon, maybe something to bait us out. We can use that to our advantage."

"You mean walk straight into his trap?" Geto asked sharply, finally breaking his silence.

Gojo shrugged, his tone breezy.

“It wouldn’t be the first time. We’ve handled worse, Suguru.”

Geto’s jaw tightened, and his eyes flicked to Gojo.

“This isn’t some petty skirmish, Satoru. If we don’t approach this with caution, people will die. Do you even care about that?”

Gojo’s smirk vanished, replaced by a cold edge.

“Don’t act like I don’t care. I’m the one who—”

“Enough!” Sukuna interrupted, slamming a hand on the table. “Save your marital issues for later. We have a damn war to plan.”

The group fell into awkward silence, Yuji raising his eyebrow to Nobara.

“Look,” Choso said softly, breaking the tension. “Mahito is unpredictable, but he’s also arrogant. We have to use that against him. If we can find a way to cut off his access to Kenjaku—maybe hit one of his labs—we’ll have a chance to level the playing field.”

Geto nodded stiffly but didn’t look at Gojo.

“Fine. We’ll gather what intel we can and strike strategically. No reckless heroics.” His words were pointed, aimed directly at Gojo.

“Whatever you say, boss,” Gojo muttered under his breath, leaning back in his chair.

The meeting continued, but there was still childish tension between the two leaders .

It started with a stupid comment.

Geto had been stressed, the weight of the mafia, Mahito's looming plans, and Nanami's reappearance all pressing down on him like a vice.

Suguru sat at his desk, trying to strategize despite his frustration as Gojo, lounging casually in the corner of the planning room, was still twirling that same pen between his fingers.

"You know, Suguru," he started, his tone light and teasing, "if you keep furrowing your brows like that, your face is going to stick that way. Very intimidating for enemies, but terrible for selfies."

Geto didn't look up, his own pen scratching furiously across a document. His jaw tightened, and when he spoke, his voice was low and sharp.

"Can you shut the *fuck* up, Satoru?"

Gojo blinked, momentarily taken aback, but then his smirk returned, wider than before.

"Woah, woah, woah, where did all that come from? Is my little mafia boss angry?"

He pouted his lips as he spoke in a baby voice Suguru hated, putting a hand to his chest in mock concern.

Geto slammed his pen down and shot up from his chair, glaring at Gojo with a fury that could have melted steel.

" *Angry* ? Angry doesn't even begin to cover it," he snapped.

"Do you have any idea what it's like? All I do is work my ass off every single day—planning, strategizing, trying to save the futures of *both* of us—and all you do is sit around and joke! *Damn it* Satoru, you never take anything seriously! Just go back to your pampered suite. Maybe it'll remind you of what you're actually good for."

"What are you *talking* about, Suguru?" Gojo barked back, his voice harsh and almost a yell.

"I mean, I don't even know what you're doing in my office this late at night when you're not doing anything but trying to distract me. I'm working here to protect *us* and you can't even sit pretty for one minute."

Gojo straightened, his relaxed posture vanishing as his jaw tightened.

"Is that what you think I am?" he scoffed, his voice dangerously quiet.

"Just your pretty little housewife? Someone to look cute and stay out of your way while you handle all the '*real work*'?"

Geto exhaled sharply, his expression unreadable.

"No- I'm sorry-Satoru, just leave it—"

" *No* , I'm not leaving it!" Gojo snapped, his voice rising as he stepped closer.

"You think I'm some kind of decoration? That I just stand around while you single-handedly save the world? You're delusional, Suguru. I've been fighting alongside you from the beginning, but apparently, none of that matters to you."

"Fighting?" Geto shot back, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "What fighting? You don't take anything seriously. You treat this like some kind of game, while I'm out here sacrificing everything to keep us alive."

Gojo let out a cold laugh, the sound devoid of humor.

"Sacrificing everything? Don’t make me laugh. You’re not the only one who’s lost something, Suguru. You’re not the only one carrying the weight of this fight. But sure, keep pretending you’re the only one who matters. Keep treating me like I’m just... there."

Geto’s hands clenched into fists at his sides.

"If you don’t like it, then stay out of it. Let me do what needs to be done. I told you already just go back to your princess suite."

Gojo scoffed, the anger in his expression cutting through the room like ice.

"You want me to leave, Suguru? *Fine* . Maybe I will."

" *Fine* ," Geto snapped, his voice cold. "Maybe you should."

"Fine!" Gojo shouted, his blue eyes blazing.

"Fine!" Geto roared back at the same time, their voices overlapping in a storm of anger.

They stared at each other for a moment, both breathing heavily, the air between them thick with tension.

" *Fine* ," Gojo muttered again, his voice quieter but no less cutting.

He turned on his heel and stormed out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

Left alone in the now-silent room, Geto sank back into his chair, his hands shaking as he buried his face in them.

Outside the office, Gojo stopped halfway down the hall, leaning against the wall and running a hand through his hair as he tried to steady his breathing. Neither of them moved to bridge the distance, both too proud—and too hurt—to make the first move.

Over the next few days, the headquarters was a whirlwind of activity. Plans were drawn, weapons were prepared, and every member of the mafia was on high alert.

Despite the chaos, one thing remained constant: Geto and Gojo didn’t speak to each other.

Geto threw himself into the planning, spending long hours strategizing with Sukuna and Choso. He was focused, efficient, but his usual sharp wit was dulled, replaced by a quiet frustration.

Gojo, on the other hand, masked his hurt with jokes and a carefree attitude, though his usual charm lacked its spark. He avoided the strategy rooms, spending most of his time training with Yuji and Nobara, his laughter never quite reaching his eyes.

"Is it just me, or does Gojo seem...*off* lately?" Yuji asked, breaking the silence.

He had been leaned against the wall of the training room, idly tossing a knife between his hands. His usual grin was subdued, his eyes darting toward the doorway to make sure no one was listening.

Nobara snorted, adjusting the strap of her weapon harness.

"Took you long enough to notice. He’s been acting weird for days now. His jokes aren’t landing, and don’t get me *started* on that fake smile."

Megumi sat cross-legged on the floor, his arms resting on his knees. He tilted his head, staring at the ground as if deep in thought.

"It’s not just his smile. Have you seen his face when he’s near Geto?"

Yuji frowned.

"No? What about it?"

Megumi leaned back, folding his arms.

"It’s like night and day. He’ll be joking or smiling, and then the second he’s around Geto, his face just...drops. Goes cold. Like he’s not feeling anything at all."

Nobara raised an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued.

"You’re saying the vibes are off between them?"

"The vibes are obliterated," Megumi said bluntly.

Yuji nodded slowly, catching the knife one last time and holding it still.

"I mean, yeah, I guess I’ve noticed they’re not talking much. But maybe they’re just stressed? We’ve got a lot going on, with Mahito and all the chaos."

Nobara rolled her eyes.

"Please. Those two don’t do ‘stressed.’ They argue like an old couple, sure, but it’s usually over in five minutes. This? This feels...different."

"Way different," Megumi agreed. He glanced at Yuji. "And don’t act like you haven’t noticed. You’ve been just as weird about it."

Yuji flushed, scratching the back of his head.

"Okay, fine! It’s just—seeing Gojo like this is weird, alright? He’s always so...together. Confident. And now, he just seems—"

"Heartbroken," Nobara finished for him.

Her voice was quieter than usual, her teasing tone gone.

Megumi gave a small nod.

"Yeah. And Geto doesn’t seem any better."

"Why do you think they’re fighting?" Yuji asked.

Nobara smirked, leaning closer as if sharing a secret.

"My money’s on something stupid. With those two, it’s always dramatic. Like maybe Gojo forgot to take his shoes off in Geto’s office or something, and now it’s a full-blown Cold War."

"That’s ridiculous," Megumi muttered, though a ghost of a smile crossed his face.

"Hey, you don’t know!" Nobara shot back, crossing her arms.

"You weren't there when Gojo literally argued with a mirror for an hour because it ' *didn't respect his best angle* .'"

Yuji snickered, but his expression sobered quickly.

"Whatever it is, it's messing with both of them. And honestly? It's messing with us, too. It's like the whole headquarters feels...wrong."

Nobara sighed, her humor fading.

"You think they'll fix it?"

Megumi hesitated before answering, his gaze distant.

"I don't know. But if they don't, we're all in trouble."

The three of them fell silent, the weight of their leaders' fractured dynamic pressing down on them. Even without saying it aloud, they all felt the same thing: if Gojo and Geto couldn't get back on the same page, the entire rebellion could crumble before their eyes.

It had been four day after Nanami's shocking appearance. Three days since the two stopped talking. And the headquarters was unusually quiet.

Most of the members had retired for the night, the weight of the impending battle heavy on their minds.

Geto sat alone in the kitchen, staring at a small box in front of him. Inside was a simple strawberry cake, its frosting messily decorated with the words *I'm sorry I was an idiot* .

He had spent an hour debating whether or not to make the gesture, but the gnawing guilt in his chest wouldn't let him ignore it any longer.

With a deep breath, he picked up the box and made his way to Gojo's suite. The halls were dimly lit, the silence broken only by the faint hum of the building's systems. As he reached Gojo's door, he hesitated for a moment before pushing it open. He slowly peeked his head in as he whispered gently,

" *Satorou* ?"

What he saw made the box slip from his hands, the cake splattering across the floor.

Gojo was on the bed, his body convulsing violently, his limbs thrashing as if fighting against an invisible force. His normally vibrant eyes were wide with terror, flickering between clarity and something darker, his breaths coming in ragged, shallow gasps.

Geto's eyes darted to the balcony door. The glass was pushed open, leaving the bitter wind to blow the curtains in along with the cold.

Someone had been here. Someone had done this.

He spotted it then—a syringe, glinting mockingly on the floor near the bed.

"No," he breathed, his voice breaking.

"No, no, no. Satoru!"

He rushed to the bed, practically climbing onto Gojo, ripping the comforter from his flailing body. His hands trembled as he tried to steady Gojo's thrashing.

"Satoru, *baby*, look at me! Satoru! I'm here!"

A cold, mocking laugh filled the room.

Geto's head snapped up, his blood running ice cold. The sound wasn't coming from anywhere near—it was distant yet chillingly close, echoing from somewhere in the walls.

Mahito's voice, smooth and dripping with cruelty, spilled into the room, amplified by hidden speakers.

"Oh, Suguru," he cooed, the smugness in his tone unbearable.

"How sweet of you to rush to his side. But I'm afraid you're too late."

Geto's eyes darted around the room, scanning for the source, his teeth gritted in fury.

"Where are you?!" he roared, his voice shaking.

Mahito chuckled, his laughter a dagger twisting deeper into Geto's chest.

"Let's not worry about where I am, hmm? Let's focus on *him* ."

Geto's grip on Gojo tightened as he looked back down at him. Gojo's thrashing had slowed slightly, but his breathing was still erratic, his face contorted in pain.

" *Stop it!* " Geto shouted, his voice raw.

"Stop whatever you've done to him!"

Mahito sighed theatrically, as if Geto's pleas were nothing more than a mild inconvenience.

“There’s nothing you can do now, Suguru,” he said, his tone sickeningly gentle.

“The drug is already coursing through his veins. Every second you waste yelling at me, it’s taking hold of him. *He’s already mine*.”

Geto’s chest heaved as the words hit him like a sledgehammer. His vision blurred, but he didn’t know if it was from rage or despair.

“ *Shut up!* ” he shouted, his voice cracking under the weight of his desperation.

“You don’t own him! You’ll never—”

“Oh, but I do,” Mahito interrupted, his voice turning cold.

“Soon, the man you love will be just another tool for me to play with. A puppet to dance at my whim. And you? You’ll be left with nothing but the memories.”

The wind howled through the shattered balcony door, sending another gust of cold air into the room as Mahito’s words settled like poison.

“Ooh, I can't wait for him to destroy you!” Mahito added, his voice trailing off into laughter.

And then, silence. The speakers cut out, leaving only the sound of Gojo’s strained breaths and the eerie rustling of the curtains.

Then, like a dam breaking, a scream tore from his throat.

It wasn’t a shout of rage, nor a command, but a raw, guttural cry of anguish that echoed through the room, shaking the walls and reverberating down the halls. It was the sound of a man utterly broken, of a soul cracking apart as his worst fear unfolded right before his eyes.

His voice shattering into sobs, his chest heaving as he clung to Gojo. He buried his face into the crook of Gojo's neck, his tears soaking into the sweat-slicked skin, his shoulders trembling with the weight of all the things he hadn't said.

The door to the room creaked open hesitantly.

" *Sensei* ?"

Yuji's voice was cautious, uncertain, as he peeked inside, followed closely by Nobara and Megumi.

The trio stepped into the suite, their initial concern quickly replaced by unease as they took in the scene. The glass shards scattered across the floor, the curtains blowing wildly in the cold night air, the rumpled sheets beneath Gojo's limp form—and Geto, their composed, indomitable leader, reduced to a trembling mess.

" *Gojo … is everything okay* ?" Yuji asked again, his tone softer, his gaze flicking to the cake toppled on the floor, its frosting smeared into a careless streak.

Nobara stepped forward cautiously, exchanging a wary glance with her partners.

"Suguru-sensei," she said gently, unsure of how to address him. "What's happening?"

Geto didn't look at her. His gaze was locked on Gojo, his trembling hands hovering over him like he didn't know whether to hold him or let go.

"They got him," he whispered, his voice breaking.

"That bastard Mahito—he…" His words faltered, his throat tightening as the weight of it all crushed him.

“Kenjaku,” Megumi interrupted, his voice quiet but certain.

The name lingered in the air, heavy and damning. Geto froze, his head turning slightly toward Megumi, as though startled by the clarity of the assessment.

Megumi’s sharp eyes swept over the room—the shattered balcony door, the syringe glinting ominously on the floor, the damp sheets clinging to Gojo’s convulsing body.

“He used his zombies as a pawn, didn’t he? The broken door suggests an intruder, someone skilled enough to breach this place without raising alarms. Then there’s the syringe. They injected him with something, probably the very drug designed to corrupt from the inside out, to strip him of who he is. That’s what Kenjaku does. It turns people into tools for Mahito's agenda.”

The air in the room felt electric, charged with the weight of Megumi’s words. He looked back at Geto, his expression conflicted—equal parts understanding and determination. Their eyes locked and it felt as though a thick fog had been lifted.

“You don’t have to say it. I see it.”

Geto’s shoulders trembled, his head bowing slightly as though Megumi’s insight had cut through the chaos in his mind.

Yuji furrowed his brows.

“Okay, but what does that mean? He’s right here—what happens now?”

Megumi’s frown deepened, his expression shadowed with memories of his own losses, his own fears, and the fact that once again, he didn't know what to do.

Geto didn’t answer either, his silence confirming everyone's worst fears.

Nobara crossed her arms, her gaze firm on Gojo's limp body.

“Tell us what it is so we can figure out how to help.”

“It’s not your fight!” Geto snapped, finally speaking up.

He turned back toward the bed, his hands trembling as he touched Gojo’s sweat-drenched hair. His voice dropped, barely audible.

“It’s mine.”

Yuji blinked, exchanging a confused glance with Nobara. Megumi’s frown deepened, his mind racing with questions he didn’t dare ask.

“ *Sensei* ,” Nobara said carefully, her tone softer now.

“If you don’t tell us what’s going on, how are we supposed to help? You can’t do this alone.”

“I already tried not doing this alone,” Geto muttered bitterly, his hand clenching the bed frame.

“And look where it got him.”

A heavy silence filled the room, broken only by Gojo’s strained breaths and the eerie rustling of the curtains.

Megumi finally stepped forward, his voice quiet but firm.

“I can't believe I'm saying this to the mafia, but... let us help. We’re not going anywhere, no matter how much you push us away.”

Geto’s eyes flickered with something fragile, his face a portrait of grief and guilt. For a moment, it looked like he might argue— but instead, he exhaled shakily, his shoulders slumping.

"Fine. Get some rest. We can discuss this in the morning."

--

The Rebels hesitated, glancing at each other before reluctantly filing out. Nobara cast one last worried glance over her shoulder, but Megumi nudged her forward, his expression unreadable.

When the door clicked shut behind them, the room fell into a silence that was deafening in its weight. He turned back to the bed only to find it empty.

He was gone. Gojo was gone.

Geto sat there for a long moment, staring at the broken glass on the floor, the moonlight pooling in cold patches across the room.

The sheets were still messy from where Satoru had lain, damp with the lingering warmth of his body. Suguru’s hand reached out to touch them, but he stopped short, his fingers trembling. He pulled them back and sank to his knees beside the bed instead, his breath hitching as memories surged unbidden.

He remained there, trying to grasp what was left of his lover's scent for what felt like an eternity, the world around him silent save for the echo of memories clawing at his mind. Eventually, he pushed himself to stand, his knees almost buckling under the weight of grief.

The far end of the room caught his eye—their door. Once a symbol of shared intimacy, now an empty threshold to a life he could barely believe was slipping through his fingers.

With slow, deliberate steps, he moved toward it, his breaths uneven, each one dredging up fragments of what had been. He could see it so clearly—Gojo leaning against the frame, his mischievous grin softening into a look meant only for him. The teasing quips, the whispered plans for a life beyond all this... Suguru paused, his hand brushing the doorframe.

As he looked around, the room seemed alive with visions of their past. In the corner, he could almost see himself hunched over papers, Gojo sprawled across the bed, making a mess of their shared space. The faintest trace of their laughter lingered in the air, as if the walls refused to forget.

He blinked, and there they were—phantoms of a better time, moving around him as though mocking the hollow silence that had replaced them.

A memory flooded back as he glanced back to the bed.

~~"You're doing so much for me, Satoru. More than I deserve."

"Stop that." Satoru's voice was firm, but there was no harshness in it.

He reached up, tucking a strand of Suguru's hair behind his ear. His touch lingered, his hand resting lightly against Suguru's cheek.

"You deserve everything. And I'll keep reminding you of that until you believe it."

Suguru closed his eyes, leaning into the touch. For a moment, they just stayed like that—no words, no movement, just the quiet, steady rhythm of their breaths mingling in the stillness.

When Suguru opened his eyes again, they were softer, the walls he so carefully built around himself crumbling ever so slightly.

"You're too good to me," he murmured, his voice barely audible.

Satoru smiled gently as he leaned in, giving Suguru plenty of time to pull away if he wanted to. But he didn't. His eyes were fixed on Satoru's, his breath hitching as the distance between them disappeared.

Their lips met in a kiss that was soft, slow, and achingly tender. It wasn't rushed or heated—it was steady, like the promise they'd always held between them. Satoru's hand slid into Suguru's hair, cradling the back of his head, while Suguru's hands found their way to Satoru's shoulders, grounding himself in the touch.

When they finally broke apart, Satoru rested his forehead against Suguru's, his eyes fluttering closed.

“There's nothing you could ever do to make me stop loving you,” he whispered, the words carrying a weight that went beyond the moment.

"I love you too, Satoru. Don't ever leave. Okay?"

Satoru's breath hitched, his fingers curling tightly against Suguru's firm chest.

"Okay." ~~

Geto smiled, tears pooling in his eyes as he turned towards the desk.

~~ And there he sat. Hair tied back, his expression a mixture of irritation and focus as he scribbled on some important papers.

He really was always working.

Always shouldering the weight of the world, always planning, always thinking ten steps ahead. Always trying to do it alone. ~~

Suguru smiled softly, the kind that didn’t quite reach his eyes. Satoru always said he worked too hard, but there was something comforting in that scene. Seeing him so true to life, even if it was just a memory.

He saw Satoru behind him, his grin widening as he prepared to make a joke. God, Suguru missed that smile. That laugh. That face.

But instead of the warmth he longed for, the scene was the one thing he didn’t want to see again.

“You know, Suguru,” Satoru started, his tone light and teasing as always, “if you keep furrowing your brows like that, your face is going to stick that way. Very intimidating for enemies, but terrible for selfies.”

But he didn't look up, his pen still scratching furiously across the document. When he spoke, his voice was cold, low, and sharp.

" Can you shut the fuck *up, Satoru?"*

The words were a knife, one he didn't realize had been poised to strike.

The memory wavered, the edges growing blurry, but the feeling of it—the sting, the anger, the hurt—was as vivid as ever. He tried to turn, but the pain held him in place.

"You want me to leave, Suguru?" Gojo's voice cracked slightly, anger sharp enough to wound.

"Fine. Maybe I will."

"Fine," Geto snapped, his tone colder than ice. "Maybe you should." ~~

No. No. NO! Suguru's present self tried to scream. He surged toward his past, clawing desperately at the image of himself, at his own robe, as if he could reach through the memory and change its course. His hands passed through nothing but air.

~~*"Fine," Gojo muttered, quieter now, but no less cutting.*

"Fine," Geto echoed, his voice low and heavy, like the weight of a coffin lid closing.

Gojo turned sharply on his heel, his retreat swift and unforgiving. The door slammed behind him with a thunderous crack that echoed through the room, reverberating like a gunshot. Suguru's ears rang in the silence that followed, every second stretching into eternity. ~~

" Please."

Suguru sank to his knees, his lips trembling as he whsipered out the words that had been trapped in his throat that night, unspoken and suffocating.

“ *Come back* ,” he croaked, his voice breaking, his soul bleeding with regret.

"Please... *come back* ."

Suguru stumbled toward the bed, grabbing the bottle of whiskey from the counter, his legs trembling beneath the weight of his memories.

The sheets were still rumpled from where Satoru had last lain, the faintest trace of his familiar cologne lingering in the air. It was a cruel echo of what once was, a haunting reminder of nights spent tangled together in the quiet comfort of each other’s arms.

He sank onto the mattress, his hands gripping the fabric like a lifeline. The bed felt impossibly empty, a chasm of absence where his lover should have been. His fingertips ghosted over the pillow, as though touching it might summon Satoru back, might undo the nightmare his life had become.

The memories hit him like a tidal wave, dragging him under.

He could see it—see *them*.

Laughter bubbling in the dim light of their room, stolen kisses pressed against whispered promises of forever.

"Don’t ever leave me, Satoru."

"Never, Suguru. I promise."

He buried his face in his hands, the tears falling freely now.

Sobs wracked his body, raw and uncontrollable. He clutched at the sheets, pulling them close as though he could will them to fill the void. His breathing was jagged, breaking with each exhale. The world blurred around him, the ache in his chest swelling until it consumed him whole.

He laid back, dowing the bottle in gulps as whiskey dripped down his chin. His tears dampened the fabric as he stared at the ceiling, haunted by the ghost of Satoru's voice, the echo of his laughter. His mind conjured a vision—Satoru lying beside him, white hair messy against the pillow, that mischievous grin softening into something tender as he whispered,

" *I love you."*

But when Suguru reached out, his fingers closed around nothing but cold, empty air.

"I didn't even say sorry," he choked out, his voice faltering in the silence as he struggled to stay awake. "I didn't get to tell you I love you... *one. last. time* ."

His body curled into itself, clutching the sheets, trying to make up for the absence of the man they once held. The weight of his guilt was unbearable, suffocating, as he lay there in the dark, the only sound his quiet, broken cries.

Chapter End Notes

SORRY for ending it on sadness :,(
I was so depressed writing this lmao and this felt like a natural place to stop idk
Chapter 8 still getting posted this weekend as always so enjoy 2 chapters this week!!

Finding Love

Chapter Notes

um yeah I had no idea what to title this chapter...
Because of last weeks decision to write fully plot, I was forced yet again to settle that so I can finally get back to the good stuff next week
omg but
I wrote this in class lmao (i'm getting too comfortable with this)... But it's okayyyy because I actually posted a day early like... who am I

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first rays of sunlight filtered through the curtains, cutting through the dim, cluttered room like blades.

Geto stirred, his body sluggish, his mind wrapped in a foggy haze that refused to lift. A deep ache radiated from his temples, the telltale punishment of last night's overindulgence. His throat felt parched, raw from the hours he had spent crying and the bitter burn of alcohol that had done nothing to numb the pain.

He sat up slowly, his raven-black hair spilling over his shoulders in elegant disarray, its strands catching the sunlight like threads of obsidian. His pale skin seemed to glow against the dark fabric of the sheets, a stark contrast to the storm of emotions raging within him.

Dark circles framed his almond-shaped eyes, making their deep brown irises seem even darker, more haunted.

The sheets tangled around his waist bore faint traces of Satoru's scent—clean and sharp, like a winter morning. It clung to the fabric like a cruel ghost, taunting him with memories of nights spent wrapped in each other's arms.

He clenched the material in his fists, his knuckles turning white, as if by holding on tightly enough, he could summon Satoru back.

The night before was a blur of broken glass and shattered resolve. He remembered laying back in the bed, downing a half empty bottle of champagne, staring at the empty space beside him as the liquid ran down his face. Every swallow had burned from screaming, each one a futile attempt to sear away the image of Satoru's face from his mind.

It hadn't worked.

He ran a trembling hand through his hair, pushing it back from his face. In the light of day, he could see the wreckage of the room. A knocked-over chair. The shattered remains of the glass he had hurled against the wall in anger.

And on the nightstand, sat Satoru's *stupid* round sunglasses.

The glasses that once framed his chiseled face. The same glasses that failed to hide the spark in Satoru's bright blue eyes.

His fingers ghosted over the rims and a bitter laugh escaped his lips—one that quickly turned into a sob he could no longer suppress. He buried his face in his hands, his shoulders shaking as the weight of everything came crashing down once again.

" *I'm sorry, Satoru* ," he whispered into the silence, his voice raw and broken.

"I should've—" His words faltered, the lump in his throat too thick to overcome.

He shook his head and took a steadying breath.

"I'll find you Satoru. I'd go through *Hell* before letting you go."

The morning sunlight grew brighter, indifferent to the agony consuming him.

To anyone else, Geto would have looked ethereal—a tragic figure carved from porcelain, sitting amidst the ruins of a love now lost.

But to him, the beauty meant nothing.

All he saw was emptiness.

Geto dragged himself out of the bed, his movements slow and deliberate, as if the weight of his grief made the air around him heavier. He stumbled to the bathroom, gripping the edge of the sink for support as he caught his reflection in the mirror.

His eyes, bloodshot and rimmed with dark shadows, stared back at him, hollow and unrecognizable. For a moment, he could almost hear Satoru's voice—soft and teasing, calling him dramatic for brooding like this. But the thought only deepened the ache in his chest.

The water that splashed over his face was cold, jarring him into the present.

He gritted his teeth. *He couldn't afford to wallow in this pit of despair.*

Not when Satoru needed him.

His gaze fell to the sink, where droplets of water sparkled like diamonds under the sunlight. They reminded him, painfully so, of Satoru's eyes—brilliant and impossibly blue, like the clearest sky after a storm. He could still see the way those eyes softened, filled with mischief and affection, every time they met his.

But it wasn't just his eyes. The glint of the droplets stirred a memory of the diamond-infused wedding band he'd once slipped onto Satoru's finger. A symbol of a love he'd promised would last forever. It had been his idea, a rare moment of indulgence, to embed tiny diamonds along the band's edge to mimic the brilliance of Satoru's gaze.

"Because nothing shines brighter than you," he'd whispered that day, his voice trembling with uncharacteristic emotion.

Satoru had laughed, a sound so full of joy it still echoed in Suguru's chest.

"Cheesy as hell," he'd teased, but his cheeks had flushed as he slid the ring onto his finger, his smile brighter than the diamonds.

Now, the thought of that ring—of Satoru's hand reaching for his—was like a knife twisting in his gut. His fists clenched against the sink.

“I’ll get you back,” he whispered, his voice barely audible over the drip of the faucet.

He lifted his head again, his reflection in the mirror hardening into something determined, unyielding. The Suguru who once let despair paralyze him was gone. In his place stood a man ready to burn the world to the ground if it meant bringing Satoru home.

The van’s interior was dim, the only light coming from a flickering bulb overhead, casting shifting shadows across the confined space. Amidst the darkness, Satoru sat slumped against the metal wall, bound and gagged, yet impossibly Gojo.

Even restrained, his presence was magnetic. His silver hair, fell in soft, disheveled strands over his forehead, catching the faint light like molten starlight. His porcelain skin, flawless and pale, seemed to glow faintly, a stark contrast to the deep black of his dress pants and the void in his eyes of the drug Mahito had forced upon him.

His lips, plush and pale pink, were slightly parted behind the gag, his breathing steady but shallow. Sweat clung to his temples, catching the dim light like the sparkle of the first snow. His long lashes fluttered faintly, giving the illusion of life and defiance, even though his gaze was vacant.

Despite the grime of the van and the bruises blooming faintly across his cheekbone and jaw, he was beautiful.

Mahito turned from the passenger seat, his mismatched eyes gleaming with twisted amusement.

“Well, well,” he drawled, dragging his gaze over Gojo like an artist admiring their masterpiece.

“Who would’ve thought the mighty Satoru Gojo could look so... *docile* ?”

He crouched down, his grin widening as he tilted his head, examining his prize.

“You know, they called you untouchable. The strongest. But look at you now.”

He reached out, his pale, clawed fingers brushing over Gojo’s cheek.

“Bound, drugged, helpless.”

He laughed softly, the sound grating and musical.

Gojo didn’t respond, his head lolling slightly as the van hit a bump. His hair shifted, catching the light again, and Mahito let out a low whistle.

“You’re wasted on them, you know that? A face like this?”

Mahito’s voice dropped, mocking.

“You were meant for so much more than fighting their battles. Look at you. You’re practically glowing, even in this filth. It’s almost unfair.”

He leaned closer, his grin darkening.

“But don’t worry, *Satoru* . I’ll make sure they all see. The world will know how easily the ‘untouchable’ fell. And they’ll know just how beautiful you looked doing it.”

Geto’s office was filled with low murmurs and the faint rustle of papers. A map of Mahito’s suspected lair was spread out across the table, corners pinned down by empty mugs and stray bullets. The rebels stood around it, their expressions a mix of determination and unease.

Choso leaned over the map, tracing a potential route with a gloved finger.

“If we hit them here, it’ll draw attention to the east. That should give us enough of a window to breach this entry point undetected.”

“Assuming his guards don’t notice,” Nobara cut in, arms crossed tightly over her chest.

Her sharp eyes flicked toward Geto, who stood at the head of the table, silent and brooding.

Megumi exchanged a glance with Yuji, tension evident in the slight furrow of his brow.

“It’s risky,” Megumi said, his voice measured.

“But it’s our best shot.”

Sukuna, lounging casually against the wall, smirked.

“Risk is part of the job, brat. If you can’t handle it, maybe you should sit this one out.”

“Enough,” Geto’s voice cut through the room like a blade, low and commanding.

Everyone fell silent, their gazes snapping to him. His dark eyes, shadowed with exhaustion, swept over the group.

“We move forward with Choso’s plan. No distractions, no hesitation.”

Though no one dared to voice it, a shared skepticism lingered in the air. Geto’s composure was a fragile facade, and they all knew it. But none of them were brave—or foolish—enough to question him outright.

As the others returned to poring over the map, Sukuna pushed off the wall and approached Geto.

“Take a walk with me,” he muttered, his tone unusually soft.

Geto frowned but didn’t protest as Sukuna led him out of the room and into the adjacent hallway. The noise of the strategy session faded, replaced by the faint click of computers and the soft shuffle of walking feet.

Sukuna stopped and turned to face him, his usual cocky smirk replaced by something quieter, almost solemn.

“Look, I’m not gonna pretend I care about all this sentimental crap, but...”

He hesitated, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I’ve been around you long enough to know when you’re falling apart.”

Geto’s jaw tightened, but he said nothing.

Sukuna sighed, his crimson eyes narrowing slightly.

“I don’t know what was going on between the two of you— frankly it’s none of my business… but I know this much: Gojo meant *something* to you. A hell of a lot more than you let on.”

For a moment, Geto stood frozen, his carefully constructed walls cracking under the weight of Sukuna’s words.

“You don’t have to admit it,” Sukuna continued, his voice uncharacteristically gentle.

“But don’t think for a second that I can’t see it. You’re not okay, and that’s fine. Just don’t let it get you killed, yeah? You’re too good for that.”

Geto's shoulders sagged, the tension bleeding out of him like air from a punctured balloon. He turned his head away, but Sukuna caught the faint glint of tears forming in his eyes.

"I don't... I don't even know if he's still alive," Geto whispered, his voice breaking.

"And if he is, what's left of him? What if I'm too late?"

"You're not too late," Sukuna said firmly.

"You'll find him. You're the leader of the Shibuya Mafia. you run this city. You *don't* lose."

Geto let out a shaky laugh and placed his hand on Ryomen's shoulder.

"Thanks, Sukuna. For whatever this is."

"Don't mention it," Sukuna said, his smirk returning, though it lacked its usual sharpness.

"Seriously, don't. I've got a reputation to maintain."

The two stood in silence for a moment before Geto straightened, his expression hardening once more.

"Let's get back. We have a plan to execute."

Sukuna nodded, clapping him on the shoulder as they turned back toward the room.

"Damn right we do."

The air in the room felt heavy as the group finalized their strategy. Megumi kept his eyes trained on the map, pretending to study the routes, but his focus faltered every time Yuji and Choso exchanged quiet laughter.

It wasn't just that they were laughing—it was the ease between them. The way Yuji's shoulders relaxed when Choso leaned in to whisper something, the way Choso's grin widened when Yuji chuckled at one of their shared memories.

Megumi clenched his jaw, forcing himself to focus.

This isn't the time for stupid feelings, he told himself, but his mind betrayed him.

"Alright, teams are set," Geto announced, his voice cutting through the tension.

"Yuji, Choso—you'll take the north wing. Megumi, you're with Nobara on the east side. Sukuna and I will handle the rest."

Megumi's stomach twisted.

Separated .

He risked a glance at Yuji, who gave Choso a firm nod, determination lighting up his face. There wasn't even a flicker of hesitation.

"Guess it's just us, huh?" Nobara said, nudging him lightly, but Megumi barely registered her words.

"Like the good ole days!"

His thoughts spiraled, each one more infuriating than the last.

He *doesn't even care that we won't be together. He's just happy to be with Choso.*

Megumi forced himself to remain silent, letting the others finish their discussion. But as the group began to disperse, his chest felt unbearably tight.

——

The room they shared wasn't small, but their two beds were separated only by a narrow gap. Megumi sat on the edge of his, staring at the floor, while Yuji paced restlessly.

"Alright, what's your deal?" Yuji finally said, breaking the silence.

Megumi didn't look up.

"What are you talking about?"

"You've been acting weird all day—cold, quiet, ignoring me. What's going on?"

Megumi's hands curled into fists.

"It's nothing."

"Bull," Yuji shot back, crossing his arms.

"Is it because we're on separate teams? Or is it something else? Just tell me."

Megumi's head snapped up, his dark eyes flashing.

"Of course it's because we're on separate teams! Do you even care? We could die tomorrow, and all you've done is laugh and reminisce with Choso."

Yuji blinked, taken aback.

"I—Megumi, that's not—"

"Forget it," Megumi muttered, turning away.

But Yuji wasn't letting this go.

"Wait," Yuji said, stepping closer.

"You're not *jealous* , are you?"

Megumi froze, his breath catching in his throat.

"Why would I be—"

"You are," Yuji said, stepping forward incredulously.

The words tumbled out before Megumi could stop them, his frustration boiling over.

"Fine, I am! I hate that you're not with me tomorrow. I hate that you're so... so carefree about it, like it's just another mission. And I can't *stand* how close you are with Choso."

Yuji blinked, startled by the vehemence in Megumi's voice, but Megumi wasn't finished.

"I hate watching you stand next to him, like it's the most natural thing in the world. Like you two are some perfect team while I'm... I'm just—"

His voice cracked slightly, but he pushed through.

"Like I'm just a placeholder. Just someone to talk to while your *old partner* was gone. I see the way you two look at each other, laughing at stupid inside jokes I'll never get. He knows things about you I don't, and it *drives me insane* ."

Megumi stopped abruptly, his fists clenched at his sides, his chest heaving as he tried to steady his breathing. His next words came softer, slower, tinged with vulnerability.

"I hate feeling like second place for you, Yuji because I—"

He cut himself off, his face burning with anger and embarrassment.

Yuji's stopped pacing, confusion spreading over his face.

"Because you what?"

Megumi hesitated, his walls crumbling as he looked at Yuji.

"Because… I like you. There. I said it."

For a moment, Yuji was silent, his eyes went wide. His lips slightly parted as he took in everything Megumi had been holding onto for so long.

"You... like me?" Yuji repeated, his voice limp with disbelief.

Megumi’s heart pounded so loudly he was sure Yuji could hear it. The silence between them stretched, heavy and suffocating, as Yuji stared at him, unmoving.

Yuji’s voice was quieter this time, his tone laced with something tender, something raw.

“Like… *like me* -like me?”

Megumi swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry. He looked down, unable to meet Yuji’s gaze any longer.

“Yes,” he muttered, his voice barely audible. “That’s what I said.”

Yuji didn’t move right away, but then he let out a soft breath, almost like a sigh of relief. Slowly, he stepped closer, his hands landing gently on Megumi’s shoulders.

“Hey,” Yuji said, his voice low and steady. “Look at me.”

Reluctantly, Megumi lifted his eyes.

Yuji’s expression was warm, soft, and completely unguarded in a way that made Megumi’s chest ache.

“I, uh…” Yuji hesitated, barely able to meet Megumi's eyes. “...I have something for you.”

Before Megumi could ask what he meant, Yuji stepped back and rummaged through his duffel bag, pulling out something that made Megumi blink in confusion.

“Pajama pants?” Megumi said flatly, staring at the folded pair in Yuji’s hands.

Yuji grinned now, holding up the matching plaid pants—one pair a soft, pastel blue and the other pink.

“I bought them for us. I was going to give them to you later, but now feels like a good time.”

His grin turned sheepish, his cheeks faintly pink.

“You know, since I, uh… kinda like you too.”

Megumi’s breath caught in his throat.

“You do?”

Yuji nodded, his smile softer now.

“Yeah. I do. I’ve liked you for a while, actually. I just didn’t know how to…”

He trailed off, scratching the back of his neck.

“I didn’t know if you felt the same.”

The tension between them softened like a blanket lain over snow. Yuji finally moved, breaking the moment between them.

“Here uh,” he muttered, clumsily stumbling over his words as his hands flailed through the air.

“Put these on.”

Megumi’s chest eased as a warmth spread through his entire body. He took the blue pajama pants from Yuji’s hands, his fingers brushing against Yuji’s.

“You’re ridiculous,” he muttered, though there was no bite in his words.

“Maybe,” Yuji said with a laugh.

“Here, I’ll just turn so you can-“

Megumi interrupted the boy’s nervous rambling. “Itadori. It’s fine.”

But Yuji didn’t stop, his words spilling out in a rush as his cheeks turned a soft pink.

“No, no, I mean, I know we’ve changed in front of each other before, but... I don't know, it wasn't the same then! I don’t want you to think differently of me or, like, feel weird about this or—”

“Yuji—”

“I mean, not that I think *you’d* feel weird! I just—well, maybe I’m the one who feels weird, but not in a bad way, just like in a ‘wow, I really like you and you have a really nice body- I mean!- Now I’m super self-conscious about everything’ kind of way—”

“Yuji.”

“—but seriously, it’s not a big deal, right? It’s just pajamas! And I—”

“ *Itadori* .” Megumi’s tone was firmer this time, though there was a faint trace of amusement in it. Yuji’s mouth snapped shut, his wide eyes darting to Megumi, who was holding up the pink pajama pants with an arched brow.

“It’s fine,” Megumi repeated, shaking his head as he turned away to change.

Behind him, Yuji let out a sheepish laugh, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Okay… yeah, I’ll shut up now.”

“You should’ve done that three sentences ago,” Megumi muttered, though his lips twitched into a barely-there smile.

Yuji quickly turned his back to change into his own pajama pants, his oversized black T-shirt settling around him as he glanced at Megumi from the corner of his eye.

“You’re ridiculous,” Megumi said, stepping into the blue plaid and pulling them up.

“I can't believe I wen't off like that,” Yuji said, scrunching his nose.

Megumi rolled his eyes, his heart beating just a little faster as he moved to sit beside Yuji on the bed.

"They look really good on you," Megumi muttered lowly, bringing a hand to Itadori's hair.

Yuji smiled, a blush taking over his whole face. He looked down into his lap as he leaned into the touch.

“Can you sleep here tonight?”

Megumi smiled gently and exhaled with content.

“Sure . I'd like that.”

Yuji grinned and patted the space beside him. Megumi slid under the blankets, lying stiffly at first until Yuji shifted closer, his warmth seeping into Megumi’s side.

Tentatively, Yuji rested his head against Megumi’s shoulder.

“You’re warm,” he murmured, his voice soft.

Megumi hesitated, his heart fluttering as he slowly lifted an arm and wrapped it around Yuji, pulling him closer.

"What? You thought I'd be cold?"

Yuji let out a sleepy laugh, nuzzling slightly into Megumi’s side, his hand resting lightly on Megumi’s chest.

For a long moment, neither of them spoke. The room was quiet, save for the faint rustle of the blankets and their steady breaths.

“You’re an idiot,” Yuji muttered finally, his voice low but affectionate.

Megumi formed a genuine smile as he looked down at his partner, pounding heart vibrating softly against Yuji's cheek.

“Yeah," he whispered.

As the stars shone outside, the two drifted off to sleep together, tangled under the covers in their matching pajamas. For a moment, they were able to forget the weight of their mission tomorrow-one that could cost their lives. But that's how it is as a mafia member. You can't worry about tomorrow.

The hallway was quiet as they stepped out of their room, the early morning light casting long shadows on the floor. Megumi hesitated, his heart pounding as he slid on his suit jacket.

“Hey,” he said, his voice softer than usual.

“Be safe today... okay?”

Yuji walked to him in the doorframe, his usual cheer dampened by the gravity of their situation.

“Whatever happens, I’m coming back for you.”

Before Megumi could think, he reached out, cupping Yuji’s chin and tilting his face upward. Their lips met, soft and tentative at first, but the moment deepened as they leaned into each other.

Megumi’s lips pressed against Yuji’s, tasting the warmth and sweetness of him, the faintest hint of mint lingering from earlier. But as the seconds passed, the world around them faded, leaving only the two of them standing in that quiet, dim hallway.

Yuji’s hands found their way to Megumi’s waist, clutching at the fabric of his shirt as he leaned into the kiss. It was unhurried but intense, the kind of kiss that spoke of unspoken promises and emotions too big to fit into words. Megumi’s fingers slid into Yuji’s hair, tangling gently as he pulled him closer, desperate to hold onto this fleeting moment.

When they pulled back, they both looked at each other in shock, breaths mingling in the stillness. For a moment, neither of them spoke, their breaths uneven as they lingered in each other’s space. Megumi’s hand still cradled Yuji’s chin, his thumb brushing against his jaw, his mouth agape.

"Sorry... I-"

Then the neighboring door opened, and Nobara’s voice broke the moment.

“Who’s ready to kick some evil ass!”

They pushed apart, flustered but smiling as she strode past, oblivious.

Yuji glanced at Megumi, his grin returning.

“Guess that’s our cue.”

Megumi nodded as they followed in line behind her.

“Let’s go.”

The group gathered at the bottom of the grand staircase, the air thick with tension and unspoken fears. The dim lighting from the overhead chandeliers cast long shadows, turning their faces into a blend of determination and dread.

Geto stood at the forefront, his gaze sweeping over the team like a general surveying his troops. His voice was steady, authoritative, as he issued the final instructions.

“You know your roles. Stick to the plan. No unnecessary risks.”

Nobara cracked her knuckles, her smirk a poor mask for her unease.

“Let’s make this quick. Evil doesn’t kick itself in the teeth.”

Choso stood beside Yuji, his calm presence grounding the boy. They shared a quiet nod, an unspoken agreement that no matter what happened, they had each other’s backs.

Megumi lingered near the edge of the group, his hands shoved into his pockets as he avoided looking at Yuji. The warmth of last night's confession and their shared kiss still lingered in the back of his mind, but now it warred with the icy fear of separation.

Yuji caught his eye briefly, a flicker of reassurance passing between them before he turned to follow Choso.

The sound of car doors slamming echoed through the room as sleek black limousines waited at the base of the stairs, engines purring softly like beasts ready to devour. One by one, they filed out, splitting into their assigned teams.

Megumi hesitated for a second too long, watching as Yuji climbed into a separate car. A sharp pang of jealousy and fear clenched his chest, but he buried it under a practiced indifference.

"Fushiguro," Geto called, his voice cutting through the haze. "Let's go."

Without a word, Megumi descended the steps, joining his own team. The heavy doors of the mansion swung shut behind them, leaving the stairwell silent and empty.

The air inside the limousine was heavy, a silence broken only by the faint hum of the engine. Megumi sat stiffly across from Geto, his hands clenched in his lap. The black tinted windows offered fleeting glimpses of their surroundings, but Megumi's gaze was fixed downward, his thoughts elsewhere.

"Relax," Geto said, his voice low but firm.

"If you're this tense now, you'll burn out before we even reach the lair."

Megumi didn't respond immediately. He shifted, glancing briefly at Geto before muttering,

“I’m *fine* .”

“No, you’re not,” Geto replied, leaning back against the seat.

His sharp eyes seemed to see straight through Megumi, dissecting him piece by piece.

“We’re a lot alike, you know. More than you might think. You’re worried about Yuji.”

Megumi’s jaw tightened, but he didn’t deny it. Instead, he let out a sharp exhale and turned to look out the window.

“I just... don’t trust Choso to keep him safe.”

“That’s not it,” Geto said simply, his tone calm but unyielding.

Megumi’s head snapped back, and his scowl deepened.

“What do you mean?”

“You’re afraid he’ll get hurt,” Geto said, his words measured.

“But you’re also afraid that if something does happen, you won’t be there to stop it. That’s a harder feeling to deal with.”

The truth of Geto’s words hit Megumi like a punch to the gut. He opened his mouth to argue, or even to ask how Geto seemed to know so much about them, but he found no words. Instead, he clenched his fists tighter, his nails digging into his palms.

Geto’s expression softened, a rare flicker of understanding crossing his face.

“I know the feeling,” he admitted quietly.

“When someone means that much to you, it feels unbearable to let them out of your sight. But you have to trust him. Trust that you’ve given him the strength to stand on his own.”

Megumi glanced at Geto, surprised by the vulnerability in his tone.

“Is that what you’re doing?” he asked hesitantly.

“Trusting Gojo-sensei to... to handle this?”

Geto’s lips pressed into a thin line, and for a moment, the air between them grew heavier. For a moment, it seemed like he might reveal something deeper, but instead, he brushed it off with a faint shrug.

“I have full confidence in Satoru. He’s put all his trust in me.”

He leaned his head back, brushing hair from his face.

“You’re strong, Megumi,” he said, his tone more earnest now.

“But strength isn’t just about how well you can fight. It’s about how much you can endure, even when it feels like everything’s falling apart.”

He continued to Megumi, his voice almost contemplative, "there was a time when I took everything too seriously. I was all about control—about following the plan, staying distant, making sure I never let anyone get too close."

He paused, eyes narrowing slightly as if remembering something long past.

"Then someone came into my life. Someone who... didn’t let me stay that way. They made me realize I could still be strong, but also learn to enjoy life, to not take it all so seriously, *be less cold*."

Megumi’s frown deepened. He couldn’t help but wonder who Geto was referring to. The way he spoke about this person—so much reverence in his tone—made Megumi curious, but he didn’t ask. Instead, he crossed his arms, masking his discomfort.

"I’m not cold," he muttered, half to himself.

Geto chuckled softly, the sound surprisingly light.

"I didn’t say you were," he teased, his eyes gleaming with amusement.

"But I can see it in the way you carry yourself. You’re a lot like me. Just know, you can let yourself... feel things, without it making you weak."

Megumi remained silent for a moment, his chest tight as Geto's words settled in.

He wasn’t *guarded* , was he? He didn’t think he was.

But there was something in the way Geto had said it that made him feel exposed, like Geto could see right through the walls he’d built.

"I’m just..." Megumi trailed off, not sure how to finish his thought.

"I don’t know if I can change all that, not with everything happening."

Geto gave him a patient look, his expression soft but knowing.

"You don’t have to change everything at once. But you should stop pretending you’re okay with pushing everyone away. You can be strong, but you don’t have to be alone."

Megumi's gaze shifted to the floor, his mind racing. Geto’s words were unnervingly close to the truth, and it made him feel a little more vulnerable than he cared to admit. He wasn’t sure if he was ready for whatever lesson Geto was trying to teach him, but one thing was clear: Geto had seen something in him that no one else had.

"You’ll figure it out," Geto said, his voice back to its usual calm, cryptic tone.

"Just don’t get too caught up in pretending you don’t care."

Megumi swallowed hard, the weight of his words lingering in the air.

“Thank you,” he paused before adding, almost shyly, “sensei.”

Geto’s brows lifted slightly in surprise, but then a faint smile curved his lips.

“I don’t think I’ve earned that title from you,” he said, his voice soft, almost teasing.

“But... you’re welcome, Megumi.”

The moment between them hung quietly as the car engine purred.

Who would have thought a rebel member would be taking advice from the leader of the mafia?

They continued in silence, Geto’s dark eyes scanning their surroundings with a sharpness that matched his composed demeanor.

Then, without warning, Geto’s entire body tensed.

“Stop here. *Now* .”

The driver barely had time to process the command before slamming on the brakes. The car lurched to a halt, and the moment Megumi turned to question him, Geto’s arm shot out, shoving across the seat to the back of the limousine.

“ *Get down,* ” Geto barked, his voice more serious than Megumi had ever heard.

An instant later, the world outside the car erupted. The deafening roar of an explosion shattered the stillness, flames licking the edges of the road as debris scattered in every direction. The shockwave hit the car like a giant’s fist, but the blast-proof vehicle absorbed most of the impact, rocking violently but holding firm.

Megumi’s heart slammed against his ribs, the breath knocked out of him as he braced against the seat.

“What the hell—”

They slowly sat up and scanned their surroundings through the tinted windows. Smoke and fire obscured most of the view, but Geto’s instincts were honed to razor precision.

After a beat of tense silence, he released Megumi, sitting upright but still coiled with readiness.

“They knew we were coming.”

The driver’s voice crackled through the intercom.

“The car’s fine, sir, but we need to move. It’s not safe here.”

“No kidding,” Megumi muttered, his pulse still racing as he sat up.

Geto smirked faintly, “looks like we’ve got company.”

“So what’s the plan? Sit here and wait for them to pick us off?”

Geto's expression was hard but tinged with something that might have been pride.

“You ready to fight?”

Megumi clenched his fists, the initial shock of the explosion burning away into cold determination.

“Always.”

“Good.” Geto’s lips curved into a dangerous smile as he reached for the door handle.

“Let’s remind them who’s in charge.”

And with that, the two stepped out of the relative safety of the car, the burning wreckage around them casting flickering shadows across their faces as they prepared for the inevitable clash.

—-

Geto and Megumi’s role in the operation was crucial: infiltrate the east wing of Mahito’s lair, neutralize his guards, and find Gojo. Their job required precision and speed—Geto knew how important Megumi was to Gojo and he trusted him with this job.

As they moved through the dimly lit corridors of the building, Mahito’s zombie soldiers began to emerge from the shadows. Their grotesque forms, barely human, dragged themselves toward the duo with unnatural speed.

“Don’t hold back,” Geto said, his voice steady despite the tension.

Megumi didn’t need the reminder. He was ready to summon the dead if it meant saving his closest freinds. Beside him, Geto obliterating clusters of brain-dead soldiers in moments.

The two fought in near-perfect synchronization, clearing room after room with a lethal grace. But as they pushed deeper, the resistance grew fiercer.

Inside a sprawling hall lined with decayed columns, Megumi faltered. One of the soldiers, quicker than the others, landed a brutal blow across his side, sending him crashing into the wall. Blood seeped through his shirt, staining the fabric deep crimson.

“Megumi!” Geto called, his tone uncharacteristically sharp.

“I’m fine,” Megumi growled, staggering to his feet.

The pain was searing, but his pride burned hotter. He lashed out with his blade, taking down the enemy that had injured him.

Geto’s brow furrowed as he glanced at the boy.

“You’re not fine. We need to regroup—”

“No!” Megumi snapped, his eyes blazing with defiance.

“You have to keep going. They’re waiting for you. *He’s* waiting for you.”

For a moment, Geto hesitated, he squinted and let his gaze linger on Megumi's bloodied form. Then, with a reluctant nod, he turned and sprinted deeper into the lair, leaving Megumi behind to hold the line.

The room Geto entered was vast, with a high ceiling and ornate, decaying architecture. At the far end, a twisted metal balcony loomed above him, where Mahito stood like a king surveying his court.

"Geto Suguru," Mahito called, his voice dripping with mockery.

"The infamous strategist. Shibuya's ace. And here you are, alone."

Standing beside Mahito was Gojo, his once-brilliant eyes blackened by the mind-control drug. His shoulders sagged slightly, his stance eerily unnatural. Yet even in this state, his presence dominated the room.

"Let him go," Geto demanded, his voice cold as steel.

Mahito only smirked, raising a hand as the heavy doors behind Geto slammed shut with a resounding thud. Geto turned sharply, his eyes widening as Nanami stepped out of the shadows.

"If you want your precious husband back, you're going to have to earn him. *Kill your old boss* and he's all yours."

Mahito opened his arms towards Geto, "Nanami, if you will"

Nanami launched forward without hesitation, his tie loosening as he swung his weapon in a calculated arc.

Geto barely dodged, the force of the strike splitting the floor where he had just been standing.

“Nanami,” Geto said, his voice strained as he countered with his own attack, “this isn’t you. You’re not his pawn.”

“Save your breath,” Nanami replied, his tone almost robotic.

“This is who I am now. A servant to the ruler of the new world.”

The battle was brutal. Nanami’s precision was relentless, and though Geto’s power was formidable, there was a hesitance in his movements—a weight in his chest that slowed him down.

Mahito watched from above with gleeful satisfaction, occasionally glancing at Gojo, whose vacant expression betrayed no reaction to the chaos below.

As the fight wore on, Geto found himself on the defensive, his strength waning. Nanami’s strikes became more aggressive, each one landing closer to a critical blow.

As Geto was pinned against the wall, Nanami's tie firmly around his neck. Mahito lazily tossed a gun across the floor, the metallic clatter drawing both fighters’ attention.

“I'm bored,” Mahito said, his voice filled with impatience.

“Geto, if you truly want to save your precious Satoru, give me a show. Kill him.”

Geto’s eyes flickered to the gun, then to Nanami, whose expression betrayed no fear—only grim acceptance.

“This is your only chance,” Mahito taunted. “You can’t beat me. You can’t save him. Once given an order, he can't disobey. *But* you *can* finish this fight.”

Geto’s hand twitched toward the weapon, his mind a whirlwind of desperation and dread. He knew what he had to do, but the cost felt unbearable.

Nanami took a step forward, his expression calm despite the chaos around them. For a brief moment, the blackened haze of his eyes flickered, revealing a glimpse of the man he used to be. His gaze locked with Suguru's, steady and resolute, a silent assurance passing between them:

It’s okay. Everything will be fine .

“ *Do it, Suguru* ,” Nanami said, his robotic voice wavering.

“I've lived my life. If it’s between me and him... you already know the answer.”

Suguru’s breath hitched as he held the gun in trembling hands, both arms steadying the weight of the decision more than the weapon itself. Nanami stood before him, tall and resolute, his posture calm even in the face of what was to come.

"Nanami," Mahito shouted firmly, " *kill him* ."

Nanami's body straghtened up mechanically, black eyes returning to their possessed state. He tightened his tie around Geto's neck, watching with indifference as he slowly choked every breath from the man.

Suguru’s hands shook harder as his finger hovered over the trigger, the memories flooding back.

The night he had found him, a scared boy on the streets, taken in by the brooding blonde-raised under his surveillance in the mafia. Visions of Nanami by his side during missions, late nights spent strategizing, and the night he had died in Geto's arms all flashed before him.

“ *Don’t hesitate,* ” Nanami had once told him, his voice consisting of a gentleness that made Suguru’s chest tighten.

“ *You can’t save everyone, Suguru. Don't ever choose my life over yours.* ”

The gun wavered in Suguru's grip. He clenched his jaw, his teeth grinding against the raw emotion surging through him.

"You don't deserve this," he whispered, his voice cracking.

Nanami's darkened reflected a scared Suguru.

The same helpless face that had once cried as his mentor said his final words, *"Take care of him.* "

Suguru's finger tightened on the trigger, his vision blurring as he aimed. His arm felt heavy, as if the weight of the world rested on his shoulders. His strangled breaths came in short, ragged gasps.

Nanami didn't flinch.

Suguru closed his eyes for a fraction of a second, the tears finally spilling over as he whispered, " *I'm sorry, sensei.* "

The sound of the gunshot rang out like a crack in the universe, sharp and deafening. Suguru felt the recoil jolt through his arms as he watched Nanami stagger back. Blood bloomed on his chest like a dark flower, and his knees buckled beneath him.

Nanami fell to the ground, his body still, his features frozen in calm acceptance.

Suguru's arms dropped to his sides, the gun slipping from his hands and clattering to the floor. His chest heaved as he stared at the lifeless form of his mentor.

For a moment, the room was silent, except for Suguru's uneven breathing. His knees threatened to give out, his heart shattering under the weight of what he'd just done.

Mahito's mocking laughter echoed from the balcony above, snapping Suguru out of his daze.

"Beautifully done, Suguru," he purred, his voice dripping with mockery.

“Tragic, isn’t it? Watching everything you care about crumble in your hands.”

Suguru didn’t answer. He knelt by Nanami’s side, his fingers trembling as he brushed blood from his face.

“He deserved better,” he murmured, his voice barely audible.

Rising to his feet, Suguru clenched his fists, his grief transforming into a cold, burning rage. He turned his gaze to Mahito, the fire in his eyes igniting once more. This wasn’t over.

Suguru rose to his full height, his grief tightening into a hard knot in his chest, but his expression now was stone cold. He stepped forward, his voice steady despite the storm raging inside him.

“Now hand over Gojo,” he demanded, his tone sharp, cutting through the tension in the room.

“I did what you wanted. It’s over.”

Mahito, still perched on the balcony above, tilted his head with a smug smile. His fingers toyed lazily with the lapel of his coat, the picture of calm arrogance.

“Oh, Suguru,” he cooed, his grin widening.

“Did you really think it would be that easy?”

Suguru’s eyes narrowed, his jaw clenching.

“I followed your orders. He's dead.”

He guestured to Nanami's lifeless body on the floor, his voice rising with restrained fury.

"What more do you want from me?"

Mahito tapped his chin, pretending to think.

" *Hmm* … what I want, *Suguru*, is entertainment. And you? You've been *spectacular* so far."

His blackened eyes gleamed.

" But handing over dear Satoru just yet? That wouldn't be much fun, now would it?"

Suguru's fists clenched at his sides, the ache in his heart replaced by a searing fury.

"Enough of your games. *Hand him over* ."

Mahito smirked, turning his full attention to the figure beside him. Gojo stood there, motionless, his head slightly bowed, his once bright blue eyes now an eerie void of black. The spark that once defined him was extinguished, replaced by the dull haze of Mahito's control.

Mahito leaned closer to Gojo, brushing imaginary dust from his shoulder.

"Look at him. Isn't he magnificent? Even without his eyes, he's still breathtaking, isn't he?"

He glanced down at Suguru with a sickening grin.

"Don't worry, Geto. You can have him back! *When he's dead.* "

Suguru's chest tightened, his nails digging into his palms.

“That's not going to happen,” he hissed, his voice low, trembling with restrained rage.

Mahito only laughed, the sound echoing in the cavernous room.

“Oh, Suguru," He sighed, "he's already half way there.”

_____

“This was too easy” Nobara said spitting blood onto the ground beside her.

“Why do Megumi and Yuji get to do all the fun stuff?”

“Ha, that’s just 'cause you’re working with me kid,” Sukuna boasted.

“I took out half those soldiers before you could even tie your hair back.”

Nobara rolled her eyes, ingoring the older's comment. They glanced over the hundreds of soldiers at their feet. Sukuna spoke up in his usual calm demeanor.

"Hey where is that kid anyway? Bet they could use our help?"

“Sure," she shrugged, finishing her thought in firm determination. "Let’s go.”

She cracked her knuckles they headed toward the sounds of distant fighting.

Yuji slammed an elbow into Jogo's gut, sending the large man staggering backward. Jogo, sweat glistening on his shaved head, let out a low growl, swinging a crowbar toward Yuji. Yuji ducked, grabbing the crowbar mid-swing, and wrenching it away.

"Give up already!" Yuji shouted, tossing the weapon to the side.

"You're just making this harder on yourself!"

Choso, meanwhile, was locked in a brutal struggle with Hanami, who was wielding twin machetes. The two moved like a deadly dance, sparks flying as the blades clashed against Choso's.

"You always were annoying," Choso said, twisting around to land a blow on Hanami's side.

"You're such a traitor," Hanami spat, lunging forward again.

The door behind them burst open, and Sukuna strolled in, followed by Nobara.

"Well, well, who do we have here?" Sukuna said, surveying the chaos with a wide grin.

"Feels like a family reunion!"

Yuji froze mid-step, looking baffled.

"Huh?"

"What?" Choso added, blinking at Sukuna.

"Don't get distracted," Sukuna said with a dismissive wave.

“We're here to help.” He darted forward, grabbing Hanami’s arm over Choso's shoulder mid-strike twisting it with a sickening crack.

Nobara, not missing a beat, dashed toward Jogo, who was reeling from Yuji’s earlier strike.

“You boys leave the cleanup to me,” she called, hurling a knife at Jogo’s knee, sending him crashing to the ground.

“Showoff,” Yuji muttered, wiping sweat from his brow.

Just as the team seemed to gain the upper hand, a wave of Mahito’s soldiers swarmed into the room. Armed with guns and swords, they moved like a relentless tide.

Sukuna’s grin widened as he cracked his neck.

“Finally, something worth my time.”

He charged into the fray barehanded, dismantling anyone who got too close. A powerful uppercut sent one soldier airborne, and a brutal kick snapped another’s leg like a twig.

Yuji darted between enemies with deadly precision, his fist finding its mark in throats and ribs.

“Try to keep up, Sukuna!”

Nobara and Yuji fought back-to-back, their coordination seamless. Yuji ducked under a swing, allowing Nobara to slam her knife into the attacker’s temple.

“This is nothing!” Yuji shouted, spinning around to plant a roundhouse kick on another soldier.

“Don’t get cocky!” Choso barked across the room, deflecting a blow from another zombie.

Despite their skill, the soldiers kept coming, and fatigue began to weigh on them.

“How many of these guys does Mahito have?” Nobara snapped, kicking one soldier into another.

“Doesn’t matter,” Sukuna growled, wiping blood off his face with a feral grin. “We'll kill ‘em all.”

Meanwhile, deeper in the building, Megumi staggered through a dim hallway, his vision swimming. Blood soaked his white undershirt, pooling from a deep gash just beneath his ribs. His breath came in short, labored gasps, but he refused to stop moving.

I can’t stop now, he thought, clutching the wall for support.

He's counting on me.

His knees buckled, and he collapsed against the wall, sliding down to the floor. His fingers trembled as he pressed against the wound, but the bleeding wouldn’t stop.

The sound of approaching footsteps made his heart race. He struggled to lift his head, gripping a hand-gun weakly.

“I’m not... done yet,” he rasped, ready to fight, even if it killed him.

The footsteps quickened, and then Yuji appeared, his eyes wide with panic.

“ *Fushiguro* !”

Yuji dropped to his knees beside him, hands hovering uncertainly over the wound.

“Oh my god, you’re hurt—why didn’t you say anything?!”

Choso, Nobara, and Sukuna followed, the latter surveying the scene with an uncharacteristic frown. Megumi tried to wave them off.

“It’s nothing. Just... go.”

“Shut up,” Yuji snapped, his voice breaking. “You’re not dying here. Not today.”

Megumi’s lips quirked into a weak smirk.

“Nah, *not today* .”

Megumi’s vision blurred, but he could still make out Yuji’s face, so close and so full of concern.

“You’re... such an idiot,” he whispered.

“Always running into danger.”

“You’re one to talk,” Megumi shot back in a strained whisper, his voice thick with emotion.

“Hey,” Sukuna’s voice cut through the tension, uncharacteristically soft.

“If he’s gonna make it, you’d better move. I don’t wanna babysit while you two cry over each other.”

Yuji glared at him, anger hardening his features.

“Go ahead without us then.”

For the first time, Megumi allowed himself to be helped. He leaned into Yuji’s touch, his eyelids growing heavier.

“Thanks,” he murmured before slipping into unconsciousness.

Yuji pressed his forehead to Megumi’s, “I’ll protect you. I swear.”

The tension in the room was suffocating as Mahito stood atop the balcony, his darkened gaze sweeping across the scene below. Suguru stood firm, though his body bore the weight of exhaustion and grief. He kept his eyes locked on Satoru, who descended the staircase in slow, mechanical movements. Every step echoed ominously in the cavernous chamber, the black void in his eyes swallowing any trace of the man Suguru once knew.

Mahito’s voice sliced through the silence like a blade.

“Don't you think this is poetic, Suguru? Your precious partner, your one true equal, standing against you.”

He spread his arms theatrically.

“No sentiment. No hesitation. Just raw obedience. To *me* .”

Suguru’s jaw tightened, his hands twitching at his sides. He didn’t flinch as Gojo stopped in front of him, mere feet away, standing stiff like a soldier awaiting orders.

“ *Go* -jo,” Mahito called sing-song from above, a cruel grin splitting his face.

“Kill him.”

Gojo moved, his fists igniting with energy. Suguru barely had time to react before Gojo launched forward, a blur of raw power. Suguru ducked, dodging Gojo's strike with hesitant ease.

“Satoru!” Suguru shouted, desperation creeping into his voice as he dodged another blow, the sheer force of it slicing through a nearby column.

“Stop it!”

Mahito cackled above, leaning eagerly over the railing.

“Oh, don’t bother, Suguru! He’s mine now—mind, body, and soul. Your words are meaningless!”

Gojo didn’t pause, his attacks relentless. Suguru evaded as best he could, the years they spent as partners allowing him to predict the taller's moves. But as he was catcing his breath, Satoru picked him up by his leg, throwing him across the room into the wall.

Gojo pulled a hand-grenade from his pocket, pulling the pin, and throwing it across the room at Geto. It wasn't a direct hit, but rubble rained down from the ceiling like piercing ice. Suguru coughed, staggering to his feet. Blood dripped from a cut on his temple, but he forced himself to stay upright.

“You see?” Mahito sneered, his glee almost childlike.

“He has no remorse. No hesitation. He’s perfect!”

He paused, his lips curling into something sinister.

“But let’s make it even more fun.”

With a flick of his wrist, Mahito sent a gleaming knife hurtling through the air. Gojo caught it without looking back, his movements fluid, unthinking.

“Now,” Mahito purred, his voice low and venomous.

“End him, Gojo. Prove your loyalty.”

Suguru’s chest tightened as Gojo stepped closer, the knife gleaming ominously in his hand. Mahito’s laughter echoed around them, a sickening crescendo of triumph.

Gojo leaned in, pressing the flat edge of the blade to Geto's jaw. It hovered just below Geto's ear, ghosting over the touch- starved line of Geto's neck.

"You know?" Geto croaked breathily, quoting what Satou had once said to him, "for a punishment... this feels a lot like foreplay."

Gojo smiled, michief returning to his face.

In a swift movement he threw the knife, the blade perfectly plunging into Mahito’s chest, the force of it driving him back into the balcony railing. The laughter died on his lips, replaced by a choking gasp of disbelief.

For a moment, everything was still. Mahito clutched the hilt of the knife, his face twisted in shock.

“W-What—”

“What's wrong?” Geto asked, his voice cold and steady.

“I thought you wanted a show.”

Gojo straightened, his hand rising to his face. Slowly, he removed the black contacts, revealing the piercing blue eyes beneath. They sparkled with an unspoken challenge as he looked up at Mahito.

Geto followed, his lips curving into a smirk as he stood upright, brushing the dust from his coat.

“You didn’t really think we’d make it easy for you, did you?”

Mahito’s knees buckled as he stumbled forward, the knife still embedded in his chest.

“This... this isn’t possible!” he rasped, his voice cracking with fury. “I saw everything—your emotions, your fights—they were real!”

Gojo stepped forward, his expression unreadable.

“Oh, they were real, all right. That’s the fun part!"

He continued in a playful baby voice, "the thought of losing him was just soo painful it was enough to sell everything."

“Every second,” Suguru added, cimbing the steps to Mahito like a predator, “was calculated. You thought you had control, but you never stood a chance.”

Mahito shook his head violently, his body trembling.

“No! I—I had cameras on you! I saw the grief, the pain—it wasn’t fake! It couldn’t have been!”

Suguru chuckled darkly, crossing his arms.

“That’s the thing about us. We’ve always been a perfect team.”

Flashes of their preparation played through Suguru’s mind like a montage—the hushed conversations, the coded signals, feigned surrender to the drug, even Gojo's needy plea for Suguru to kiss him more since they'll *"be apart for sooo long"*.

Their pain became their weapon, their bond a tool to dismantle Mahito’s false confidence.

“You underestimated us,” Gojo said, shaking his head, his voice low and dangerous. “You thought breaking us apart would make us weaker. But all it did was give us an excuse to get rid of you.”

Mahito stumbled again, his body convulsing as he tried to form words.

“*You*... both of you... are evil.”

“There's never been good in the mafia,” Suguru said plainly, his gaze cool and unyielding as he shot a final bullet into Mahito's skull.

Mahito’s body hit the ground with a dull thud, the echo ringing in the broken silence of the cavernous room.

Dust hung thick in the air, illuminated by faint shafts of moonlight filtering through the shattered windows above. The chaos had finally stilled, leaving only destruction, the remnants of a battle fought with too much at stake.

Suguru stood in the center of it all, his posture composed but his eyes heavy.

He glanced down at Mahito's lifeless form, then stepped over it without hesitation, his focus shifting to the balcony above.

Satoru Gojo leaned heavily against the railing, his breath uneven, his shoulders slumped as though the weight of the world had finally pressed too hard. His shirt was torn in places, revealing cuts and bruises on his otherwise pristine skin, but it wasn't the injuries that caught Suguru's attention. It was the thin gold chain around Gojo's neck, glinting faintly as he moved, and the diamond-encrusted wedding ring it held.

Suguru's gaze lingered on it, his chest tightening. The symbol of their bond, worn close to Satoru's heart even now, even after everything.

Gojo glanced down at him, his tired blue eyes softening slightly.

"You alive?"

Suguru smirked faintly.

"Barely."

They stood in silence for a moment, surrounded by the wreckage of their enemies and their own choices.

"I thought I lost you for a second," Suguru admitted, his voice low.

"You'll have to try harder than that to get rid of me," Gojo replied, a small, crooked smile playing on his lips.

Suguru's eyes searched his face, taking in the subtle tremor in his hands, the fine layer of ash clinging to his hair, the rawness of his expression.

"You were convincing," he said after a pause, his tone unreadable.

Gojo’s smile faded slightly, and he looked away.

“If he thought I was holding back, even for a second, it wouldn’t have worked. Besides, I'll take any excuse to fight you.”

Suguru smiled. He reached out, his fingers brushing Gojo’s jaw, tipping his face back toward him.

“You’re a good liar, Satoru. That worries me sometimes.”

Gojo’s eyes met his, a flicker of pain behind the usual brilliance.

“Not with you,” he said softly.

“I'd never lie to you.”

Gojo leaned his head into Suguru's hold, placing his lips softly against his partner's.

They stood like that, the world crumbling around them, as if suspended in time. Suguru’s hand fell to Gojo’s chest, brushing against the ring around his neck. His thumb grazed the edge of the diamond, and he huffed a quiet laugh, bitter and full of something unspoken.

“You still wear it,” he said pulling away, his voice barely above a whisper.

Gojo tilted his head, catching Suguru’s hand and holding it against his chest.

“Of course I do,” he said. “Even if we're on opposite sides of the war, I'm still yours.”

The weight of those words settled heavier than the destruction at their feet. Suguru closed his eyes for a moment, steadying himself.

“Then let’s finish this,” Suguru murmured.

He moved his hand to the small of Gojo's back.

“Together.”

Gojo nodded, his grin returning, sharper this time.

“You're still so cheesy.”

As they turned to leave the wreckage, the faint sound of approaching footsteps echoed from the hall. The door opened, allowing a sliver of light to enter the hall, catching on Satoru's gold ring.

Geto moved in front of his partner protectively.

"They're here."

Chapter End Notes

guyssss!!! I'm loving the bonds they're all forming with each other like awww the itafushi in here was soo cute!! and low-key Geto is giving father lolol. One big happy family!!! for now...

ANYWAYS
thank y'all so much for reading as always I love y'all and stay safe

Our First Christmas

Chapter Summary

In honor of today being Gojo's birthday, and I posted early yesterday without remembering, I thought it would be nice to
do a lil one shot of their first Christmas together as mafia members :D

Merry early Christmas y'all! The best gift I've gotten this year is all the insane feedback on this story. Like I never knew
how much this would grow and it's just been super fun to see.

We will get back to the main plot next week! Love y'all!

Chapter Notes

(yea ik i'm reuploading this now in August lol but this was soo cozy to write last year at Christmas I could cry)

In context, this happens pre-cruise arc so before they got together and they're like 18-19 y/o

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The snow fell quietly over the city, blanketing its sharp edges in softness.

The streets were hushed, the chaos of the world temporarily muffled under the heavy winter night.

But not for Geto and Gojo.

For these teen mafia members, it was just another day. Just another mission.

They stood side by side in a narrow alleyway, the scent of exhaust mingling with the crisp, icy air. Gojo tilted his head back, letting the snowflakes dust his sunglasses, a lazy grin spreading across his face.

"You know," Gojo started, his voice breaking the silence, "it's Christmas!"

Geto glanced at him, unimpressed, the collar of his black coat pulled tight against the cold.

"What’s your point?"

"The point is," Gojo said, gesturing grandly to the snow-draped street, "we shouldn't be out here hunting some low-level scumbag. We should be sipping hot cocoa by a fire, opening presents, singing carols—"

"Carols," Geto cut him off, his tone flat.

"You’re joking."

Gojo shrugged, his grin unfazed.

"Not joking. Completely serious. You’ve got to loosen up, Suguru. It’s Christmas!"

Geto rolled his eyes.

"Christmas or not, Nanami sent us out here on a mission. And unlike you, I’d like to get this done quickly so I can go back to being warm."

“Nanami doesn’t know how to have funnn,” Gojo whined, stuffing his hands into his pockets.

“Don’t tell him I said that, though. He might kill me.”

Geto let out a low chuckle despite himself.

“You act like he doesn’t already want to.”

“Fair point,” Gojo said brightly, kicking at a mound of snow on the ground.

“But seriously, Suguru. Doesn’t this... I don’t know... feel magical to you?”

“Magical?” Geto arched a brow.

“It feels cold.”

Gojo groaned, throwing his head back dramatically.

"You’re impossible, you know that? No wonder you’ve never had a proper Christmas."

Geto stiffened at the comment, his usual smirk faltering.

"What’s a ‘proper Christmas’ supposed to mean?"

Gojo slowed, his expression softening as he turned to face his partner fully.

"I mean, you’ve always been here in the mafia right? I know we have a tree up in the lobby but..."

Gojo’s voice trailed off as he thought back to the mafia headquarters. The main entrance was magical in itself. Ceilings that stretched stories high were coated in marble, supporting a grand chandelier in the center. This time every year stood a wallet breaking Christmas tree that would make Times Square look pathetic. But the vibes weren’t very... holly-jolly. And that made Gojo pout.

“Well, then,” Gojo declared, spinning on his heel.

“Mission postponed. We’ve got something more important to take care of.”

“What are you doing?” Geto called after him, irritation creeping into his voice.

Gojo shot him a grin over his shoulder.

“Come on, Suguru. I’m giving you your first Christmas. You’ll thank me later.”

The first department store was bustling, filled with holiday music and bustling crowds.

Gojo, of course, thrived in the chaos.

The moment they walked in, he was darting between racks of scarves and shelves of novelty mugs.

“Suguru, look at this!” he called, holding up a fluffy white scarf.

“Don’t you think Nanami would look good in this? He’s always so serious—this would totally brighten him up.”

Geto followed behind at a slower pace, his hands in his pockets, his gaze more focused on Gojo than the merchandise.

Gojo’s enthusiasm was contagious, and even though Geto didn’t see the appeal of shopping, he couldn’t help the small smile tugging at his lips.

“He’d kill you if you got him that,” Geto said, watching as Gojo draped the scarf over his shoulders dramatically.

“Yeah, but I’d die knowing I brought some style into his life,” Gojo replied, spinning like he was on a runway.

From there, they moved through every section of the store, Gojo picking up random items and theorizing about what everyone they knew might like:

A glittery snow globe for Shoko,

(“She needs something to distract her from all those boring books”),

A box of luxury chocolates for Nanami’s assistant, Utahime,

(“Bribery is a valid strategy, Suguru”),

And a small plush rabbit for Riko,

(“It’s so ugly! I’d love to see her face!”).

Geto listened quietly, his hands occasionally reaching out to straighten the items Gojo left slightly askew in his excitement.

He didn’t need to say much—Gojo filled the silence with his usual chatter, and Geto found himself oddly content just trailing after him.

They left the department store with all their bags in Geto’s hands, Gojo being completely free from the burden. They stumbled upon a small boutique tucked between two larger shops. The window display caught Gojo’s eye—a twinkling arrangement of crystal ornaments—and he grabbed Geto’s sleeve, pulling him inside.

The boutique was cozy, with wooden shelves stacked high with handmade trinkets. Gojo wandered off immediately, exclaiming over a set of ceramic cat ornaments doing different jobs hanging near the counter.

“Suguru, these aren’t these so funny?” His face lit up as a thought occurred to him, “Do you think they’d let me buy the whole set?”

“You don’t even have a tree,” Geto reminded him, shaking his head.

“You don’t.” Gojo muttered back, childishly.

While Gojo was distracted, Geto’s attention was drawn to a small glass case near the back of the shop. Inside was a thin silver bracelet, adorned with a single charm—a tiny white angel. Something about it reminded him of Gojo, his innocence and beauty that hid beneath his cocky exterior.

As Gojo was distracted looking at all the store had to offer, Geto secretly made the purchase. He tucked the small box and the receipt into his coat pocket just as Gojo appeared beside him, holding up yet another ornament.

“Look! Baby’s first Christmas. Just like you Suguru!”

Geto sighed.

“What’s that even supposed to mean?”

Gojo gave a knowing look to Geto but didn’t let him in on his secret.

——

By the time they left the last shop, the sun was starting to dip below the horizon, painting the snow-covered streets in shades of pink and orange.

Gojo had latched onto Geto's arm, practically dragging him across the street as he pointed out a cozy store on the corner.

"Come on, Suguru," Gojo said, his sunglasses glinting under the fairy lights, though the excited blush dusting his cheeks betrayed his usual cool demeanor.

"We have to go in. It's Christmas!"

Geto sighed, feigning irritation, but secretly amused by his partner.

"You're like a kid, Satoru."

"Oh shut it Scrooge," Gojo responded, pulling him through the door.

He drew out an annoyed groan, "I can't carry one. more. baaag."

Gojo stopped in his steps, responding completely seriously, "I told you, I'd carry them, it's really no big deal."

"No." He responded quickly, cutting the taller off.

Satoru just shrugged and the skip in his step returned, "whatever you say!"

The boutique was warm, the smell of cinnamon and pine hanging in the air. Gojo didn't hesitate, darting from shelf to shelf with an energy that felt contagious.

Before Geto could protest, Gojo had picked out matching sweaters—one green with a ridiculous reindeer on it, and the other red with an equally obnoxious Santa.

“These are hideous,” Geto muttered, holding the reindeer sweater up like it was contaminated.

“Nah, they’re perfect,” Gojo corrected, his grin wide.

“We’ll match! Everyone at headquarters will be soooo jealous.”

Geto sighed, but a faint blush crept up his neck as he saw the way Gojo’s eyes sparkled.

He relented, rolling his eyes. He shook it off, returning to his usual unbothered nonchalance.

“I am not wearing that.”

“We’ll see,” Gojo said, piling up his purchases on the counter

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By the time they returned to headquarters, Geto was loaded down with bags, his hands completely full, leaving Gojo to walk freely. Snow crunched under their boots as Geto rattled on about the mission, his voice calm yet focused.

“...which means we’ll need to account for—”

“—are you even listening to me?”

Geto turned, fading an eyebrow, noticing Gojo had fallen behind.

A snowball hit him square in the face.

For a second, there was silence as the snow slid off his nose, leaving him blinking in surprise. Then Geto slowly wiped his face with his sleeve, his expression dark.

“Oh, you’re so on.”

He dropped the bags on the ground, smacking Gojo directly in the chest. Gojo yelped, diving behind a parked car for cover.

“This isn’t fair! Your aim is way better than mine!”

“All’s fair in snowball fights,” Geto said, packing another snowball.

Laughter echoed through the snowy courtyard as they ducked, dodged, and pelted each other with snow.

Kento Nanami stood in his office above, watching them through the glass with a gentle smile.

He couldn’t remember the last time he saw Suguru so happy or playful. It hadn’t been since he'd taken him in as a kid.

After a while of fighting and dodging, Gojo tackled Geto, the two of them rolling in the snow until they lay flat on their backs, panting and breathless.

Their breath formed clouds in the cold air, and for a moment, neither of them moved, simply watching the snowflakes drift down from the sky.

“Snow angels?” Gojo suggested, turning his head to look at Geto, his silver hair dusted with snow.

Geto laughed.

“You’re hopeless.”

They sat up on their elbows, Gojo leaning his head back to catch the flurry on his tongue. With his eyes closed, he didn’t see Geto touching his tongue to the fair skinned nose of Satoru Gojo.

“What was that?” Gojo asked, blinking in surprise.

“Catching the snow,” Geto said nonchalantly, though the faint blush in his cheeks hidden by the red the wind left behind.

Gojo laughed, the sound warm and genuine, and for a moment, the world felt like it was only theirs.

“Whatever, weirdo.”

—-

The got in the elevator of headquarters, leaving a trail of snow behind them. Their cheeks were pink from the cold, and they were still laughing quietly.

As they got to their suite, Geto stopped in his tracks. The room was transformed.

A Christmas tree stood in the corner, its branches glittering with ornaments and lights. A handful of presents were piled underneath, wrapped in shiny paper. Stockings with their matching initials hung from the wall, and the faint scent of pine filled the air.

“What is all this?” Geto asked, his voice soft with disbelief.

Gojo set his coat and scarf down and grinned.

“It’s for you.”

Geto blinked, his usual composure faltering.

“I... all this? But I hadn’t even gotten you anything.”

Gojo waved him off, his smile turning sheepish.

“It’s fine. You’re all I could ever ask for.”

“Ew, shut up,” Geto said, though his tone was more flustered than annoyed.

“It’s to thank you for being such a great partner,” Gojo said, fishing something from one of the bags.

He handed Geto the reindeer sweater.

“Actually... you can do something for me. Put this on.”

Geto stared at it for a moment, then sighed.

“Alright.”

As Geto went to change, Gojo quickly slipped on the matching Santa sweater and started making hot chocolate. When Geto emerged, he caught sight of Gojo in the sweater.

It was impossibly oversized, barely allowing the hem of his black shorts to peak through, exposing his long, pale legs. His fair skin was flawless and unblemished, making it seemingly glow, like

porcelain—warmed by the Christmas tree's gentle glow.

Even the sleeves of the sweater were perfectly large, draping over his hands so that only his fingertips peeked out. He pushed up one of his sleeves to grab a mug, revealing the delicate wrists that looked too perfect for someone as mischievous as Satoru.

Geto watched him in silence as he moved to the couch.

On his feet, he wore fuzzy socks, white, with thin green and red stripes across them. His silver-white hair was slightly tousled, falling across his forehead, framing his usually sharp face. His lips and cheeks matched a rosy-pink color, too soft for who this man portrayed to be. His striking blue eyes were brighter than any holiday decoration, but instead of their usual shparkle, they were wide like a doe's, lost and enamored by the view around him.

Compared to his normal elegant features, everything made Satoru look so unnaturally soft.

It was almost too much to take in.

“These are ridiculous,” Geto said, shaking off the sight and moving to sit on the couch next to him.

“Tis the season,” Gojo retorted, handing him a mug.

They sat close, the heater humming softly as they sipped their hot chocolate. The snow fell outside the balcony, a soft flurry dancing through the evening air.

For a moment, neither of them spoke, simply watching the world outside.

“This was... nice,” Geto admitted finally, his voice quieter than usual.

“Yeah?” Gojo asked, turning to look at him.

Geto nodded, his dark eyes soft as they met Gojo’s.

Geto shifted on the couch, feeling the small box in his pocket. *He'd almost forgotten about it.* For a moment, he hesitated, his fingers lingering on the edges of the paper. The room was warm, quiet, the faint glow of the Christmas tree casting soft light over everything.

"I... uh, got you something," he said finally, his voice carefully casual, though his gaze stayed fixed on the snow falling outside the window.

Gojo turned his head toward him, eyes wide with surprise.

"R-really?"

The slight stammer caught Geto off guard. He didn't think he'd ever heard Gojo falter like that before.

"Yeah," Geto said, letting out a breathy laugh.

"I saw it in one of the shops, and... well, I guess I thought of you."

He pulled the neatly wrapped box from his pocket, turning it over in his hands before gently placing it into Gojo's.

Gojo stared at it, his expression unreadable at first. Then his fingers closed over the box, holding it carefully, almost reverently.

"You thought of *me*?" he repeated, his voice quieter now, the teasing edge gone.

"Don't make it weird," Geto muttered, leaning back against the couch with an exaggerated sigh.

Gojo grinned a little, but his movements were uncharacteristically slow as he untied the ribbon and peeled back the wrapping paper. Inside, a small velvet box rested in his palm. He opened it, and his breath hitched.

The silver bracelet with the angel charm caught the light, its delicate details shimmering softly.

“I know it’s not much,” Geto said, his voice low, almost uncertain.

“I just... thought you would like something meaningful. Something to have that... reminds you of today. I don’t know. I just thought you’d like that sort of stuff.”

Gojo didn’t say anything for a long moment, his fingers brushing lightly over the charm. His lips slightly parted as he looked up at Suguru. The silence stretched between them, heavy but not uncomfortable. When he finally spoke, his voice was soft, almost fragile.

“*Suguru*,” he murmured, and Geto finally could bring himself to look into the doll’s blue eyes.

Gojo’s expression was open in a way Geto had rarely seen. His usual confidence was gone, replaced by something raw, something real.

“It’s perfect,” Gojo said, slipping the bracelet onto his wrist.

The charm settled against his skin, catching the faint light of the tree.

“Really, I... thank you.”

Geto’s shoulders slumped into his knees, though his gaze lingered on Gojo’s wrist.

“Don’t make it a big deal. It’s just a gift.”

“Just a gift,” Gojo echoed in a whisper with a small, disbelieving laugh. He turned his head to look at Geto, his blue eyes shining.

“You’re such a liar, you know that?”

“Oh?” Geto asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah,” Gojo said, leaning back with a grin that was far too soft for his usual antics.

“You act all cold and detached, but you’re way more thoughtful than I am.”

Geto rolled his eyes.

“Yeah right.”

From across the couch, they smiled at each other. They both hid their face in their knees, Satoru’s fuzzy socks lightly laying on top of Suguru’s cold, bony feet.

The two of them sat in this comfortable silence, the bracelet gleaming faintly as Gojo idly toyed with the charm.

Outside, the snow continued to fall, blanketing the city in quiet peace.

“Merry Christmas, Suguru,” Gojo said, his smile a little shy.

Geto’s voice fell into a rare gentleness.

“Merry Christmas, Satoru.”

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

UH FREAKY CHAPTER KINDA IM SORRY THIS ISN'T LIKE ME AND IT WONT HAPPEN AGAIN IM REPENTING

Chapter Notes

ANYWAYS hope y'all enjoy!!! I'm seriously grateful for all you readers (especially my irls I love y'all) like the fact that this has
10 chapters and counting is INSANE to me. Like when did I get so creative omg
AND the best christmas gift of all is TWO THOUSAND HITS??? WHY DO I HAVE FANS THANK YALL ACTUALLY

anyways enough backstory, we're back to the main plot!

“They’re here.”

Suguru’s voice was calm but sharp, his body instinctively shifting to shield Gojo. The door to the wreckage creaked open slowly, as if whoever was on the other side wasn’t in any rush to reveal themselves. Heavy, deliberate footsteps echoed through the room, followed by a second, lighter pair.

The first to step through was Sukuna, his signature smirk in place, ruby eyes gleaming as they scanned the chaos.

Behind him, Nobara entered with a confident stride, her gaze sharp and assessing. She paused, taking in the shattered furniture, the bloodstains, and the faint, acrid smell of smoke that clung to the air.

“Well,” Sukuna drawled, hands tucked lazily in his pockets.

“You two sure know how to throw a party. Late invite?”

“Or you’re just bad at time management,” Nobara added dryly, her eyes flicking between Geto and Gojo.

“What the hell happened here?”

Geto’s dark eyes didn’t leave them, his stance still guarded as he glanced at Gojo beside him.

“We handled it.”

“Handled it?” Sukuna raised an eyebrow, stepping further into the room.

“Gojo looks like he's been hit by a bus.”

“Sukuna.” Nobara shot him a glare that screamed "shut up" before turning her attention to Gojo, her expression softening just slightly.

“Are you okay? You look—”

“—I'm fine.” Gojo interjected, his grin returning, though his voice was weary. “Suguru too.”

“And Mahito?” Sukuna asked, stepping closer, eyeing the limp body below their superior's feet.

“Dead,” Geto said simply, his voice cold.

Sukuna snorted.

“Figures.”

He leaned against the wall, arms crossing over his chest.

“Guess that means we’re done here. Go back to how it all was before.”

"Not quite," Geto responded, hinting he knew more than the rest of them.

Geto stepped forward, brushing the dust off his sleeves as he gave Sukuna a knowing look.

“For now, we’re done here. But Satoru and I need to have a word back at the office.”

Gojo raised an eyebrow, and said with a whine,

"Don't tell me I have to work after doing all the hard stuff.”

Suguru let out an amused exhale, brushing past him.

“As if you did any of the heavy lifting.”

Gojo gasped, placing a hand over his chest. “Well, you’re not the one who had to get kidnapped and practically tickled by Mahito.”

Geto froze mid-step, slowly turning to give him a horrified look.

“...what.”

Before Gojo could elaborate further, the sound of uneven footsteps and a muffled grunt drew their attention to the doorway.

“Don’t tell me they’re fighting again,”

Megumi muttered as he staggered inside, leaning heavily on Yuji’s shoulder. Blood seeped through his torn shirt, but his gaze was sharp enough to cut glass.

Yuji followed close behind, letting himself be used as a crutch.

Gojo’s grin faltered when he saw Megumi, a flash of concern crossing his face as moved to run to him.

“Megumi, are you okay? Let me—”

Megumi waved him off before he could finish.

“I’m fine. However, you look—”

He grimaced as he looked his mentor up and down. Gojo took that moment of silence to regain his composure.

“—perfect? I know.”

Yuji let out a small laugh, though it was cut short as he shifted to keep Megumi steady.

“Looks like our Gojo's back.”

The group all shared a glance, letting go of their previous tensions. Gojo casually clapped his hands together.

“Oh, by the way, there’s kinda a bomb timed to go off soon, so we should probably get out of here.”

Geto’s slowly turned his head toward him, his irritation clear through his side-eye.

“And you’re just mentioning this now?”

Gojo shrugged, looking entirely too pleased with himself.

“It’s not a big deal. We still have time.”

“How much time?” He growled lowly.

“Um...” Gojo glanced at his imaginary watch, “2 minutes!”

“Fine. We can talk in the car.”

Without another word, the group filed out of the building, moving with a suave precision that belied the chaos they were leaving behind. They had barely made it to the street when a deafening explosion ripped through the air.

The ground trembled beneath their feet as flames engulfed the building, the blast sending a plume of smoke spiraling into the night sky. They didn’t turn to look; they didn’t need to. They strutted out behind Gojo and Geto, heads lifted with confidence in every stride.

Gojo glanced at Geto as they walked, his grin as smug as ever.

“I bet we look so cool right now.”

Geto rolled his eyes but didn’t bother responding. The faintest hint of a smirk tugged at his lips as they disappeared into the shadows, leaving the wreckage of bodies and building to become engulfed behind them.

——

The limo's interior was sleek and dimly lit, the faint hum of the engine filling the silence as everyone settled into their seats.

On one side sat Choso, Yuji, Megumi, and Nobara, their knees brushing against each other in the cramped space. Opposite them were Gojo, Geto, and Sukuna, whose imposing presence seemed to shrink the already small distance between the two sides.

Gojo stretched lazily, his long legs nudging Geto's, though neither seemed to acknowledge it. He grinned, glancing around at the group.

"Isn’t this nice? The mafia, together, so united and cozy!"

Sukuna snorted, leaning back in his seat, his gaze sharp.

"Know where you stand, Tokyo. This is temporary. Once we get back, things go back to the way they were."

The light atmosphere in the limo dimmed slightly. Yuji glanced at Megumi, whose expression flickered with something unreadable—disappointment, maybe, or understanding. It was hard to tell.

Nobara broke the silence, leaning forward slightly.

"I don’t know," she said with a shrug. "I kind of liked my high-class new room. Room service, a jacuzzi—it was a dream come true."

Sukuna’s lip curled into something between a smirk and a sneer as he glanced at Yuji.

"Speaking of dreams, maybe with this one gone, I’ll be able to wake up without wondering if there’s any food left. I mean, it's been a mess at breakfast since you rebels got here. They should really do something about that."

Geto let out an irritated sigh, his arms crossed.

"You do know we’re right here, don’t you?"

Gojo burst into laughter, slapping Geto’s knee playfully.

"Haha! Yeah, respect your elders. You’re in his limo, after all."

He looked over at Sukuna and the others with a grin that didn’t quite reach his eyes.

"Don’t worry, we’ll let you know everything soon enough."

Geto gave Gojo a sideways glance but didn’t say anything, his fingers tapping lightly against his arm.

"For now," Gojo continued, his tone deceptively light, "stay at the Shibuya headquarters. Make yourselves at home. We’ve got plenty of space, right Suguru?"

“Do I need to remind you who is in charge here?” Geto shot back sharply, eyeing the rebel leader.

Tension rushed back into the van as the agents eyed their superiors. But it quickly settled as Gojo spoke up.

"Suguruuu,” he drew the name back in a long breathy groan.

“You’re so dramatic. We just pulled off the impossible—again. Maybe we all deserve a pat on the back and a good meal."

“And maybe some medical attention...” Megumi muttered shyly, hand clenched to his side.

“How’s that kid even still conscious?” Sukuna asked, pointing to Megumi, one brow cocked.

"He’s bleeding out all over this car. Doesn’t seem very hygienic."

Megumi scowled, his voice sharp despite his exhaustion.

"I’m fine. Don’t worry about me."

Choso ignored them, leaning forward from his seat and resting his arms on his knees.

"Somehow, I knew the plans from both sides, but I feel like I’m the most lost here. Like—how did you heal Gojo, anyway?"

The question hung in the air, all eyes turning toward Geto. The sound of tires on gravel became prominent as the sleek black vehicle entered the driveway to headquarters. Suguru crossed his arms, his expression unreadable as he replied,

"We’ll explain everything soon. For now, everyone tidy up. And Choso, help Megumi with his wounds."

Megumi groaned softly, muttering under his breath, "why’s it have to be him?"

Gojo snorted, glancing back with an amused grin.

"Megumi, play nice. Choso’s got a surprisingly soft touch—right, Yuji?"

Yuji choked on his breath, waving his hands defensively.

"W-What? I don’t know what you’re talking about!"

Geto pinched the bridge of his nose, cutting through the noise with a firm tone.

"Enough. Suguru, stop trying to cause drama. Everyone meet in my office at seven. We’ll answer all your questions then."

The team dispersed into the expansive building, leaving Gojo and Geto to retreat to their shared suite. The room was dimly lit, warmed by the faint glow of the city lights pouring through the tall windows. Gojo flopped dramatically onto the bed, his long legs sprawling over the edge, while Geto lingered by the window, staring out at the snow-covered streets below.

"So," Gojo said, folding his hands behind his head, "how do you wanna do this? Big announcement? Subtle reveal? Or should we just let them figure it out when they catch us sneaking off together?"

Geto shot him a pointed look, his lips twitching in mild annoyance.

"If we leave it to you, half of them will think we’re joking."

Gojo grinned, his gaze softening.

"And the other half?"

"Probably won’t believe it either."

"Fair," Gojo admitted, sitting up and patting the seat next to him. "Come on, let’s plan this out. What’s the worst that could happen?"

Geto walked over, his pace slow and deliberate as he sank down beside him.

"They could refuse to trust us. Or worse, think we’re just using this as leverage to control them."

"Hey," Gojo said softly, leaning closer.

"We’ve made it this far. They’ll see it’s real. You and me? We’ve got this, Suguru."

Geto raised an eyebrow, walking slowly over to where Gojo sat on the bed. His steps were unhurried, almost predatory.

“You and me?” he repeated, his voice low as he reached down, tilting Gojo’s chin upward with his thumb and index finger.

“I thought we were talking about joining the mafias.”

Gojo swallowed, his lips curving into a small smile as his pale blue eyes met Geto’s dark, intense gaze. His breath hitched slightly, the proximity tightening the air around them.

"Well, sure," Gojo murmured, his voice softening to a teasing lilt. "That’s important too. But you know me—I like to multitask."

“Multitask?” Geto’s lips quirked, his thumb grazing just beneath Gojo’s chin, sending a shiver down his spine.

“Do explain, Satoru.”

Gojo blinked, his usual confidence slipping as his words came slower, quieter. “I mean... I’ve been thinking. A lot. About you. About us. And about how I—”

His voice faltered, his hands twitching on the bedspread as if unsure of what to do with them.

Geto leaned closer, his face now just inches away, his voice dropping to a near-whisper.

"What about us, Satoru?"

Gojo’s chest rose and fell faster, his pulse thundering in his ears. The weight of Geto’s steady, knowing gaze made him feel stripped bare. His lips parted, searching for the right words, but his voice cracked when they came out.

"I—I can’t take this anymore," he finally admitted, a raw edge creeping into his tone.

Geto tilted his head slightly, his fingers still holding Gojo’s chin.

"Can’t take what?"

Gojo’s restraint shattered like glass.

"I missed you too much."

The words came out rushed, almost desperate, and before Geto could respond, Gojo surged forward, capturing his lips in a kiss that was far from gentle. It was heated, frantic—filled with the longing that had built between them for weeks. His hands found their place, one gripping Geto’s shoulder and the other tangling in his dark hair, pulling him closer.

Geto let out a low hum of surprise before leaning into the kiss, his hand sliding from Gojo's chin to cradle the side of his face. His touch was firm but grounding, as if tethering Gojo in the storm of emotions that spilled from him. Their lips moved together with growing intensity, Gojo's urgency matched by Geto's steady, deliberate pace.

Gojo's teeth grazed Geto's lower lip, pulling it slightly before diving back in, deepening the kiss. His breath came in short gasps between each movement, his senses entirely consumed by the familiar warmth of Geto's lips, the faint taste of mint lingering on them.

Geto responded in kind, his hand sliding down to rest on Gojo's waist, pulling him closer until their bodies were flush against each other. Gojo's fingers tightened in Geto's hair, tilting his head to deepen the angle of the kiss, their breaths mingling as the world outside the room ceased to exist.

Geto pulled back slightly, just enough to catch his breath, his forehead resting against Gojo's.

"You're—" he started, his voice a little unsteady for once. "You're so impatient, Satoru."

Gojo smirked, his lips slightly swollen, his breath still coming hard.

"And you love me for it."

Geto chuckled low, his fingers slipping beneath the hem of Gojo's shirt, grazing the smooth skin of his hip.

"I guess I do."

Gojo's grin softened, his gaze turning fond as his hand brushed along Geto's jaw.

"You know you do, Suguru."

Geto's hand on Gojo's waist tightened, his fingers curling against the soft fabric of his shirt as he deepened the kiss. This wasn't just about closeness anymore.

It was need. Desire. Months of tension and restraint spilling over into every brush of their lips and tangle of their tongues.

Gojo's hands, usually so steady, shook slightly as they slipped under Geto's shirt, his fingertips grazing the toned muscles of his back. The contact sent a jolt through both of them, and Gojo let out a quiet, breathy moan that he couldn't hold back.

"Sounds like you missed me, baby," Geto murmured against Gojo's lips, his voice low and smooth, though his own breath was ragged.

Gojo laughed, his head tilting to the side to grant Geto better access as he pressed warm kisses along his jaw and down the column of his neck.

"What gave it away?" he whispered, his voice husky, his hands pulling Geto even closer.

Geto chuckled, his lips grazing the sensitive skin just below Gojo's ear, earning him another soft sound.

"You're not exactly subtle, Satoru."

"Yeah? Well..." Gojo started, but whatever retort he had died in his throat as Geto's hands moved, sliding beneath his shirt to rest on his bare skin.

The warmth of Geto's touch was almost searing, leaving a trail of heat in its wake.

"Shhhhh," he hushed, biting at Gojo's ear. "You talk too much."

Gojo pulled back slightly, his lips still brushing against Geto's as a mischievous grin spread across his face.

"Then give me something to shut me up."

Geto rolled his eyes but couldn't suppress the small smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Anything you want."

Gojo's grin widened, his fingers trailing lightly up Geto's chest.

"Anything?"

Geto chuckled softly, his voice dipping lower as he met Gojo's gaze, dark and unyielding.

"You have me until 7, Satoru."

"Now that's dangerous," Gojo teased, leaning in closer, his lips brushing against Geto's as he whispered,

"You really shouldn't say things like that to me."

"Shouldn't I?"

Geto challenged, his hands tightening on Gojo's hips, holding him in place.

"Do your worst, Satoru."

The words had barely left Geto's mouth before Gojo moved, swift and commanding. In a single, fluid motion, he flipped he push Suguru down, pressing him onto the mattress beneath him. His long fingers found the hem of Geto's shirt and, in a smooth tug, dragged it up and over Suguru's shoulders, tossing it carelessly to the side.

“You asked for it,” Gojo muttered, his voice low and thick with promise.

He ran his hands over Geto’s chest, his touch slow but deliberate, fingers skimming over every scar and muscle. The contrast of Geto’s warm skin beneath his cool palms sent a thrill through Satoru, his lips quirking in satisfaction at the way

Suguru’s chest rose sharply at his touch.

Gojo dipped his head, his silver hair brushing against Geto’s skin as his mouth found its way to his collarbone. His tongue flicked over the ridge before his teeth sank in, just enough to make Geto arch softly, his hands instinctively gripping Satoru’s hips in response.

“Can’t handle me, Suguru?” Gojo teased, his breath ghosting over the faint mark he left behind.

He didn’t wait for an answer, his mouth trailing lower, licking a line of sloppy open-mouthed kisses down Geto’s chest.

Suguru’s eyes burned with an intensity that matched the heat building between them, his hands loosened their hold on Gojo, grabbing the sheets to regain some semblance of control. But Satoru wasn’t giving him the chance. He sat up deliberately on Geto’s hips, dragging a groan from Suguru’s lips as he leaned back to admire his work.

Suguru lay beneath him, his dark hair falling out like silk against the rumpled fabric, strands sticking to the faint sheen of sweat on his flushed skin. His chest rose and fell in uneven breaths, a soft pink tint spreading from his sharp cheekbones down to the curve of his collarbone. His lips, parted and kiss-swollen, glistened faintly, as if silently begging for more.

His half-lidded eyes gazed up at Gojo, glinting with a mix of adoration and surrender, the sharp edge of his usual demeanor utterly softened. He looked undone, stripped of his usual control, his body compliant beneath Satoru’s touch.

The way his fingers gripped weakly at Satoru’s thighs on either side of him, searching for some semblance of grounding, only made him more intoxicating. The strong lines of his frame juxtaposed with the femininity in his expression painted him like a masterpiece—a man completely and utterly in love, letting himself be claimed without resistance.

“You look good like this,” Gojo murmured, his voice soft but taunting, his fingers possessively tracing down Geto's body.

Suguru didn't bother with a verbal reply. Instead, he shifted beneath Satoru with startling ease, his movements calculated as he pushed himself up, reversing their positions in one sharp motion. Gojo blinked up at him, surprised for half a second before his smirk returned, the challenge lighting up his features.

Geto leaned closer, his hair finally falling loose around his shoulders as he tilted Gojo's chin up with his own.

Swallowing the sharp gasp that left Gojo's throat, Geto leaned back.

"It's about time you lose this, don't you think?"

He slowly undid the first button of Gojo's shirt with one hand, shoving his other thumb into Gojo's panting mouth.

Gojo kissed into Geto's thumb obediently as the shirt came undone, his movements greedy with the sudden heat between them. Suguru drug his wet thumb off Gojo's tongue and bottom lip down to his chin, tracing the edge of Satoru's sharp jawline.

Putting his calloused thumb into his own mouth he looked down at Satoru. He undid another button, exposing Gojo's collarbones—sharp and defined. Geto gripped Satoru's upper body. His large hands fitting perfectly around his toned chest, thumbs right on Satoru's nipples.

Gojo's body arched under the flick from Geto's wet finger. Geto seductively licked the finger again before using it to toy with Gojo's wet lips.

"There. You can taste me now."

Gojo whimpered, breath ragged, as Geto's free hand slid lower, undoing more buttons to reveal the hard planes of Gojo's abdomen. His stomach tightened with every movement, the soft pull of his abs causing Geto to groan low in his throat.

The white fabric could have gone translucent from the two's sweat, falling open further with every tug, revealing more of the man underneath.

With every button, Geto gained more of the body he craved. He lowered his lips to the sharp lines of Gojo's hips, the faint definition of his V-line just visible as he shifted closer, pulling up the skin on Gojo's hips with his teeth.

Geto’s structured shoulders flexed as he unbuckled Gojo’s belt with a speed that had the leather straining against the tension.

“Damn,” Geto whispered under his breath, watching as Gojo’s pants loosened, the curve of his hips, the hard planes of his body, all laid bare for him to feast his eyes on.

Gojo was a vision of raw, flawless beauty, his body a mix of elegance and strength.

Every inch of him was perfect, and it made Geto’s blood run hot. He turned Gojo’s head away by the inside of his partners cheek, watching the saliva connect the two like a web as he let go of the man's mouth. A sweaty flush of pink replaced Gojo’s usual pale, ceramic skin. His bright blue eyes were barely visible as his eyelids went droopy and succumbed to the heat of the moment.

Geto’s hands gripped around Satoru’s small waist, thumbing at Gojo’s protruding hip bone.

Geto’s eyes darkened, his breath shallow as he took in the sight before him.

“God you’re perfect,” he rasped, voice low and feral, every word laced with hunger and pride of who he claimed.

Gojo barely gave Geto a moment to breathe before their mouths collided again, his hands roaming over every inch of skin he could reach. It was desperate, almost frantic, like he was trying to commit every detail of Suguru to memory. His lips trailed along Geto’s jawline, down his neck, where he nipped lightly, pulling a shiver from his husband.

“Stay up here, love,” Geto demanded softly, tugging Gojo’s white hair, just enough to elicit a low groan from the man.

Their lips joined back together, growing hungrier, more reckless, as their tongues fumbled for dominance.

“*mmkay*,” he responded, barely distinguishable from his throaty moans.

Gojo’s hands slid down, settling on Suguru’s hips, pulling them down to meet his own, earning a sharp inhale from the man above him. He shifted their weight, pressing Suguru into the mattress, pinning him there.

“I missed this,” Gojo murmured against his lips, voice rough, his breath ragged.

“I missed *you*.”

Suguru’s response was a muffled groan, something like

"I know," as Gojo claimed his mouth again, his fingers trailing lower, teasing the edge of his waistband—

And then the obnoxious ringing of the alarm went off.

Gojo froze, breathing heavy as reality came crashing back. Suguru just stretched back into the pillows behind him, his biceps flexed behind his head as he flashed his own toned torso and tilted his head toward the clock on the nightstand.

Gojo groaned, burying his face in the crook of Geto’s neck.

“No. No way. Just five more minutes,” he whined, his voice muffled against Suguru’s skin.

Suguru’s lips quirked into a small, amused smirk, but he gently pushed at Gojo’s shoulders.

“Satoru...”

“No,” Gojo insisted, tightening his grip on Suguru’s waist like a stubborn child refusing to let go of his favorite toy.

“They’re waiting,” Geto said firmly, though his voice held a note of reluctant regret.

Gojo lifted his head, pouting like a man who’d just been told he couldn’t have dessert.

“Pleease,” he drawled, reaching for Geto’s hand just to bite submissively at his the tip of the larger’s thumb.

“Just a little longer. They’ll survive.”

“Satoru,” Geto warned, though his resolve wavered as Gojo pressed another lingering kiss to his neck.

He sighed, pushing him back gently but firmly.

“You’ve had your fun. Now put some pants on.”

With a dramatic groan, Gojo rolled onto his back, flopping onto the bed and sulking.

“This is soo unfair,” he muttered, throwing an arm over his eyes.

Suguru picked his shirt up from beside him and started buttoning it; sitting up with a composed air that only he could manage after something like this. He smoothed his hair back, glancing over at Gojo, who was still pouting on the bed.

“They’ll be banging on the door if we don’t show up soon,” Suguru said, his tone final as he stood, adjusting his pants.

Gojo peeked out from under his arm, his lips tugging into a mischievous grin.

“Fine. But you’re gonna regret this at the meeting.”

Suguru chuckled softly, shaking his head as he turned toward the door.

“We’ll see.”

Gojo sat up, running a hand through his hair with a smirk.

“Oh, we will.”

——-

Gojo and Geto strolled into Geto’s office with an air of authority, the soft creak of the door drawing the attention of everyone already seated. The atmosphere in the room was tense but expectant, every eye turning toward the two men as they stepped inside.

Around the large oak table sat Sukuna, Megumi, Yuji, Nobara, Choso, and Inumaki, each with varying degrees of curiosity and skepticism painted on their faces. The tension was almost palpable, especially as Sukuna leaned back in his chair, arms crossed, his sharp gaze narrowing at the pair.

Gojo plopped himself lazily into one of the empty chairs, kicking his legs up onto the edge of the table with his usual nonchalance.

“Ah, I missed this office,” he said, dragging out the words as if he hadn’t noticed—or didn’t care about—the weight of the stares fixed on him.

Geto, by contrast, remained standing, his presence commanding without effort. He let the silence linger for a moment, his dark eyes sweeping over the group before he finally spoke.

“I’m sure you all have questions.”

Yuji, ever the bold one, was the first to pipe up.

“Uh, yeah! Like, how did any of this work? Gojo was captured, but now he's... not? And how’d you heal him? And—”

Sukuna cut him off with a sharp scoff.

“Enough. Let them explain, brat.”

Gojo smirked, leaning forward as he rested his chin on his hand.

“So eager to hear my brilliant plan? I’m flattered.”

“Your plan?” Geto muttered under his breath, crossing his arms as he took a seat beside Gojo.

“Let’s start from the beginning.”

Geto leaned forward, his tone calm and measured.

“We knew Mahito wouldn’t pass up an opportunity to use Satoru against us. The plan was simple—wait until there were 'hidden' cameras up everywhere, stage the perfect moment where Satoru seemed distracted, let him get captured, and use it to our advantage. It gave us the chance to gather intel while they let their guard down.”

Gojo grinned, gesturing toward himself.

“I played the damsel in distress. Pretty convincing, huh?”

Nobara rolled her eyes.

“I think ‘damsel’ might be a stretch, but go on.”

Ignoring her, Geto continued.

“Gojo had never actually been injected with Kenjaku. We had an insider in Mahito’s agency. I hated it, but I knew Mahito would only trust a few group of individuals to take down the precious Satoru. It was a hefty price, but Jogo agreed. I guess the other option was his death so it wasn’t much of a decision.”

Choso raised an eyebrow.

“So you were never really in danger?”

“Sure, I was,” Gojo said lightly, though the subtle shift in his expression hinted at something deeper.

“But I trust Suguru. He wasn’t going to let anything happen to me.”

The room fell into a contemplative silence, the group processing the revelation.

Finally Choso spoke what everyone had been thinking.

“I’m sorry, I guess I just don’t understand how you two could have so much complete faith in each other.”

Nobara chimed in as well.

“I mean pretty much the whole reason there’s two rivaling organizations in Tokyo is because you two couldn’t get along.”

“And you didn’t exactly seem to see eye-to-eye in these past few weeks either,” Yuji added.

Geto wearily eyed his partner, silently asking for a way out of this. He didn’t want anyone to know about them. Not now. Not like this. Then he remembered the whole reason why he gathered them all here.

He brushed past the Rebel’s comments, avoiding any of their eyes as he changed the subject.

“Now that the immediate threat is gone, there’s something else we need to address.” His gaze swept the room.

“The factions—Rebels and Shibuya—can’t stay divided if we want to maintain control. It’s time we consider joining forces permanently.”

That statement was met with a mix of reactions. Nobara and Yuji exchanged hesitant glances. Choso looked thoughtful, while Inumaki tilted his head, his neutral expression giving nothing away. Sukuna, however, barked a laugh, his voice dripping with disdain.

“You can’t be serious,” Sukuna said, his eyes narrowing at Geto.

“You think merging the mafia into one big happy family will work? That’s naïve.”

“I know it’s not simple,” Geto admitted, meeting Sukuna’s glare without flinching.

“But the six of you are proof it’s possible. You’ve worked together. Trusted each other. We need that unity on a larger scale.”

The room fell quiet again, the weight of Geto’s words settling over them.

It was Megumi who broke the silence, his voice calm but resolute.

“I think we should do it.”

All eyes turned to him, surprise flickering across their faces—none more than Geto’s.

Megumi straightened in his seat, his gaze steady on Geto.

“You’ve helped me. You’ve given me really good advice and somehow... I feel close to you. And I don’t say that lightly.”

Sukuna raised an eyebrow, his tone skeptical but intrigued.

“Boss doesn’t dish out advice easily, brat. If you’re vouching for Tokyo, maybe there’s something to this after all.”

Gojo beamed, his face lighting up as he looked at Megumi with pride. He reached out to ruffle the younger man’s hair, earning an annoyed swat.

“That’s my boy!”

Megumi scowled but didn’t argue, his quiet support speaking volumes.

As the conversation circled back to lighter topics, Sukuna leaned back in his chair, his sharp gaze shifting to Toge.

"And what about you, Inumaki? You’ve been... noticeably absent during all of this.”

Inumaki raised his head slightly, his expression impassive. He hesitated before speaking, his voice calm and deliberate.

"I’ve been managing things at Shibuya. Someone had to keep things in order while you were all off playing heroes."

Gojo tilted his head, intrigued.

"Managing things? You? Since when?"

“It was my call,” Geto interjected smoothly, leaning back in his chair. His eyes flicked toward Inumaki with a hint of approval.

“I assigned him to handle communications with a potential overseas ally. Shibuya couldn’t afford to fall apart while we were running operations elsewhere.”

Gojo blinked, clearly surprised.

“You and Inumaki, huh? When did you two become such besties?”

Simultaneously, Inumaki and Geto turned toward Gojo with the same flat, annoyed expression.

“We’re not,” they said in unison, their tones dry and perfectly matched.

Yuji snickered, trying to hide his amusement behind his hand as Megumi rolled his eyes.

Geto ignored the comment and continued.

“Toge’s been instrumental. The overseas agency he’s working with is based in Spain, and they’ve been useful in keeping tabs on Mahito’s remaining allies. They even offered resources for rebuilding efforts in Tokyo.”

Gojo’s eyebrows shot up.

“Rebuilding efforts? Sounds serious. Are you saying we’re going international now?”

Inumaki’s lips curved into the faintest hint of a smirk, his posture remaining relaxed.

“Not international yet. But Yut— the agency extended an invitation for us to visit and assess their capabilities firsthand.”

Nobara perked up, sitting straighter.

“Wait, wait, wait. Are you saying we’d get to travel? Like, to *Spain*? Because I don’t know about the rest of you, but I think I’ve earned a vacation.”

“Vacation,” Sukuna scoffed. “This isn’t about sipping wine and sightseeing.”

“Why not both?” Gojo chimed in with a grin, clearly on board with the idea.

“We could call it a work trip. You know, strengthen international relations or whatever.”

Choso shrugged.

“Honestly, I wouldn’t mind seeing what they’ve got to offer. If they can help to rebuild and stabilize here, it’s worth looking into.”

Geto nodded thoughtfully, glancing at Inumaki.

“You’re confident in this agency?”

Inumaki met his gaze directly.

“Yes, sir.”

That was all Geto needed to hear. He turned to the rest of the group, his tone final.

“Then it’s settled. We’ll make arrangements to travel to Spain and see what this agency has to offer. But let’s be clear—this isn’t a vacation. We’ll need to stay sharp.”

“Doesn’t mean we can’t have a little fun,” Gojo said with a wink, already imagining the possibilities.

Geto sighed, muttering under his breath, “Of course you would think that, Satoru.”

Inumaki adjusted his coat, rising from his seat with his usual quiet efficiency.

“The sooner we leave, the better,” he said, glancing at Geto.

“I can get us flights for tomorrow morning. Get ready.”

As the group started to leave the room, they talked among themselves. Megumi waited for Yuji against the door-frame, rolling his eyes.

“Spain with Gojo. What could possibly go wrong?”

Yuji elbowed him lightly.

“Come on, Fushiguro. It might be nice to relax for once. You know, assuming Sukuna doesn’t lash out or something.”

“He’s not the only one I’m worried about,” Megumi muttered, shooting a sidelong glance at Geto.

Nobara chimed in, resting her hands on the shoulders of the two.

“Don’t forget to pack sunscreen, boys. You're gonna need it for your fragile skin, Megumi.”

Megumi scoffed, pushing off the wall.

"Whatever."

Inumaki cleared his throat, silencing the back-and-forth.

“Just be ready by 6 AM. We'll fly from the company jet. If you miss the flight, don’t blame me.”

“Don’t worry,” Gojo said, clapping his hands together. “We’ll be there bright and early.”

“*We’ll* be there,” Geto corrected dryly. “Whether or not *you* make it is the real question.”

Gojo pressed a hand to his chest, feigning offense.

“Have a little faith in me, Suguru. I'm the morning person here.”

Geto simply nodded in response, raising an eyebrow as the group began to filter out of the room.

At last, Geto and Gojo were the only two left in the room.

“You excited?”

Geto moved closer to Gojo, bringing his dainty left hand to his rough lips and kissing the place where Satoru's golden band usually laid on his finger when they were alone.

“I made a promise to love you and stay by your side, Satoru. I'm always excited for an excuse to work with you.”

Gojo smiled, pushing his fingers back through Geto's hair, brushing the loose strands from his face.

“So you’re ready?”

There was a pause as they locked eyes.

“Yeah. I guess I am.”

When In Spain

Chapter Summary

Happy birthday Megumi! What a day to end this fic. This was like such a distinct marker in my life so I'm like devastated
that this is the final chapter.
Thank you all so much for reading. You mean so much to me and it's insane how much attention this has gotten. I never expected this to be more than just a one-shot that I sent to my friends.
If you would have told me this summer that I started writing fanfiction or even watched anime I would have given you the dirtiest side eye. But wow I'm a bit proud of who I became this 2024.

Merry Christmas and happy new years everyone.

Chapter Notes

Now for a chapter preface, There's a bit of Spanish (I've given translations dw) in this chapter because ya know... it's in
Spain. I've been taking Spanish for 5 years but I am in no way perfect. If you see somewhere that needs to be corrected pls let
me know!! Enjoy the final chapter and I love y'all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The vast terminal wing was eerily quiet, sunlight streaming in through floor-to-ceiling windows and casting golden patches across the pristine marble floors. Rows of empty seats stretched into the distance, the hum of a far-off engine the only sound breaking the silence as the group waited.

Nobara fiddled with her phone, the screen dim as she scrolled out of boredom, while Yuji leaned back on the chair's armrest, his boot tapping a restless beat against the floor. Megumi stood near the windows with his arms crossed, his eyes distant as they followed the slow crawl of a jet across the tarmac.

Sukuna was leaned against a column with his arms folded, his crimson gaze sharp and unmoving, a quiet storm of simmering irritation.

At the far end of the room, Inumaki was buried in paperwork, efficiently tucking documents into his bag one by one, pushing his glasses further up onto his nose each time they threatened to slip. He was the only one who didn't notice the shift in the air —until it happened.

“Rise and shine!”

Gojo’s voice carried across the cavernous space like a ripple in water—casual, confident, and loud enough that there was no mistaking it. It wasn’t quite a shout, but it might as well have been, given how effortlessly it broke the silence.

Every head turned.

Gojo Satoru strolled across the terminal, his polished shoes striking sharp, deliberate notes against the marble. From a distance, he looked impossibly pristine, almost cinematic—his white button-down catching the sunlight just so, sleeves pushed lazily up to his forearms, sunglasses perched at an infuriatingly rakish angle.

Trailing just behind was Geto Suguru, quieter but no less striking. The weight of his coat flared subtly with each step, and the ends of his long hair fell carelessly loose over his shoulders. There was no rush to his movement, no hurry to match Gojo’s near-bouncing stride—his energy was darker, slower, but magnetic in its own right.

The two of them together were impossible to ignore. Their presence alone seemed to fill the terminal like a rolling wave, heavy and undeniable.

Yuji straightened immediately, his foot halting mid-bounce. Nobara sat up so quickly that her phone nearly slipped from her hands, and even Megumi glanced back over his shoulder, a faint shift in his expression betraying his mild surprise. Sukuna’s gaze narrowed but didn’t falter, a quiet '*tch'* slipping under his breath as he pushed off the column.

Inumaki's fingers froze mid-movement over the papers before he sighed softly, closing the folder with deliberate finality. He pushed his glasses up onto his head, silver hair catching the light as he finally stood, slipping his bag onto his shoulder with the practiced air of someone who had been anticipating this moment—and didn’t particularly like it.

“You’re late,” Sukuna said, folding his arms as Gojo drew closer, though there was no heat in his voice—only begrudging acknowledgment.

“Fashionably,” Gojo corrected without missing a beat.

The smirk tugging at his lips was the sort of thing that could start fights in a room full of people less familiar with him.

“Mhm.” Sukuna muttered, though his red eyes remained fixed on the two of them.

Suguru caught up to Gojo’s pace, exhaled a deep sigh and shot him an unimpressed look.

“Satoru,” he said the name like he were warning a child to calm down.

Gojo turned his head just enough to flash his husband a sly smile, unbothered.

“Suguru."

“No disrespect, sir, but shouldn't we have left by now?” Yuji questioned.

"Time is just a construct when you own the plane, Yuji." Gojo responded with his usual ease.

The group, previously scattered across the room found themselves forming a loose semi-circle around their superiors.

Inumaki entered the circle last, speaking to Geto as if the others weren't there.

"We're set. The pilot's ready, and the schedule is confirmed. We'll board on your command, sir."

Yuji blinked, visibly surprised.

"Inumaki— you're handling all this?"

Inumaki glanced at him, tilting his head slightly as if the question didn't warrant a response.

"Of course," he said simply.

Yuji rubbed the back of his neck to process the information with an awkward grin.

"That's... cool. Thanks then."

Gojo spoke up, "You heard him! Grab your bags, we're going to Spain!"

The group gathered their belongings, Yuji and Nobara's collective energy buzzing with a mix of anticipation and fatigue as they followed Gojo and Geto toward the waiting jet. The private aircraft was parked on the tarmac just beyond a set of wide glass doors, its sleek exterior gleaming under the early morning sun.

Yuji let out a low whistle as they stepped outside.

"This is...fancy."

"Of course it is," Nobara said, rolling her eyes.

"It's the Shibuya mafia. Did you expect economy class?"

Megumi, standing next to Yuji, glanced up at the plane with his usual calm expression.

"I've been on it a few times. It's not bad."

Yuji turned to him, his eyes wide with awe.

“You’ve been on a private jet before?”

Megumi shrugged.

“Gojo’s taken me on trips before. It’s not a big deal.”

“Not a big deal?” Yuji repeated, his tone incredulous. “I’ve barely even left the city!”

Suguru, overhearing the conversation as he climbed the stairs behind Gojo, smirked faintly.

“Stick around, Yuji. You might get used to the high life.”

Gojo, already at the top of the stairs, turned to flash the group a wide grin.

“Don’t let him fool you—Suguru was giddy the first time he got on this plane.”

“I was not. I bought the thing,” Geto replied smoothly as he stepped past Gojo into the cabin.

Gojo leaned closer to the doorway, whispering at the group.

“He totally was.”

As they boarded, the interior of the jet immediately left an impression. The spacious cabin was fitted with plush leather seats arranged in pairs, apart from a matching leather couch towards the middle, polished wood paneling, and ambient lighting that gave the space a luxurious yet inviting feel. A small bar was situated at the back, stocked with an assortment of drinks and snacks, and a row of windows offered an unobstructed view of the tarmac.

Nobara wasted no time claiming a window seat by the couch, setting her bag on the seat beside her.

“Now *this* is how you travel.”

Yuji, still looking around in awe, took a seat on the couch.

“This is insane. How is this real?”

Sukuna followed with a sharp smirk, tossing his coat onto a nearby seat.

“Try not to look like a tourist, brat. It’s embarrassing.”

“Leave him alone,” Nobara shot back. “Some of us aren’t used to being filthy rich.”

Megumi sat at the other end of the couch, his expression neutral but his eyes flicking toward Yuji’s excited grin. He didn’t say anything, but he smiled gently as he watched him.

Inumaki, the last to board, walked past the others and settled into a towards the back, already pulling out a notebook and pen. His quiet focus was in stark contrast to the lively energy of the rest of the group.

As Gojo and Geto took their seats at the front of the cabin, Gojo leaned back with an exaggerated sigh, spreading his arms across the back of the seat as he spun it around to face the group.

“Ah, nothing like traveling in style.”

Suguru shook his head, turning in the chair beside him.

“You were just born for luxury weren’t you?”

The pilot’s voice crackled over the intercom, announcing their departure. As the engines roared to life and the plane began taxiing down the runway, the group settled into their seats, the reality of their destination sinking in.

Yuji leaned over to Megumi, whispering, “Do you think Spain is as cool as it looks in the movies?”

Megumi opened his eyes, his gaze softening.

“You’ll see.”

The jet rolled through the runway, preparing for takeoff, taking them all the way to Spain.

A/N: Here’s a seating chart to make this easier (I’m lazy and I don’t want to explain this all in words) lol! The plane drawing was rushed but I tried (tv is behind Geto’s big head)

(in case the image doesn't work: Image!! (https://imgur.com/a/iv4OnrT))

The private jet soared smoothly through the clouds, the cabin buzzing with subdued energy. Megumi was perched on the couch, his elbow propped on the armrest as he rested his head against his hand. His eyes fluttered closed every so often, clearly battling exhaustion, though the gentle hum of the plane seemed to be lulling him closer to sleep.

On the other side of the couch, Yuji was wide awake, engrossed in the action film playing on the flat screen mounted on the wall. Every explosion and dramatic twist made him shift slightly in his seat, his excitement infectious even if no one else seemed to match his energy.

Nobara sat in a leather chair perpendicular to Yuji, her eyes half on the TV and half on her phone. Occasionally, she'd throw out a comment about the movie, to which Yuji would reply with an enthusiastic agreement or a laugh.

Across the cabin, Sukuna leaned back in his seat with a tumbler of whiskey in hand, the amber liquid catching the light as he swirled it lazily. He was talking to Gojo and Geto, who were sitting nearby, the three of them in a rare moment of camaraderie.

"I don't know, Gojo," Sukuna said, smirking as he took a sip.

"It's been awfully loud at headquarters since you've arrived."

Gojo raised a hand dramatically to his chest, feigning offense.

"First of all, you're welcome. My messes keep you relevant."

Geto chuckled, shaking his head.

"Satoru, the only reason Sukuna's humoring you is because he's three drinks in. Don't push it."

"Oh, I'd still say it sober," Sukuna retorted with a wicked grin.

Near the back of the plane, Inumaki sat with his laptop open, typing rapidly. His glasses fell back on his face, his expression focused as he juggled whatever logistical tasks he'd assigned himself for the trip. He barely glanced up when Gojo and Sukuna's conversation took a turn into Spanish.

"Sukuna, estoy aburrido." Gojo started. "¿Qué peiensas *realmente* de Suguru?"

(Sukuna, I'm bored. What do you REALLY think of Suguru?)

“Todo lo que estoy diciendo,” Sukuna said smoothly, his tone teasing, playing into Gojo’s game.

(All I’m saying is)

“Es que Suguru siempre parece cansado. Creo que lo estás desgastando, *Satoru*.”

(...Suguru always looks tired. I think you’re wearing him out, Satoru)

Gojo leaned back, laughing.

“Por supuesto que sí. Es un trabajo de tiempo completo estar a mi alrededor.”

(Of course. It’s a full time job to be around me.)

Sukuna rolled his eyes. "Al menos eres consciente de ti mismo, Gojo."

(At least you're self aware, Gojo.)

From the back, Inumaki’s head tilted slightly, letting out a breathy laugh at the remark, but his attention remained on his laptop.

“See,” Sukuna said, nodding his head back towards Inumaki. “He gets it.”

“Since when did you know Spanish, Inumaki?” Gojo asked.

Inumaki didn’t look up from his screen as he replied coolly, “I’ve always been good with languages I guess.”

“Figures," Sukuna said, "Guess that’s why you’re head of communications.”

Yuji tuned back into the conversation now that he could understand.

“Since when could *all of you* speak Spanish?"

"Since when have they not been good at everything, Yuji." Megumi mumbled in his sleepy state.

"Good point," Choso chimed in, sitting straight from leaning against the window, keeping his wired earbuds in.

His eyes occasionally flicked to the group, absorbing the conversation without participating. Mostly, he gazed out at the horizon, his fingers tapping idly against his armrest to the rhythm of the song he was listening to.

Despite the banter and varying levels of engagement, the cabin had a relaxed, almost familial energy. It was a rare glimpse of these dangerous individuals letting their guards down, enjoying each other's company in a high-class yet casual setting, but it was nice.

The plane ride had been pleasant, but the descent into Madrid marked the shift from relaxed camaraderie to the serious purpose of their visit. The group filed out of the plane, the sharp sunlight of the Spanish evening casting long shadows on the tarmac. As the hum of the engines died down, a sleek black SUV rolled to a stop near the runway, its tinted windows gleaming.

A figure emerged from the vehicle and walked up the steps to the plane. Dressed in a pristine white suit jacket and black pants, Yuta Okkotsu carried himself with understated confidence. His dark hair was neatly combed, his sharp eyes scanning the group as he approached.

“Welcome to Madrid,” he greeted, his voice smooth and formal.

Gojo was the first to step forward, a grin spreading across his face as he extended a hand.

“Yuta Okkotsu. Long time no see.”

Yuta shook his hand firmly, his expression softening just a bit.

“Gojo. You look well.”

“Don’t I always?” Gojo quipped, earning a quiet sigh from Geto, who stood just behind him.

The rest of the group introduced themselves one by one, each careful to maintain a respectful tone. Sukuna offered a curt nod, his demeanor neutral but observant. Nobara managed a polite smile, Yuji followed with his usual upbeat charm, and Megumi kept his introduction short.

Inumaki, bringing up the rear, adjusted his glasses briefly before shaking Yuta’s hand. Instead of being able to introduce himself, Yuta spoke for him.

“Inumaki Toge. It’s good to finally meet in person.”

Inumaki’s gaze lingered for just a moment longer than necessary, their hands still connected in the air as he replied smoothly.

“Likewise. Thank you for allowing us to stay, Okkotsu.”

As the introductions concluded, Yuta gestured toward the SUV that resided on the runway.

“Shall we? The headquarters aren’t far.”

The ride through Madrid was breathtaking. Even in the morning light, the city buzzed with energy, its streets lined with grand architecture that seemed to echo with centuries of history.

The SUV finally pulled up to a towering building that blended old-world elegance with modern luxury. Tall columns flanked the entrance, and intricate carvings adorned the façade.

Inside, the group was met with polished marble floors that reflected the glow of crystal chandeliers. Everything, from the hand-carved banisters to the custom artwork lining the walls, spoke of wealth and power.

“Impressive,” Sukuna murmured, his sharp eyes taking in every detail.

Yuta led them through the halls, speaking over his shoulder.

“You’ll find the accommodations in this wing. Each of you has a private suite. Please make yourselves comfortable. We’ll meet in my office for lunch in two hours to discuss the details of our partnership.”

The group dispersed into their rooms, their fatigue from the time difference showing. But instead of resting, they gathered in Suguru’s room for a quick meeting.

Inumaki stood by the window, arms crossed as he began to explain their itinerary.

“I’ve been in correspondence with Yuta for months now.”

But until rebel headquarters were blown up, and the Shibuya mafia took them in, there was no reason for the two to come in contact.

“He’s organized this entire visit and has been handling most of the logistical work on their end. He’s... thorough.”

Sukuna, sprawled on the couch, confidently teased him.

“He’s pretty too. Looks like quite the romantic.”

Inumaki glared at him.

“He’s efficient and professional. We’re lucky to be able to stay here this week.”

Gojo, leaning against the wall, shot Geto a sidelong glance and leaned in to whisper, “He’s been saying a whole lot about Yuta, hasn’t he?”

Geto hummed in response but didn't comment, watching Inumaki with a faintly amused expression.

After the meeting, the group dispersed again, this time with the promise of actual rest. Suguru went to change into something less formal before he wandered the hallways, drawn to the grand library he'd noticed earlier.

When he entered, he was greeted by towering shelves of books, their spines glinting under the warm light. The library was a masterpiece, with dark wood paneling and a second-story balcony lined with additional shelves.

Geto made his way to the history section, his fingers trailing along the spines of the books. He didn't know much Spanish but he could recognize a few titles.

La Guerra Civil de España brushed under his fingertips when he noticed Inumaki seated at a long table, his laptop open beside a stack of books. His glasses rested on the bridge of his nose as he scanned a page intently.

Inumaki glanced up briefly and nodded at Geto in acknowledgment before returning to his reading.

Geto nodded back, adding "Don't overwork yourself," before stepping out.

As the door swung closed behind him, Yuta entered. Still dressed in his immaculate white coat, he paused for a moment, his eyes scanning the room until they landed on Inumaki.

"Didn't think I'd find you here," Yuta remarked, stepping closer.

Inumaki straightened slightly, adjusting his glasses.

"I'm not trying to pry, I just think Spanish culture is... fascinating."

Yuta chuckled softly, leaning against the table.

"I guess I really meant I didn't expect you to wear glasses."

Inumaki glanced up, surprised.

“They’re mainly for reading. And screens. I’m super nearsighted.”

Yuta tilted his head, studying him with quiet curiosity. Then, as if on impulse, he reached out and gently brushed Inumaki’s bangs back from his face, his thumb grazing the frame of the glasses.

“You look tired,” Yuta said, his voice soft but firm and he looked deep into the younger’s eyes.

“You should get some sleep.”

Inumaki blinked, his breath hitching slightly at the gesture. He adjusted his posture, pulling away from Yuta’s hand, clearing his throat.

“You’re probably right. I- I’ll head out.”

Yuta stepped back, giving him space.

“I’ll see you for lunch, then.”

“Yeah,” Inumaki muttered, gathering his things quickly.

As he passed Yuta, he hesitated, meeting his gaze for a fleeting moment before walking out.

Yuta rested his palms on the table behind him as he watched Inumaki leave the room.

____

As Geto left the library, his focus on reading had shifted. Without much thought, his feet carried him toward the room down the hall where Gojo was staying. He paused briefly at the door before entering without knocking—knowing Satoru, he wouldn't have minded even if he had been asleep.

Inside, Gojo was sprawled lazily across the bed, his long frame taking up as much space as possible. He'd shed his coat, shoes, and pants; his button down fitting loosely around his toned body, the color stark against his exposed pale skin. He lay on his stomach with his feet in the air, staring out the balcony window to the city below them.

"Suguru," Gojo said without moving, a smile already appearing on his face.

"Couldn't resist me, huh?"

Geto shut the door softly behind him, his expression one of exasperated fondness.

"It's not like that. I just thought I'd check in."

"Check in?" Gojo looked behind him towards Geto.

"You mean you missed me. Just admit it, it's fine."

Suguru sighed, but there was no real frustration in it.

"You know, it kind of sucks that we're apart," he admitted, leaning against the door-frame.

"I've grown used to being with you all the time."

Gojo's grin faltered, softening into something more genuine.

“Yeah, same. Feels wrong, doesn’t it?”

Suguru crossed the room in a few measured steps, his movements graceful and deliberate as always.

“It does.” He sat on the edge of the bed, running a hand up Satoru’s exposed, muscular thigh and gently grabbing Satoru’s ass in his large hand.

“That’s why I’m staying here.”

Gojo barely noticed the touch, being so used to his husband’s level of touchiness.

“A sleepover? Aren’t we mature.”

Suguru smirked faintly, laying beside Satoru, pulling him in to rest in the crevice of his body. The lack of sleep started catching up to him and his words began to slow down.

“Just... staying with you.”

Gojo’s face lit up, turning his head to look at his partner, blissfully unaware of his tired feelings.

“Staying with me? In my bed? *Suguru Geto*, what would people think?”

Suguru rolled his eyes tiredly, but his smirk didn’t fade.

“They’d probably cry about how they never got the chance to confess their love to the *beauuutiful* Satoru Geto.”

He shifted, tugging the blanket over both of them and closing his eyes, curling against Satoru’s side easily from years of practice, draping an arm across Gojo’s chest.

Gojo looked up at him, surprised.

“Are we still talking about me here?”

“Hm?” Suguru mumbled back, opening his eyes slightly.

“Nothing,” Gojo replied, “Get some rest my love.”

Suguru nuzzled his head in Gojo’s hair, his dark eyes no longer visible behind his heavy lids.

“You sleep too.” His voice dropped the octave that rough, commanding tone that always seemed to make Gojo melt.

“For me.”

There was a pause, and then Gojo huffed a quiet laugh.

“Fine, fine. You win.”

“Mhm,” Geto replied, lazily kissing Gojo’s head. “I always win.”

Gojo smiled, his body finally relaxing into Suguru. It didn’t take long for their breaths to synchronize, the room settling into a comfortable silence. Suguru closed his eyes, falling into a deep sleep, content just to feel the steady rise and fall of Satoru’s chest beneath his hand. Gojo, despite not being tired before, easily felt the sleep take him too beneath Geto’s warm arms. For all their usual theatrics, it was these quiet moments that reminded him of why they worked so well together.

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Two hours later, the group gathered on a low-level rooftop space. Beaded lights wrapped around a canopy, almost hidden by the vines that crawled up the wooden posts. The aroma of olive oil and baked bread mingled with the faint scent of the mahogany rectangular table they found themselves sitting at.

Yuta was seated at the head, dressed more relaxed in a ruffled button down. He exuded an air of calm authority, but his youthful features gave away his approachable nature. Each person took their seat with a mix of anticipation and formality.

Geto sat at the opposite end of the table from Yuta with Gojo to his right.

The conversation began formally, Yuta leading with a summary of the Spanish Mafia's current dealings.

"While you're here," he started, his tone steady, "I would like to request you help strengthen the communication network between our organizations. I think they could trust us more if we attached your names."

Geto nodded thoughtfully, resting his chin on his hand as he listened.

"We're also working on neutralizing a few... obstacles." He paused for effect, glancing at each of them.

"There's a smaller group operating out of Valencia that's been interfering with our trade routes. I'll need your expertise to handle them discreetly."

At that, Sukuna leaned forward, his expression darkening with interest.

"Finally some action."

Yuta smiled.

“I can start you on different projects after lunch. I know you will all be a lot of help here.”

——-

The rest of the day passed with a quiet but focused energy. Geto and Inumaki spent time in the grand library, combing through records to familiarize themselves with the rival group’s history. Nobara and Yuji scouted nearby locations for potential safe houses, while Sukuna and Choso coordinated gear and logistics.

Gojo, being Gojo, took the opportunity to explore Madrid, casually gathering intel in his unique way—by charming locals and picking up rumors. By the time the group reconvened for a quick debrief that evening, they were ready for the task ahead.

—---

The team left Madrid just before sunrise, driving toward Valencia. The mood was tense but determined. They felt like a cohesive unit.

As the sun rose over the Spanish countryside, the operation began to take shape, the group’s collective focus narrowing on the task at hand. This wasn’t just about proving themselves to the Spanish Mafia—it was about solidifying their reputation as one of the most formidable organizations in the world.

This week would be important for the mafia.

Especially their day off.

——

The mood light at breakfast as they chatted about their plans for the day. Yuji was buzzing with excitement, already making wild suggestions for how they could spend their free evening.

“We should go to the beach,” he declared, practically bouncing in his seat.

“It’s Spain! How can we not?”

Nobara shot him a glare.

“Don’t just make decisions for everyone, Yuji”

“But it’s a great idea,” Yuji said, undeterred. “Right, Megumi?”

Megumi, sitting quietly beside him, raised a skeptical brow.

“The sand is going to get everywhere, and the water will probably be freezing.”

“Oh, come on!” Yuji groaned. “You’re such a buzzkill.”

“Somebody has to be,” Megumi replied, arms crossed.

“You’re no fun,” Yuji pouted

“Good point,” Choso interjected from the front seat, his voice low and amused, “But I think it’s possible you can be. At least with him.”

He nodded toward Yuji.

Megumi sighed, unable to say no to his partner, "Fine."

Yuji grinned.

“Perfect! Majority rules. Beach it is.”

—-

The beach stretched out under the late morning sun, its golden sands glistening. The sound of waves rolling against the shore mixed with distant laughter from other visitors. Yuji wasted no time shedding his shirt and bolting toward the water, yelling,

“Last one in has to buy dinner!”

“You’re on!” Nobara shouted, chasing after him.

Megumi lingered at the edge of the sand, his hands shoved deep into his pockets. He watched the others with a blank expression, though his posture screamed discomfort.

“You’re not planning to just stand there all day, are you?” Choso asked, his voice flat but not unkind.

Megumi sighed.

“Not when there’s plenty of time to research the Valencia gang.”

He sat down with a records book he had found as Choso lifted his shirt off.

The sight was almost cinematic. Choso practically moved in slow motion to lift the tight black t-shirt above his head, adjusting when I got caught on his muscular upper body.

'You’ve got to be kidding me.' Megumi muttered, trying his best to not look at Choso’s near-perfect physique.

Megumi was fit, but not like Choso. Not only was he more bulk— with strong thighs, chiseled abs, and broad shoulders— but he had many tattoos. As he walked towards the water, he noticed the

cliche 'mafia dragon' in black ink down his back.

Aside from that, his body was covered in scars. His side had a long slash down it like it had been cut off and sewn back together.

Yuji, now waist-deep in the water, turned around and waved, breaking Megumi from the trance.

“Megumi! Get in here!”

Megumi shook his head, realizing he needed the distraction.

“Uh... sure.”

When he finally stepped into the cool water, he grimaced.

“It’s freezing.”

“It’s perfect!” Yuji said, splashing him immediately.

Megumi scowled, wiping his face.

“Seriously?”

“Yup!” Yuji said with a grin.

“Hey,” Nobara started as she turned to leave the water.

“I’m gonna go get some ice cream. Do you guys want any?”

“Sure,” Choso responded, “I’ll just come with you. We can get something for these two as well.”

“You don’t have to—“

“Thanks so much guys!” Yuji’s enthusiastic voice drowned out Fushiguro’s politeness and Nobara and Choso went to dry off.

When they were out of sight, Yuji turned to smile at Megumi.

“Aren’t they great?”

“I guess,” he replied coolly.

“Come on, Fushiguro, what’s wrong? Don’t give me this attitude.”

“Nothing’s wrong Yuji. I’m just glad we’re finally alone.”

Yuji raised an eyebrow.

“Oh? And why’s that?”

Megumi shrugged and rested his chin on Yuji’s shoulder.

“I don’t know,” he responded honestly. “We’re together all the time but I somehow miss you. Even now, when we’re together.”

Yuji turned to look at him, grabbing both of his hands in his own before pulling Megumi’s thin figure into a hug.

“How about now?”

Megumi closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He tried to say something but could only shake his head. He sunk into Yuji’s shoulder, allowing himself to smile. He tightened his own arms around Yuji’s hips, pressing his lips gently to Yuji’s bare shoulder.

The sound of the waves crashed around them. The silence was anything but uncomfortable. Megumi finally let go, looking deep into Yuji’s eyes.

“Not anymore.”

“Good.” Yuji responded teasingly. “I refuse to let anything upset you.”

Megumi laughed.

“Yeah, okay Itadori.”

Yuji quickly changed his face, immediately dropping it to a serious expression.

“I'm being for real.”

Megumi reached for his hip, pulling him into a kiss.

“Okay, Itadori.”

The afternoon passed in a blur of laughter, sunlight, and a whole lot of competitions. They took turns racing each other down the beach, Yuji complaining '*He cheated!'* anytime Megumi beat him.

As a joke, they held a “sand-Satoru” competition when they got bored of regular old sand castles.

By the end, four statues of Gojo resided in the sand. Yuji’s was barely human, Nobara’s was only halfway complete, Choso’s was surprisingly accurate, but Megumi’s was... *perfect*?

“What the hell, Fushiguro?” Nobara quipped, looking over at the sculpture of just Gojo’s face poking out of the sand.

“For someone who doesn’t like the beach, you sure can sculpt some sand,” Choso added.

“I got lucky, really.” Megumi started.

“Gojo used to make me do this when I was a kid all the time. *He’s so weird...*”

“Who knew that would ever come in handy one day?” Yuji asked, laughing as the threw himself down into the sand.

—---

As the sun began to set, hues of pink, blue, and orange scattered the sky.

“We should do this more often,” Yuji said, leaning back on his elbows.

“Maybe,” Megumi replied, but his tone lacked its usual edge.

Nobara smirked.

“Look at you, Fushiguro. One day at the beach, and you’re practically glowing.”

Megumi just rolled his eyes with a smile. *He loved his friends more than he'd ever admit.*

The door clicked shut behind Geto as he stepped into the room, his sharp gaze immediately finding Gojo sprawled out on the bed, shirt half-buttoned, looking far too relaxed for someone in their line of work.

"You ready for our day off?" Geto asked, his voice casual as he leaned back against the door, crossing his arms over his chest.

Gojo grinned, tilting his head lazily to the side.

"Was born ready. Figured I'd go shopping you know."

Geto's lips quirked into a small, knowing smile as he crossed his arms.

"Shopping? Do you mean just going into designer stores, flirting with every single shop clerk in Madrid until they give you a discount?"

"First of all, I don't need the discounts," Gojo replied, feigning indignation.

"Second, it's called being charming, not flirting. And third, what's wrong with a little fun?"

Geto shook his head, his smirk widening as he moved toward the bed.

"Fun for you is chaos for everyone else. If you're going alone, you can at least wear your ring."

A smirk broke across Gojo's face as he tightened his grip on Geto's hips.

“*What*, are you scared I’d run off with some Spanish guy prettier than you?”

“I’m not scared of anything,” Geto replied smoothly.

“But I’d rather not spend my day off teaching some lovestruck stranger a lesson.”

Gojo laughed, his head falling back against the headboard.

“You’re ridiculous.”

“And you’re lucky I’m patient,” Geto countered.

“Anyways,” Gojo continued. “What are you planning on doing today?”

Geto shrugged, kicking off his shoes and stepping further into the room.

“Figured I’d spend it reading or something. Never really have time for it anymore.”

Gojo sat up slightly, propping himself up on his elbows with an amused glint in his eyes.

“Good.”

Geto raised an eyebrow, already suspicious.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Well...” Gojo drawled, his grin widening as he sat up fully.

“It sounds to me like you don’t have any plans and I was kinda hoping you’d spend the day with me instead.”

“Well well, wouldn’t that be interesting?”

“Exactly,” Gojo said, leaning back on his hands.

“So, what do you say? Tag along and save me from buying the entire city?”

Geto pretended to think it over, tapping his chin.

“*Hmm*. Someone’s gotta keep you in check, I suppose.”

Gojo’s grin turned downright devilish as he watched Geto approach.

“Good. So, what do you wanna do first?”

The question was innocent enough, but the way Geto moved—slow, deliberate, confident—was anything but.

“What do *you* want me to do first?” he asked, his voice low and teasing.

Gojo swallowed, his bravado flickering for just a moment as Geto reached the edge of the bed.

“You’re dangerous, *Suguru*.”

“And yet,” Geto climbed onto the mattress with practiced ease, bracing one knee on the bed as he leaned over Gojo, their faces inches apart.

“You keep inviting me closer,” he murmured.

Geto’s smirk softened into something more genuine as he cupped Gojo’s jaw, his thumb brushing along the sharp line of his cheekbone.

“My *irresistible* Satoru,” he murmured, leaning in to press a slow, lingering kiss to Gojo’s lips.

Gojo’s hands found their way to Geto’s waist, pulling him closer as the kiss deepened. Their movements were unhurried, savoring the moment of peace and intimacy.

Geto leaned down to nip at Gojo’s lower lip when Gojo’s phone buzzed loudly on the nightstand.

“Ugh, seriously?” Gojo groaned, reaching over to grab the device.

He glanced at the screen and perked up immediately.

“Oh! Pizza’s here!”

Geto blinked, momentarily thrown off by the abrupt change in tone.

“...What?”

Gojo slid out from under him with ease, quickly buttoning half of his shirt as he headed for the door.

“Trust me, you’ll thank me later.”

Still half-dazed, Geto watched as Gojo opened the door to reveal an agent holding a stack of pizza boxes. The agent hesitated for a moment, his eyes flicking over Gojo's disheveled appearance before landing on Geto, who was still shirtless and sprawled out on the bed.

"Thank you!" Gojo said cheerfully, taking the boxes with a bright smile.

The agent opened his mouth as if to say something, but Gojo quickly shut the door with a smile.

Turning back to Geto, Gojo set the boxes on the nightstand and flashed a grin, speaking with the worst British accent Geto had ever heard.

"Your breakfast sir."

"You shouldn't have," Geto muttered sarcastically, running a hand through his hair as Gojo joined him on the bed.

"Here, have a bite" Gojo said, trying to shove a slice of cheese pizza into Geto's mouth.

Geto sighed, still keeping the playful sophistication in his tone.

"Alright. Anything for you, dear."

As they ate, Geto reached for the gold ring on the nightstand.

"Still, if we're going out, you might as well wear this. I want them to know you're mine."

Gojo admired the ring for a moment, his expression softening.

“You’re cute when you’re possessive. What about the mafia though? You don’t care?”

Geto arched an eyebrow.

“They’re all already out. And no civillian in the city knows who we are.”

“Whatever you say,” Gojo replied, lifting Geto’s hand to kiss his knuckles.

“But,” Gojo returned the gesture, slipping the silver band that had sat beside the gold onto Geto’s finger with a smug grin.

“Now we’re both off-limits.”

——

All day, they went in and out of shops, Gojo dragging Geto along like when they were young.

By the time the sun set, Gojo was practically wearing an entire different outfit then what he left the Madrid headquarters in.

He wore a casual cream colored button down with brown stripes. The top 4 buttons were undone, revealing his strong chest and the top of his abs. For pants, he had found high-waisted drawstring trousers that matched the off-white of his shirt. And pushed up into his hair were round black sunglasses.

He was striking as always, catching stray glances from those he passed.

Madrid at dusk was enchanting, with cobblestone streets glowing under the warm light of antique lampposts. Musicians played softly on corners, their melodies blending with the chatter of locals and tourists alike.

They stumbled into an underground bar, laughing to each other. Its warm wooden interiors were packed with locals and a few tourists. The music was relaxed, but the air was electric with energy.

“Let’s grab a seat,” Geto said, steering Gojo to the bar.

From the counter, you could see to the patio outside, where fairy lights cast a soft glow. There were live instruments playing but they couldn’t see much through the crowd. They ordered drinks and settled in, the easy atmosphere relaxing their usual guard.

“Doesn’t this feel like one of our old dates?” Gojo asked, leaning back in his chair.

Geto chuckled, his fingers tracing the edge of his glass.

“Mhm,” Geto said through a sip, “like that time you got so drunk and begged me to sing to you?”

“I’d still do that without drinking,” Gojo retorted, leaning closer.

Geto rolled his eyes, teasing with a deadpan face.

“I know.”

Their attention was diverted when they realized many people had left the room. Outside, the music changed to something more eccentric as a circle formed around the middle of the patio.

They got up from their stools and unhurriedly walk over to the outside seating, expecting to see a dance starting. And it had. They froze in their steps to see *Sukuna* on the wooden dance tiles. Dressed in sharp black like he had already planned to perform before hand.

The music seemed to follow Sukuna as he moved with a precision and intensity that left the room breathless. His flamenco performance was mesmerizing, his sharp movements punctuated by the rhythm of the guitar.

That’s when they saw it. A chalkboard message had been written on a few of the walls—

'Ryomen Sukuna, guest performer tonight at 7!'

“What are the chances we came *here*,” Gojo murmured, his eyes growing wide as he faced Geto.

“I think the better question is,” Geto started, “*What is he doing performing here?* We had one day off... and he found somewhere to dance?”

Halfway through the performance, Sukuna’s eyes locked onto Gojo and Geto, his smirk deepening into something dark and unreadable. His movements didn’t falter as he danced, the rhythm of his steps intensifying, but his gaze was sharp and direct—a silent challenge issued without words. The tension in the air shifted, and it felt as if the room were holding its breath, the audience captivated by the raw intensity of Sukuna's performance.

By this time, it was nearing 7:45.

Had he really been dancing this whole time? Geto thought, watching the man’s relentless stamina with equal parts disbelief and amusement.

Sukuna’s body moved effortlessly, though a thin sheen of sweat glistened on his skin. By the end of his performance, the applause was deafening, the crowd rising to their feet in ovation. Sukuna stepped off the stage, still drenched in confidence, his gaze lingering on the pair as he strode back to their table. Despite the sweat on his brow, he seemed almost unaffected, his breaths measured and calm.

“I’m taking a break to grab a drink,” Sukuna announced to the crowd, turning his attention back to the mic.

The audience groaned in protest, a collective disappointment filling the air. Sukuna raised a hand, silencing them with a sly grin.

“But,” he continued, his voice dropping into something mischievous, “I have two people who would love to perform for you *from the audience*!”

Geto immediately froze, his sharp glare aimed at Sukuna as though he could will him into silence. His heart sank as he watched the devilish grin spread wider across Sukuna’s face.

Don’t you dare.

“Please give a hand for my good friends, *and boss*, Suguru Geto and Satoru Gojo, all the way from Japan!”

The crowd erupted in cheers and applause, turning in unison to face the two men standing at the bar. It was as if a spotlight had been cast upon them, and all eyes zeroed in.

Geto stood rooted in place, his jaw nearly hitting the floor as he processed what Sukuna had just done.

“*I’m going to kill him*,” he muttered under his breath, his glare unwavering.

“Oh, come on, Suguru!” Gojo said, his grin as bright as the stage lights. He clapped a hand on Geto’s shoulder, completely ignoring the daggers being glared at him.

“We used to do this all the time, it’ll be fun!”

Geto barely had time to reply before Gojo grabbed his wrist and began pulling him toward the stage.

“Satoru, wait—” he protested, stumbling slightly before his feet reluctantly followed.

The crowd’s cheers swelled as the two ascended the stage, Sukuna stepping aside to make room for them with a triumphant smirk.

“Break a leg,” Sukuna sang- low enough for only them to hear before retreating into the shadows.

The music began—slow, deliberate, the first strums of a flamenco guitar filling the room with tension. Gojo took his place opposite Geto, his posture loose and confident as he fixed his partner with a teasing smile.

“Ready to show them what we’ve got?”

Geto sighed but allowed a small smirk to creep onto his lips.

“You’re insufferable, you know that?”

“Yeah, but you love me,” Gojo whispered back, stepping into position.

The dance began, and the mood of the room shifted instantly. Each movement was sharp, deliberate, and filled with a raw, unspoken energy that captivated the audience. Gojo’s role as the "female" partner in the dance allowed for a seamless give-and-take of power between the two, their bodies moving in perfect harmony.

Geto’s footwork was precise, each step resonating with strength, while Gojo’s movements were fluid and graceful, the swish of his loose clothing accentuating every spin and twirl. The way their bodies moved together was magnetic—a push and pull of passion and connection that spoke louder than words ever could.

The music changed as the band watched them. They hadn’t been expected the impromptu guests to be such experienced dancers who would put so much passion into the dance. The beat got faster, picking up as their heels clicked against the wooden floor, creating perfect harmony between bodies, music, and love.

Sweat flew from their skin as they danced, catching the stage lights in fleeting flashes of brilliance. Through turns and extravagant arms, they captured the crowds attention. But their attention was only on each other. Their hands raised high in a partner spin, the clink of their matching rings echoed faintly, a glint of light catching Sukuna’s attention.

From his seat at the bar, Sukuna paused mid-sip, his sharp eyes narrowing as he noticed the matching gold and silver bands on their fingers.

He nearly choked on his drink, sputtering as realization dawned.

How did I not notice before?

The intensity of the dance reached its peak, the movements growing faster and more fervent. Gojo’s head tilted back in a dramatic arch as Geto guided him into a final spin, their chests nearly colliding as they ended face to face, breathing heavily.

Their lips were so close it felt as if the world around them had vanished, leaving only the two of them in the moment.

A beat passed.

Then another.

Reality crept back in, and they abruptly straightened, clearing their throats and stepping apart.

The audience erupted into thunderous applause, the sound nearly shaking the walls. Sukuna, eyes wide in disbelief, leaped back onto the stage, grabbing their hands and lifting them high into the air like victorious champions.

The crowd surged forward, shouting questions and praises in rapid-fire Spanish.

“I honestly didn’t know either of you could dance like that.” He said shamefully.

The crowd cheered for an encore, circling Gojo and Geto as they tried to leave. They were having a hard time escaping the crowd’s questions so he lied.

“Lo siento, no hablamos Español!” Gojo flashed a charming smile and waved dismissively, his voice sing-song as he grabbed Geto’s hand and bolted into the street.

“Hey—wait!” Geto protested, though he allowed himself to be dragged along, the two weaving their way through the adoring crowd.

They didn’t stop running until they were well outside the venue, the cool night air hitting their flushed faces as they finally slowed to a halt.

“That,” Gojo said between breaths, his grin still in place, “was incredible.”

Geto shook his head, though a laugh escaped his lips as he leaned against a nearby wall.

“You’re unbelievable. I don’t know how you talked me into that.”

Gojo kissed him playfully as they continued walking.

“I missed the days where we could just dance like that.”

Geto sighed, resting his jacket on his elbow, linking elbows with Satoru.

“So do I.”

The two stood in the empty street for a moment, catching their breath and laughing quietly together as the faint sounds of music drifted from the venue behind them.

The adrenaline of their spontaneous performance was still coursing through their veins, leaving them both slightly breathless, though Gojo wore his usual carefree grin.

“You know,” Gojo said, leaning against the wall beside Geto and nudging his shoulder.

“If this whole mafia boss thing doesn’t work out, we could probably start a career as professional dancers.”

Geto chuckled, shaking his head.

“Satoru, we nearly made fools of ourselves out there. You just got lucky that I remembered the steps.”

“We didn’t make fools of ourselves. I looked fantastic, and you...well, you were just dazzling as always,” Gojo teased, winking.

“Flattery will get you nowhere,” Geto retorted, though the small smile tugging at the corners of his lips betrayed his amusement.

Gojo tilted his head, pretending to ponder.

“Oh, I don’t know. It seemed to get me pretty far with you.”

Geto rolled his eyes but reached out to ruffle Gojo’s hair.

“You always have something to say, don’t you.”

“And you love me for it,” Gojo replied, his grin widening.

Before Geto could respond, the door to the bar opened, and Sukuna stepped out, still holding a glass of wine. He looked far too pleased with himself, and his smirk deepened as he approached the pair.

“Well, well, if it isn’t the stars of the evening,” Sukuna drawled.

“That was quite the show. Didn’t know you two had it in you.”

Geto sighed heavily, already dreading whatever Sukuna was about to say next.

“You set us up, Sukuna.”

“Of course I did,” Sukuna said without a hint of remorse.

“And it was worth every second.” His gaze shifted briefly to their hands, where the faint glint of their rings caught the light again.

A knowing look crossed his face, but he said nothing, simply raising his glass in a toast.

“To teamwork.”

Gojo chuckled.

“Teamwork, huh? Is that what we’re calling it now?”

Sukuna took a sip of his wine and grinned.

“Call it whatever you want. You two stole the show. But they want me back now. I’ve gotta go you two.”

With that, he turned and strolled back inside, leaving Geto and Gojo alone once more.

Gojo let out a soft laugh, his gaze lingering on the doorway.

“God, that was so much fun.”

Geto smiled back as he looked at his partner, eyes sparkling with joy. Something they haven’t done in a long time. He laughed to himself at the revelation.

Here they were, laughing in the street, sneaking around like when they were teenagers.

Except now, they were in love. *And* the other knew it.

They were married and dancing the most passionate dance in a bar in front of their subordinate.

As they turned to head back to headquarters, the warm night air seemed to embrace them like a soft blanket. The walk full of Gojo's bouncy energy. They ran through the cobblestone streets, hand in hand, without a care in the world.

When they finally returned, the others were lounging in the common area, their laughter filling the space. They slid their rings into their pockets out of habit when they approached.

Nobara was sprawled on a couch, arguing with Megumi about something trivial, while Yuji was perched on the armrest, grinning as he watched them bicker. Choso sat nearby, adjusting

some of his ear piercings and looking thoroughly entertained.

As they walked in, Sukuna's eyes flicked to the faint tan lines on their fingers, his smirk deepening as he sipped his drink.

"The rumors are true," Sukuna began, announcing the gossip to the group, his voice rich with amusement, instantly pulling attention from everyone in the room.

The rebels turned toward him, their expressions a mix of curiosity and confusion. Meanwhile, Gojo and Geto exchanged a sharp glance, their eyes narrowing in warning as Sukuna continued.

"Gojo and Geto are great dancers," Sukuna finished with a sly grin, drawing out the words like he was savoring the moment.

The rebels perked up at once, excitement bubbling from the couch where they sat.

Gojo and Geto let out a sigh of relief.

Sukuna wasn't going to tell anyone.

"What happened?" Yuji asked, his eyes wide and sparkling with curiosity as he leaned forward.

"Come on, spill!"

Geto groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose as Gojo smiled and laid back in amusement.

“It’s nothing,” Geto muttered, his voice tight.

“Just Sukuna being Sukuna.”

“‘Nothing?’” Sukuna drawled, placing his glass down and leaning forward slightly, his grin widening.

“You two stole the show at the bar tonight. Everyone was mesmerized. A little flamenco, a little flair—oh, and some very... intimate moments.”

He wiggled his eyebrows for emphasis.

Gojo couldn’t help but chuckle, his earlier irritation melting away as he threw an arm around Geto’s shoulders.

“I mean, he’s not wrong. We did bring the house down.”

Geto rolled his eyes and smiled.

“Of course we did.”

Yuji’s jaw dropped as he looked between them. He hadn’t seen Geto let his guard down like that or smile in... he didn’t know how long.

“Wait, you two were dancing? Like... together?”

Nobara grinned, already thrilled by the mental image.

“Why didn’t anyone film this? I bet it was incredible!”

Megumi raised an eyebrow, though he seemed more skeptical than anything.

“I find it hard to believe you two actually pulled that off without killing each other.”

He glanced at Geto and whispered, looking a bit concerned, “*What did he say to make you do it?*”

“First of all,” Gojo said, holding up a finger dramatically, “*I* am an amazing dancer. Second, Suguru and I have this connection that just... transcends all boundaries of talent.”

“Sure,” Geto said dryly, though the faint smile stayed at his lips despite himself.

Choso leaned back in his seat, watching the scene unfold with quiet amusement.

“Sounds like it was quite the show. Too bad we missed it.”

“You didn’t miss much,” Geto interjected quickly. “Besides, Sukunas performance was much better prepared.”

“That’s a lie, and you know it,” Sukuna chimed in, swirling his drink lazily. “The way those two moved... It was like watching a love story come to life.”

His tone was teasing, but there was a glint of something sharper in his eyes as he added,

“Makes a guy wonder how deep that story goes.”

The room fell silent for a beat, the air thick with unspoken questions. Nobara, always the bold one, broke the tension.

“Alright, now I need to know. What’s the deal with you two? And when did *Sukuna* become a dancer?”

Gojo raised a hand as if to dismiss the question.

“Oh, nothing special. Just two old friends who know how to keep an audience entertained.”

Suguru let out a breathy laugh, his expression a mix of exasperation and amusement.

“Yeah, my *best friend*, the leader of the Tokyo Rebels.” His voice dripped with playful sarcasm.

“Hey, where’s Inumaki anyways?” Nobara asked suddenly, looking around.

The room quieted for a moment before the sound of the front door opening drew their attention.

In walked Inumaki, with Yuta close behind. The two looked relaxed, almost glowing in the dim light of the room.

Inumaki cleared his throat, his expression soft but resolute.

“I have an announcement to make,” he said, his voice steady but carrying an undertone of emotion.

All eyes turned to him, the air in the room growing heavy with anticipation.

“I’m staying in Spain when you all leave in the morning,” Inumaki said, his words hanging in the air like a weight.

The rebels froze, a mix of surprise and sadness washing over their faces. Yuji was the first to break the silence.

“What? You’re staying?”

Inumaki nodded, glancing at Yuta, who offered him a supportive smile.

“I’ve spent today exploring the town and getting to know Yuta. He’s shown me things I’ve never taken the time to see, and for the first time in a long time, I feel... at peace. I think I want to start a life with Yuta here—if he doesn’t mind.”

Yuta stepped forward, his expression warm and filled with sincerity.

“I don’t mind at all. In fact, I’d like nothing more than to have you stay.”

The room was silent for a moment as the weight of Inumaki’s decision sank in.

Then Nobara, always the first to speak her mind, broke the tension.

“Toge, we’re going to miss you so much,” she said, her voice wavering slightly.

Inumaki smiled gently.

“I’ll miss you too. All of you. But this feels right. For me.”

Yuji stood and crossed the room, pulling Inumaki into a tight hug.

“I’m happy for you, Toge. You deserve this.”

The other rebels followed, offering their congratulations and bittersweet goodbyes.

As the group began to settle again, Sukuna leaned back in his chair, swirling a drink in his hand.

“It’s kind of crazy, isn’t it? How all of us are working together now, after being at each other’s throats for so many years.”

Choso nodded, his gaze thoughtful.

“Yeah. It’s almost hard to believe.”

Sukuna smirked, his eyes glinting with a rare softness.

“I think I may know why we work so well together now. We have two amazing leaders. I guess *we never should have split up back then*.”

All eyes turned to Geto and Gojo, who shared a glance. Geto sighed, a small, wry smile tugging at his lips.

“I guess since Ryomen knows, you all deserve to as well.”

They gained confused looks from almost everyone. The room was tense with anticipation.

The question hung in the air:

What did they not know?

Geto paused, his gaze steady as he looked around the room.

“The mafias stayed apart for so long because Satoru and I thought you wouldn’t trust our judgment as leaders if you knew... we were married.”

The room fell into stunned silence, everyone processing the revelation.

“Wait. WHAT?”

Nobara’s voice broke through, her expression a mixture of shock and disbelief.

“You’re married?” Yuji echoed, his eyes wide.

“Since when?” Megumi asked, his voice sharp but no less incredulous.

Gojo chuckled, slipping an arm around Geto’s shoulders.

“Like the whole time. We just thought it’d be easier to keep it under wraps.”

Geto tried to shrug Gojo’s arm off, but that only made him hold on tighter.

“Oh my god,” Nobara sighed, her hands massaging her temples in disbelief.

“All this time Megumi told me to stop meddling, and I was *so* right.”

“You were not right,” Megumi muttered, crossing his arms and glaring at the floor.

Nobara shot him a triumphant look.

“Oh, really? Because look at this! *Married!* Behind everyone’s backs! You’re eating your words right now, Fushiguro.”

Yuji, caught somewhere between shock and confusion, tilted his head.

“Wait... but what about all the fighting? You two were at each other’s throats like... constantly!”

Geto hesitated, his lips pressing into a thin line as he tried to think of a suitable answer.

“Uh...”

Gojo smirked, the corner of his mouth quirking up in a way that spelled trouble.

Sukuna responded for them, “Don’t ask questions you don’t want the answers to, kid.”

Yuji blinked, clearly not getting the subtext.

“Wait, what? I do want to kn—”

“*Yuuujiii*,” Nobara cut in, throwing a couch cushion at his head. “Eww just- stop. Please.”

“But—”

“Nope!” Nobara interrupted, standing abruptly and spinning to face Geto and Gojo.

“We are not unpacking that right now.”

“Thank you,” Megumi muttered, his face burning as he stared intently at the floor.

Yuji, however, was still lost. “I don’t get it. You guys always left meetings screaming at each other.”

“Yuji,” Sukuna finally drawled, his voice laced with dry amusement as he sipped his drink. “Let it go.”

Gojo, meanwhile, was trying (and failing) to stifle his laughter, while Geto rubbed his temples, grimacing at the thought any of them remembered that.

Megumi cleared his throat, trying to steer the conversation back to a less mortifying topic.

“So, does this mean we’re officially merging the mafias back together?”

The room went quiet for a moment as everyone processed the question. Gojo and Geto exchanged a look, something unspoken passing between them before Geto turned back to the group.

“I think... it’s time,” Geto said slowly, his voice steady but carrying a weight that made everyone listen.

Gojo nodded, his expression turning serious for the first time in a while.

Geto continued, “It’ll take time, but I think we’re ready to rebuild what was broken. For all of us.”

Gojo picked up where he left off, his tone thoughtful but tinged with his usual confidence.

“When we had to work together at the gala, Geto and I realized something. All this time, we’ve been fighting, but the truth is—when the groups combine forces, it’s a game-changer. It was perfect timing for Mahito to attack then, when we were all together, because even in that chaos, something became clear.”

He glanced at Sukuna and Yuji.

“When you two paired up to save Nobara, you didn’t stop to think about which side you were on or whether you should trust each other. You just acted—and you worked together perfectly. That’s when we knew... maybe splitting up the mafias was the biggest mistake we ever made.”

Sukuna tilted his head, swirling his drink with a faint smirk.

“So what? We were just pawns in your little experiment?”

Gojo grinned, unapologetic.

“Not pawns. Proof. Proof that when we put aside old grudges and power plays, we’re unstoppable. All of us.”

Megumi, quiet until now, huffed softly.

“I mean, we had to figure out how to work together eventually. Half the time, Yuji dragged me into chaos anyway.”

Nobara scoffed, shooting Megumi a teasing look.

“More like you’ve been training to be Geto Junior since day one. All that brooding? The overthinking? You’re basically his moody mini-me.”

Megumi and Geto crossed their arms at the same time, drawing a rare laugh out of the whole group.

“She’s got a point, kid.” Sukuna spoke.

Yuji looked between Geto and Megumi, his expression softening as realization dawned.

“You know... it’s kinda nice. Members from both mafias, and even Mahito’s old regiment, working together. Makes everything feel... more real, you know? Like, after all this chaos, there’s still something good. Everyone can come together in the end.”

The room grew quiet, the weight of Yuji’s words settling over them. For a moment, the tension that had lingered for years seemed to dissolve, replaced by something softer—*hope*.

Geto rested a hand on Gojo’s shoulder, their silent exchange speaking volumes.

“He’s right,” Geto said, his voice steady.

“We’ve been through hell, but we’re here now. Together. That’s all that matters.”

Gojo leaned into the moment, his grin turning warm.

“And for the record, I’d rather be stuck with you lot than anyone else. Even Sukuna.”

“Gee, thanks,” Sukuna replied dryly, though his smirk betrayed his amusement.

Nobara clapped her hands together, breaking the solemnity with her usual fiery energy.

“Alright! Enough of this mushy stuff. We’ve got a flight early tomorrow and I’m not trying to rush packing.”

The group murdered in agreement. As they got up and left to their rooms, it was clear that despite everything, they had found a way to hold onto what mattered most: each other.

—-

As the door to their suite clicked shut, Gojo and Geto let out a shared sigh, their postures relaxing for the first time all day.

Gojo kicked off his shoes unceremoniously, flopping onto the edge of the bed with a groan.

“Finally,” he muttered, stretching out like a cat.

“I thought that night would never end.”

Geto chuckled softly, undoing the top few buttons of his shirt before tugging it off.

“You love the attention, don’t lie,” he teased, tossing the shirt over the back of a chair.

His hair was coming loose from the tie, strands framing his face.

Gojo sat up, watching him with a lazy grin.

“Maybe I do. But right now, I love this more,” he said, gesturing to the quiet, the dim lighting of their room, and most importantly, the two of them being alone.

Geto smirked, grabbing his black sweatpants from his bag. He changed quickly, pulling his hair into a messy bun, the tension in his shoulders easing as he moved. His tired eyes—once sharp and calculating—were now soft, filled with a love that was almost tangible.

Gojo followed suit, slipping out of his formalwear and into an oversized sweater that hung loosely over his frame, paired with black boxer-briefs. He ruffled his white hair, letting it fall naturally, and turned to Geto with a lopsided smile.

“This feels familiar, doesn’t it?” Gojo said, leaning back against the bedframe.

Geto gave him a kind knowing look, sitting beside him.

“The start of all this madness,” he murmured. “You in a ridiculous sweater, me trying to figure out what the hell I got myself into.”

Gojo laughed, a soft, genuine sound.

“You knew exactly what you got into. You just didn’t want to admit it.”

Geto rolled his eyes but couldn’t suppress his smile.

“Yeah, I guess it worked out in the end.”

They climbed into bed, the world outside fading away as they settled under the covers. Gojo shifted closer, resting his head against Geto’s shoulder, his hand lightly brushing against Geto’s chest.

“You know,” Gojo began, his voice quiet, almost wistful.

“This really isn’t such a bad way to end things, huh?”

Geto turned to him, his dark eyes brimming with quiet affection. He leaned in, resting his head on Gojo’s shoulder as they melted together. When he pulled back he looked into Satoru’s icy eyes, his voice was barely above a whisper.

“No,” he said, his hand reaching to gently hold Gojo’s soft cheek, Gojo's head still resting on his toned chest.

“It’s not bad at all.”

Chapter End Notes

And so, their story ended not with fireworks or grand gestures, but with the quiet simplicity of two people who had finally
found their way back to each other.

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